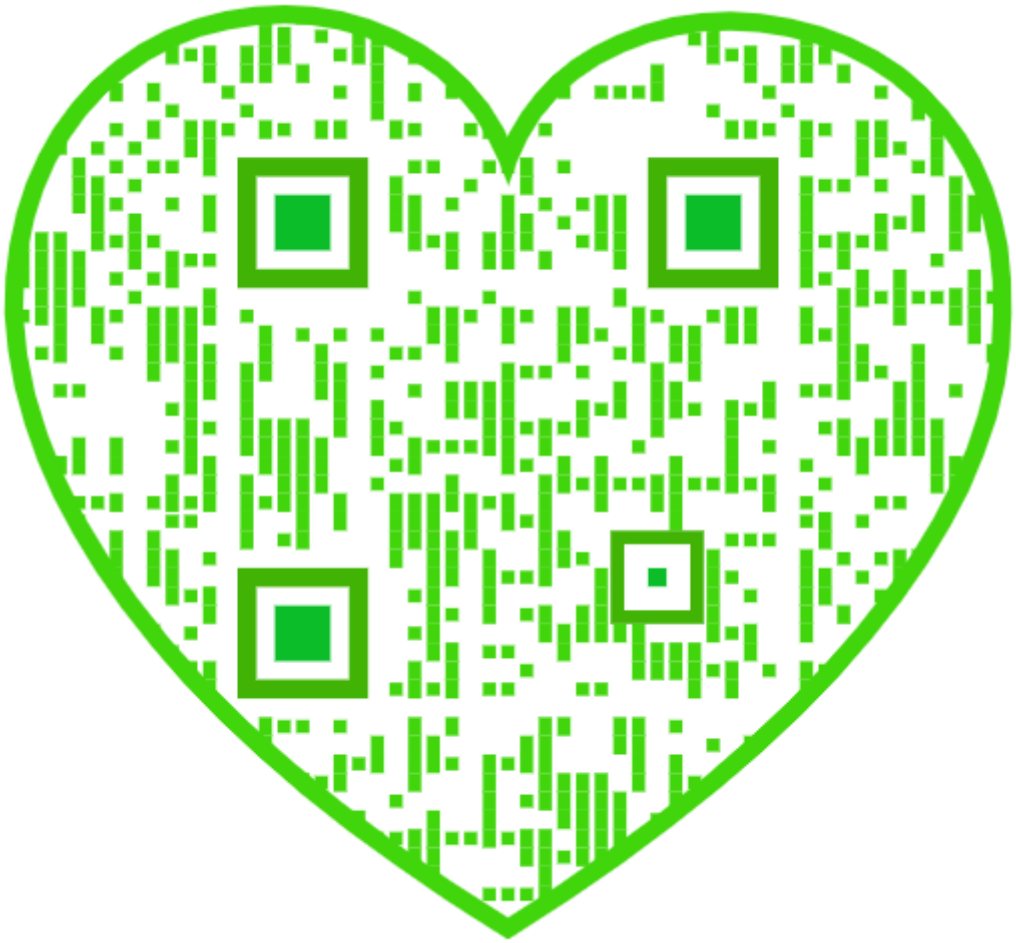

HISTORICAL READINGS

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LEIF ERICKSON AND HIS SHIPS

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HISTORICAL READINGS

An Introduction to the Study of American History

Edited
WITH NOTES AND BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES BY

HELEN B. BENNETT
and
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INTRODUCTION BY
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RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
CHICAGO NEW YORK

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To the memory of

John C. Grant, M.D.

Principal of the Harvard School, Chicago

From whom, in friendly good will, came the idea and inspiration of the book

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THE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The compilers of this volume extend their grateful acknowledgments to the following authors and publishers for permission to use the copyrighted selections:

The *Journal of Education* for Hezekiah Butterworth's "The Fountain of Youth"; James S. Catherwood and Miss Hazel Catherwood for Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "Jolliet," from *Heroes of the Middle West;* Tudor Jenks and the Thomas Y. Crowell Company for "Early Colonial Schools," from *When America Was New;* Charles Haven Ladd Johnston for "King Philip, or Metacomet," from *Famous Indian Chiefs;* Little, Brown & Company for Edward Everett's "The Indian"; David McKay for Sir Isaac Barré's "America's Obligations to England," from Sargent's *Standard Speaker;* Henry Cabot Lodge for "The Growth of Discontent," from *Short History of the English Colonies in America;* Harper & Brothers for George William Curtis' "The Minute-Man," and for Eugene Lawrence's "America in 1776," from *First Century of the Republic;* Charles E. Merrill & Company for Frederick S. Cozzens' "Battle of Bunker Hill" and for Joseph Story's "Fulton and His First Steamboat," both from Anderson's *Historical Reader;* Miss Mary Sibley Finch and Henry Holt & Company for Francis Miles Finch's "Nathan Hale" and "The Blue and the Gray"; Dodd, Mead & Company for John S. C. Abbott's "Daniel Boone, the Pioneer of Kentucky," from *Daniel Boone;* Minnie Gathright Cook for "George Rogers Clark"; Laura Elizabeth Richards for "Molly Pitcher"; Hall & Locke, publishers of the "Young Folks Library," for General Henry Lee's "The Character of Washington," for George Henry Boker's "Dirge for a Soldier," for Bishop J. P. Newman's "A National Hero," from *Book of Patriotism,* and for Henry Timrod's "Ode on Decorating the Graves of the Confederate Dead"; Theodore Roosevelt and G. P. Putnam's Sons for "The Louisiana Purchase," from *The Winning of the West;* Mrs. Roche for James Jeffrey Roche's "The Constitution's Last Fight"; Jones Brothers Publishing Company for John Clark Ridpath's "The Missouri Compromise," from *A Popular History of the United States of America;* the *Railway World* for John Luther Ringwalt's "The First Locomotive Service"; Samuel Eagle Forman and the Century Company for "The Reaper," from *Stories of Useful Inventions;* Theodore Roosevelt for "Julia Ward

Howe," from the dedication to *Fear God and Take Your Own Part;* the Century Company for Susan Huntington Hooker's "How Moses Was Emancipated," from *Civil War Stories*, retold from *St. Nicholas*, and for Francis A. Collins' "Why the Aëroplane Flies," from *The Boy's Book of Model Aëroplanes;* Will Henry Thompson for "The High Tide at Gettysburg"; the Neale Publishing Company, Union Square, New York, for "Little Giffen "from *Poems by Francis Orray Ticknor*, edited and collated by his granddaughter, Michelle Cutliff Ticknor; Charles Francis Adams for "Lee's Centennial"; D. Appleton & Company for "Reconstruction," from Rev. William Jones's *Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of General Lee;* Charles R. Van Hise and the Macmillan Company for "The Homestead Act," from *The Conservation of Natural Resources;* Emerson Hough and D. Appleton & Company for "The Round-Up," from *The Story of the Cowboy;* G. W. Jacobs & Company for Rupert S. Holland's "The Purchase of Alaska," from "The Story of Alaska," in *Historic Adventures;* George Waldo Browne and the Marshall Jones Company for "The Annexation of Hawaii," from *The Far East and the New America;* Macmillan & Company for James Bryce's "The Position of Women," from *The American Commonwealth;* Aline Kilmer and George H. Doran Company for Joyce Kilmer's "Prayer of a Soldier in France"; W. I. Lincoln Adams and the Atlantic Monthly Company for Briggs Kilburn Adams' "Active Service," from *The American Spirit;* Ernest E. Cole for "Humanity's Decree"; Elias Lieberman and the Cornhill Company for "I Am an American," from *Paved Streets;* Franklin K. Lane for "Makers of the Flag."

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The following selections are from the publications of Rand McNally & Company: "How the Cotton Gin Was Made," from *The Story of Cotton*, by Eugene Clyde Brooks; "Lincoln's Love for the Soldier in Blue and in Gray," from *Lincoln: The Man of the People*, by William H. Mace.

The compilers are also grateful to their many willing helpers, who are remembered although unmentioned; and deep appreciation is felt for suggestions from Francis G. Rogers and the helpful criticisms of Louise Wallace Hackney, of Chicago.

A FOREWORD

The entrance of the United States into the World War determined the issue of that stupendous conflict. Our country's increase of power and influence and the succession of great events that contributed to bring us to our present position of preëminence are particularly worthy of study at this opportune moment — the beginning of a new and greater era for the nation.

The purpose of this book is to present in sequence the basic steps of our history, and to do this whenever possible in the words of one who took part in each event, whether such a participant be a discoverer, an explorer, an inventor, a governor, an admiral, a general, a statesman, or a President. Explanatory notes have been supplied wherever necessary to clarify the context and make it more valuable for study and reference. The selections could not, of course, all be given in their entirety; but where only excerpts appear, enough has been quoted to make clear the historical fact which it is desired to emphasize.

Accuracy of text has been the aim, and, except in cases of obvious error, no liberties have been taken with the language or punctuation of authors, the selections being reproduced verbatim as they appear in the original or authorized versions of a work. Very often an excerpt given in a school reader is all that a pupil will ever see of a certain selection, and it is important that in that excerpt he have the real words of the author and not some mangled version of them.

In the biographical sketches only a simple outline of each writer's life is attempted. But these brief sketches may serve to fix in the minds of the pupils a few of the

important and clearly established facts concerning the author and to place him in logical and historical connection with the events he narrates.

The book is intended to be used in schools as a reader by which the young American may be made familiar with literature that is highly patriotic and at the same time of great cultural value. It may serve as a book of reference for students of American history and as a standard reference work for libraries. It is especially hoped that it will prove widely useful in the great work of Americanization that is a vital and urgent problem of the present day and of the immediate future.

THE AUTHORS

December, 1920

AN INTRODUCTION

Ours is a land without folklore—those sayings, songs, and stories of which no one is the author, because they are born out of the deep heart of the folk-life. These tales are a priceless possession of peoples original to some soil. They express in natural and beautiful ways the popular genius and character. They bind a people proudly and gratefully to their past and they unite them in the present in patriotism and hope. There is something like a gospel in folk stories which picture the fate and folly of mammonism and lovelessness; witness the Niebelungen. But our land is without folklore, for obvious reasons. It is not our native land as a people. Neither did it belong to our fathers, for they came from elsewhere. And they could not sing the songs of Zion in a strange land. But struggle with raw nature and feathered folk and wild; wars foreign and domestic; the triumphs of peace as well; wonder and awe in the presence of majestic mountains and broad prairies, mighty rivers and waterfalls; gladness and refreshment in the little streams which flowed by our homes and through our meadows—experiences such as these stirred our sires to song, and, although they were not familiar with the steeps of Parnassus and the home of the Muses, their songs were from the heart. Others of other days, remembering heroes of war and peace, animated by impending natural danger or natural opportunity for greatness and glory, broke forth in lofty and spontaneous eloquence. These individual literary creations, expressive of our consciousness as a nation for all that, must take the place of the folklore of other lands and other times.

We and our children must know this poetry and this speech. So only can we be fully aware of our debt to the brave men and true who lived—aye, and who died—that we might have a better chance than they had. So only can we and our children hand down to coming generations those traditions without which a people is poor indeed.

It is for this reason that I have cheerfully consented to write a word of introduction to *Historical Readings*, so replete with the best of this heart-stirring literature. The compilers have brought out of our national storehouse treasures both new and old, which we have loved long since, and, perhaps, lost awhile. And we shall be quite as pleased to make new acquaintances which may well ripen into permanent friendship. I think the reader will find the notes suggestive and illuminating. At all events, they have been so to me. Now let the book be used in the schools, read aloud in the family hours in many a farmer's home, in the evening by city folk, in the new home of the foreigner, who is welcome to our shores if he will only learn the stirring story of our national history, imbibe its spirit, indorse its ideals, and espouse its cause.

GEORGE BURMAN FOSTER

HISTORICAL READINGS

DISCOVERIES AND EXPLORATIONS

THE NORTHMEN[1]

[1000]

HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT

In the far north there is an island so cold and dreary that from time immemorial it has been called Iceland—the land of ice and snow and frosts. Here are no spreading forests or fields or flowers, but only here and there hardy evergreens and a few pale blossoms, that come, perhaps, just to show how beautiful the place might become if only the short Icelandic summer lasted as long as the sunny months farther south. All around the rocky, frozen shores break the white waves of the Northern Ocean, and in the summer one may see the great icebergs sailing past, and hear the voices of the birds that have come northward for a little visit.

In the winter the days are so short and the cold is so intense that the children are almost shut off from outdoor life, and are glad to take up with in-door games and plays. But they are very happy in spite of this, for they are a healthy, sturdy race, and like the ice and cold and snow. In the long winter evenings they gather around the fire and listen to the old stories that have been told in their land for hundreds of years, the stories of Odin

[1] From *Children's Stories in American History*. Copyright, 1885, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

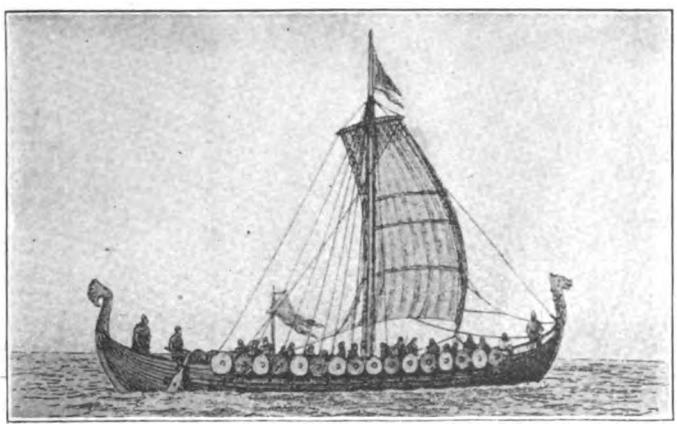
and Thor and Baldur, for long, long ago the religion of the Northmen was very different from what it is now.

. . . .

Besides the old stories of their gods, the people of these North countries have many other tales they relate of things which actually happened. Living so near the ocean, they were, of course, great sailors, and often went off on long voyages, which lasted sometimes a year or two. In the old histories of Iceland we read that Erik the Red, as he was called, being unjustly treated by his neighbors, resolved to leave Iceland and seek a home elsewhere. So he gathered his friends together and took ship and sailed away boldly toward the west. No one then knew that there was any land west of Iceland, so many of his friends expected never to see him again. But Erik was a brave sailor and kept sailing on and on, still westward, until one day he did see land, and then steering southward along the coast he found a place where he might land safely. Here he stayed the whole winter, calling the place Erik's Island; then he looked around for a spot suitable to live in always, and, having found one, a little village was built, and there he remained two years. When he went back to Iceland he told the people of the new land he had found, and called it Greenland, as he thought that name would sound pleasant to them, and they would be eager to go there and live, and so they were, and Erik soon sailed away again toward Greenland, taking with him this time twenty-five ships filled with people and food and all things they might need in a new country; and having reached the little village which Erik had begun they landed in safety and were soon busy making new homes for themselves in that western Greenland which had been discovered by that bold rover Erik the Red.

This happened about eight hundred years ago. A short time after, Biarni, another brave Icelander, resolved to go to Greenland too. So he set sail, and for three days they went on briskly with a fair wind; then arose a most fearful storm, before which they were driven for many days, they knew not whither. At length the storm ceased, and sailing westward another day they saw land different from any they had ever seen before, for it was low and level and had no mountains. The sailors anxiously asked if this were Greenland, but Biarni said no, it could not be. . . . .

So they kept sailing northward for three days more, and then they came to a land that was mountainous and covered with ice; this land they sailed quite around, proving it to be an island; they were almost discouraged, but kept on four days more, and then at last Greenland came in sight. Erik and his companions listened with great interest to the stories which Biarni told of the strange new lands he had seen. . . . .



From a drawing by Admiral J. Högg, Royal Swedish Navy

VIKING SHIP OF THE PERIOD 1000 A. D.

Finally, Leif the Lucky, son of Erik the Red, determined to go in search of the strange lands seen by Biarni. He bought Biarni's ship, and taking thirty-five men with him, started off on one of those perilous voyages so dearly loved by the Norsemen. The first land he saw was the mountainous, icy island round which Biarni had sailed, and which Leif named Helluland; then he sailed farther south and . . . . touched at an island, probably Nantucket, and sailing through a bay between this island and the mainland, they passed up a river and landed. Here they built rude huts and prepared to pass the winter. It was about the middle of autumn, and finding there wild grapes growing, they called the country Vinland. Leif and his people were much pleased with the pleasant climate and fruitful soil of the new country, and stayed there contentedly all winter. The next spring they loaded their ships with timber and returned to Greenland. In the meantime Erik the Red had died, and Leif, on his return, succeeded him in command of the Greenland colony and made no more voyages.

THE FIRST EXPLORATIONS OF COLUMBUS[1]

[1492]

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

I left the city of Granada on the 12th day of May, in the same year of 1492, being Saturday, and came to the town of Palos, which is a seaport; where I equipped three vessels well suited for such service; and departed from that port, well supplied with provisions and with many sailors, on the 3d day of August of the same year, being Friday, half an hour before sunrise, taking the route to the islands of Canaria, belonging to your Highnesses,

[1] From the *Journal of Columbus*. Translated by Sir Clements R. Markham

QUEEN ISABELLA

From the painting by Fra Sebastiano del Piombo

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

which are in the said Ocean Sea, that I might thence take my departure for navigating until I should arrive at the Indies. . . . . As part of my duty I thought it well to write an account of all the voyage very punctually, noting from day to day all that I should do and see, and that should happen. . . . .

Friday, 3d of August.—We departed on Friday, the 3d of August, in the year 1492, from the bar of Saltes, at eight o'clock, and proceeded with a strong breeze until sunset, towards the south, for 60 miles, equal to 15 leagues; afterwards S.W. and W.S.W., which was the course for the Canaries. . . . .

Thursday, 11th of October.—The course was W.S.W., and there was more sea than there had been during the whole of the voyage. They saw sandpipers, and a green reed near the ship. Those of the caravel *Pinta* saw a cane and a pole, and they took up another small pole which appeared to have been worked with iron; also another bit of cane, a land-plant, and a small board. The crew of the caravel *Niña* also saw signs of land, and a small branch covered with berries. Everyone breathed afresh and rejoiced at these signs. . . . .

I . . . . that we might form great friendship [with the natives], for I knew that they were a people who could be more easily freed and converted to our holy faith by love than by force, gave to some of them red caps, and glass beads to put around their necks, and many other things of little value, which gave them great pleasure, and made them so much our friends that it was a marvel to see. They afterwards came to the ship's boats where we were, swimming and bringing us parrots, cotton threads in skeins, darts, and many other things. . . . . It appeared to me to be a race of people very poor in everything. They go as naked as when their

mothers bore them. . . . . They are very well made, with very handsome bodies, and very good countenances. Their hair is short and coarse, almost like the hairs of a horse's tail. They wear the hairs brought down to the eyebrows, except a few locks behind, which they wear long and never cut. . . . . They are the colour of the Canarians, neither black nor white. Some paint themselves white, others red, and others of what colour they

From the painting by John Vanderlyn

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

find. Some paint their faces, others the whole body, some only round the eyes, others only on the nose. They neither carry nor know anything of arms, for I showed them swords, and they took them by the blade and cut themselves through ignorance. . . . .

I also ordered them to be given treacle to eat when they came on board. At three o'clock I sent the ship's boat on shore for water, and the natives with good will showed my people where the water was, and they themselves

brought the full casks down to the boat, and did all they could to please us.

FRIENDSHIP OF COLUMBUS AND AMERICUS VESPUCCI[1]*

While at Seville, in 1505, Columbus saw a good deal of Americus Vespucci. They had become acquainted in 1493, while the admiral was fitting out the ships for his second voyage; the contract for furnishing the supplies having been awarded to a merchant named Beradi, by whom Vespucci was employed, and the latter had active charge of the business. In the meantime Vespucci had himself made two voyages, cruising along a good deal of the northern coast of South America, and down the east coast as far as Bahia, Brazil, where the Portuguese had established a trading post. It was at the conclusion of his second voyage, in September, 1504, that Americus wrote the account of his discoveries, which three years later caused his name to be given to the New World; but there is no reason to believe that he anticipated or even hoped that his fame would be so closely linked to the western hemisphere. Nor is there any evidence of the slightest rivalry or jealousy between the two voyagers. On the contrary, on the 5th of February, 1504, Columbus writes from the convent of Cartuja, at Seville, to his son, Diego, as follows: "Diego Mendez left here on Monday, the 3d of the present month. After he left I spoke with Amerigo Vespusze, the bearer of this letter, who goes there, where he has been called on the business of navigation. He always wanted to please me. He is a very honest man. Fortune has been as adverse to him as to many others, and his labors have not been so profitable

[1] From *Historical and Descriptive Account of the Field Columbian Museum*, Vol. I, No. 2.

* An asterisk indicates that comment will be found in the Explanatory Notes beginning on page 425.

From the portrait by Bronzino

AMERICUS VESPUCCI

to him as it was reasonable to expect. He goes for my good and is very anxious to do everything that may prove beneficial to me if it is within his power. I do not know of any particular thing in which I might instruct him to my benefit, because I do not know exactly what he is wanted for there. He goes determined to do for me all that he may possibly do. You must see what kind of service he may render to my advantage, and coöperate with him in having it rendered. He will work and speak and do everything suggested, but the suggestion must be made secretly, so as to remove suspicion."

LAST DAYS OF COLUMBUS[1]

[1506]

After many attempts to make a journey he was too weak to undertake, Columbus started in May, 1505, under the patient and affectionate care of his brother, Bartholomew, and reached Segovia, where the king was living, in the following August; but his cool reception by the king only increased his mortification and distress. His personal application for redress was quite as ineffective as his letters, and he sank in despair. On the 25th of August he made his will, which is a very long and comprehensive document, and then, from his bed, renewed his written appeals, not for himself, as he realized that his days were numbered, but in behalf of his son. He begged King Ferdinand to bestow upon Diego the honors he had won, and restore to him the rights and authority of which he had been deprived.

The house at Valladolid, Spain, in which Columbus died, May 20, 1506, is still standing, and is visited by

[1] From *Historical and Descriptive Account of the Field Columbian Museum*, Vol. I, No. 2.

Copyright by R. H. Parks, sculptor

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

multitudes of tourists. At the time of his death it was an inn. His brother, Bartholomew, was with him. In none of the chronicles of the times, and they are numerous, is there any allusion to the event. It was not until nearly a month after that the fact was officially recorded, and then in the briefest and most indifferent manner. On the back of one of his belated appeals to the king some clerk wrote this endorsement: "The within admiral is dead."

That is the only record in the archives of the Nation of the loss of him who brought Spain her greatest glory.

COLUMBUS[1]

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

"God helping me," cried Columbus, "though fair or foul the breeze,
I will sail and sail till I find the land beyond the western seas!"
So an eagle might leave its eyrie, bent, though the blue should bar,
To fold its wings on the loftiest peak of an undiscovered star!
And into the vast and void abyss he followed the setting sun;
Nor gulfs nor gales could fright his sails till the wondrous quest was done.
But O! the weary vigils, the murmuring, torturing days,
Till the *Pinta's* gun, and the shout of "Land!" set the black night ablaze!
Till the shore lay fair as Paradise in morning's balm and gold,
And a world was won from the conquered deep, and the tale of the ages told!

[1] From "Columbia's Banner."

JOHN CABOT[1]*

[1497]

The Venetian, our countryman, who went with a ship from Bristol in quest of new islands, is returned, and says that 700 leagues hence he discovered land, the territory of the Grand Cham (*Grand Cam*). He coasted for 300 leagues and landed; saw no human beings, but he has brought hither to the King certain snares which had been set to catch game, and a needle for making nets; he also found some felled trees, wherefore he supposed there were inhabitants, and returned to his ship in alarm.

He was three months on the voyage, and on his return he saw two islands to starboard, but would not land, time being precious, as he was short of provisions. He says that the tides are slack and do not flow as they do here. The King of England is much pleased with this intelligence.

The King has promised that in the spring our countryman shall have ten ships, armed to his order, and at his request has conceded him all the prisoners, except such as are confined for high treason, to man his fleet. The King has also given him money wherewith to amuse himself till then, and he is now at Bristol with his wife, who is also Venetian, and with his sons; his name is Juan Cabot, and he is styled the great admiral. Vast honour is paid him; he dresses in silk, and these English run after him like mad people, so that he can enlist as many of them as he pleases and a number of our own rogues besides.

The discoverer of these places planted on his newfound land a large cross, with one flag of England and another of S. Mark, by reason of his being a Venetian, so that our banner has floated very far afield.

London, 23 August 1497.

Calendars of State Papers, Venetian, 1202–1509, p. 262.

[1] Letter of Lorenzo Pasqualigo (residing in London) to his brothers Alvise and Francisco, merchants of Venice. From *American History Leaflets*, edited by Hart and Channing.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH*

A Dream of Ponce de Leon

[1513]

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

I.

A story of Poncé de Leon,
A voyager, withered and old,
Who came to the sunny Antilles,
In quest of a country of gold.
He was wafted past islands of spices,
As bright as the Emerald seas,
Where all the forests seem singing,
So thick were the birds on the trees;
The sea was as clear as the azure,
And so deep and so pure was the sky
That the jasper-walled city seemed shining
Just out of the reach of the eye.
By day his light canvas he shifted,
And rounded strange harbors and bars;
By night, on the full tides he drifted,
'Neath the low-hanging lamps of the stars.
Near the glimmering gates of the sunset,
In the twilight empurpled and dim,
The sailors uplifted their voices,
And sang to the Virgin a hymn.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
At the close of the rounded refrain;
"Thank the Lord, the Almighty, who blesses
The ocean-swept banner of Spain!
The shadowy world is behind us,
The shining Cipango before;
Each morning the sun rises brighter
On ocean, and island, and shore.

And still shall our spirits grow lighter,
As prospects more glowing unfold;
Then on, merry men! to Cipango,
To the west, and the regions of gold!"

II.

There came to De Leon, the sailor,
Some Indian sages, who told
Of a region so bright that the waters
Were sprinkled with islands of gold.
And they added: "The leafy Bimini,
A fair land of grottos and bowers,
Is there; and a wonderful fountain
Upsprings from its gardens of flowers.
That fountain gives life to the dying,
And youth to the aged restores;
They flourish in beauty eternal,
Who set but their foot on its shores!"
Then answered De Leon, the sailor:
"I am withered, and wrinkled, and old;
I would rather discover that fountain
Than a country of diamonds and gold."

III.

Away sailed De Leon, the sailor;
Away with a wonderful glee,
Till the birds were more rare in the azure,
The dolphins more rare in the sea;
Away from the shady Bahamas,
Over waters no sailor had seen,
Till again on his wondering vision
Rose clustering islands of green.
Still onward he sped till the breezes
Were laden with odors, and lo!
A country embedded with flowers,
A country with rivers aglow!

More bright than the sunny Antilles,
More fair than the shady Azores.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
As feasted his eye on the shores,
"We have come to a region, my brothers,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
And here is the life-giving fountain,—
The beautiful fountain of youth."

IV.

Then landed De Leon, the sailor,
Unfurled his old banner, and sung;
But he felt very wrinkled and withered,
All around was so fresh and so young.
The palms, ever verdant, were blooming,
Their blossoms e'en margined the seas;
O'er the streams of the forests, bright flowers
Hung deep from the branches of trees.
" 'Tis Easter," exclaimed the old sailor;
His heart was with rapture aflame;
And he said: "Be the name of this region
As Florida given to fame.
'Tis a fair, a delectable country,
More lovely than earth, of a truth;
I soon shall partake of the fountain,—
The beautiful fountain of youth!"

V.

But wandered De Leon, the sailor,
In search of that fountain in vain;
No waters were there to restore him
To freshness and beauty again.
And his anchor he lifted, and murmured,
As the tears gathered fast in his eye,
"I must leave this fair land of the flowers,
Go back o'er the ocean, and die."

Then back by the dreary Tortugas,
And back by the shady Azores,
He was borne on the storm-smitten waters
To the calm of his own native shores.
And that he grew older and older,
His footsteps enfeebled gave proof;
Still he thirsted in dreams for the fountain,
The beautiful fountain of youth.

VI.

One day the old sailor lay dying
On the shores of a tropical isle,
And his heart was enkindled with rapture,
And his face lighted up with a smile.
He thought of the sunny Antilles,
He thought of the shady Azores,
He thought of the dreamy Bahamas,
He thought of fair Florida's shores.
And when in his mind he passed over
His wonderful travels of old,
He thought of the heavenly country,
Of the city of jasper and gold.
"Thank the Lord!" said De Leon, the sailor,
"Thank the Lord for the light of the truth,
I now am approaching the fountain,
The beautiful fountain of youth."

VII.

The cabin was silent; at twilight
They heard the birds singing a psalm,
And the wind of the ocean low sighing
Through groves of the orange and palm.
The sailor still lay on his pallet,
The cool sail spread o'er him a roof,
His soul had gone forth to discover
The beautiful fountain of youth.

CORONADO'S LETTER TO THE KING[1]*

[1541]

Holy Catholic Cæsarian Majesty: On April 20 of this year I wrote to Your Majesty from this province of Tiguex, in reply to a letter from Your Majesty dated in Madrid, June 11 a year ago. . . . . I started from this province on the 23rd of last April, for the place where the Indians wanted to guide me.

After nine days' march I reached some plains, so vast that I did not find their limit anywhere that I went, although I traveled over them for more than 300 leagues. And I found such a quantity of cows in these, of the kind that I wrote Your Majesty about, which they have in this country, that it is impossible to number them, for while I was journeying through these plains, until I returned to where I first found them, there was not a day that I lost sight of them. And after seventeen days' march I came to a settlement of Indians who are called Querechos, who travel around with these cows, who do not plant, and who eat the raw flesh and drink the blood of the cows they kill, and they tan the skins of the cows, with which all the people of this country dress themselves here. They have little field tents made of the hides of the cows, tanned and greased, very well made, in which they live while they travel around near the cows, moving with these. They have dogs which they load, which carry their tents and poles and belongings. These people have the best figures of any that I have seen in the Indies. They could not give me any account of the country where the guides were taking me. . . . .

It was the Lord's pleasure that, after having journeyed across these deserts seventy-seven days, I arrived at the

[1] From the *Journey of Coronado* as written by himself and his followers and translated by George Parker Winship. Copyright, 1904, by A. S. Barnes & Co.

province they call Quivira, to which the guides were conducting me, and where they had described to me houses of stone, with many stories; and not only are they not of stone, but of straw, but the people in them are as barbarous as all those whom I have seen and passed before this; they do not have cloaks, nor cotton of which to make these, but use the skins of the cattle they kill, which they tan, because they are settled among these on a very large river.

The people here are large. I had several Indians measured, and found that they were 10 palms in height; the women are well proportioned and their features are more like Moorish women than Indians.

The country itself is the best I have ever seen for producing all the products of Spain, for besides the land itself being very fat and black and being very well watered by the rivulets and springs and rivers, I found prunes like those of Spain . . . . and nuts and very good sweet grapes and mulberries. . . . . And what I am sure of is that there is not any gold nor any other metal in all that country, and the other things of which they had told me are nothing but little villages, and in many of these they do not plant anything and do not have any houses except of skins and sticks, and they wander around with the cows; so that the account they gave me was false, because they wanted to persuade me to go there with the whole force, believing that as the way was through such uninhabited deserts, and from the lack of water, they would get us where we and our horses would die of hunger.

From this province of Tiguex, October 20, in the year 1541. Your Majesty's humble servant and vassal, who would kiss the royal feet and hands.

FRANCISCO VASQUEZ CORONADO.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI[1]

GEORGE BANCROFT

[1541]

The Spaniards were guided by natives to one of the usual crossing-places. . . . . A multitude of people from the other [western] side of the river, painted and gayly decorated with great plumes of white feathers, the warriors standing in rows with bow and arrows in their hands, the chieftains sitting under awnings as magnificent as the artless manufactures of the natives could weave, came rowing down the stream in a fleet of two hundred canoes, seeming to the admiring Spaniards "like a fair army of galleys." . . . .

The native tribes, everywhere on the route, were found in a state of civilization beyond that of nomadic hordes. They were an agricultural people, with fixed places of abode, and subsisted upon the produce of the fields more than upon the chase. . . . . The Spaniards treated them with no other forbearance than their own selfishness demanded, and enslaved such as offended, employing them as porters and guides. On a slight suspicion they would cut off the hands of numbers of the natives for punishment or intimidation; the young cavaliers, from desire of seeming valiant, took delight in cruelties and carnage. The guide who was unsuccessful, or who purposely led them away from the settlements of his tribe, would be seized and thrown to the hounds. Sometimes a native was condemned to the flames. . . . .

In the spring of 1542, Soto determined to descend the Washita to its junction, and to get tidings of the sea. As he advanced, he was soon lost amidst the bayous and marshes which are found along the Red River and its

[1] From *History of the United States of America*. Copyright by D. Appleton & Co.

tributaries. . . . . In the middle of April he arrived at the province where the Washita, already united with the Red River, enters the Mississippi. . . . . His horses and men were dying around him; the natives were becoming dangerous enemies. He attempted to overawe a tribe of Indians near Natchez by claiming a supernatural birth, and demanding obedience and tribute. "You say

From the painting by Powell

DE SOTO DISCOVERING THE MISSISSIPPI

you are the child of the sun," replied the undaunted chief; "dry up the river and I will believe you. Do you desire to see me? Visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will receive you with special good-will; but if in war, I will not shrink one foot back." But Soto was no longer able to abate the confidence or punish the temerity of the natives. His stubborn pride was changed by long disappointments into a wasting melancholy. A malignant fever ensued, during which he had little comfort, and was neither visited nor attended as the last hours

of life demand. Believing his death near at hand, on the twentieth of May he held a last solemn interview with his followers; and, yielding to the wishes of his companions, who obeyed him to the end, he named a successor. On the next day he died.

THE BURIAL OF DE SOTO[1]*

[1542]

THEODORE IRVING

. . . . Thus died Hernando de Soto; one of the boldest and the bravest of the many brave leaders who figured in the first discoveries, and distinguished themselves in the wild warfare of the Western World. How proud and promising had been the commencement of his career! how humble and hapless its close! Cut off in the very vigor and manhood of his days, for he was but forty-two years old when he expired; perishing in a strange and savage land, amid the din and tumult of a camp, and with merely a few rough soldiers to attend him; for nearly all were engaged in the preparations making for their escape in this perilous situation.

Hernando de Soto . . . . is said to have been courteous and engaging in his manners, patient and persevering under difficulties, encouraging his followers by his quiet endurance of suffering. In his own person, he was valiant in the extreme, and of such vigor of arm, that wherever he passed in battle, he is said to have hewn himself a lane through the thickest of the enemy. . . . .

The death of the governor left his followers overwhelmed with grief; they felt as if made orphans by his loss, for they looked up to him as a father: and they sorrowed the more, because they could not give him a proper

[1] From *The Conquest of Florida.*

sepulture, nor perform the solemn obsequies due to the remains of a captain and commander so much beloved and honored.

They feared to bury him publicly, and with becoming ceremonials, lest the Indians should discover the place of his interment, and should outrage and insult his remains, as they had done those of other Spaniards; tearing them from their graves, dismembering them, and hanging them piecemeal from the trees. If they had shown such indignities to the bodies of the common soldiers, how much greater would they inflict upon that of their governor and commander! Besides, De Soto had impressed them with a very exalted opinion of his prudence and valor; and the Spaniards, therefore, dreaded, lest finding out the death of their leader, they might be induced to revolt, and fall upon their handful of troops.

For these reasons, they buried him in the dead of night, with sentinels posted to keep the natives at a distance, that the sad ceremony might be safe from the observation of their spies. The place chosen for his sepulture was one of many pits, broad and deep, in a plain, near to the village, from whence the Indians had taken earth for their buildings. . . . . The better to deceive the Indians, and prevent their suspecting the place of his interment, they gave out, on the following day, that the governor was recovering from his malady, and, mounting their horses, they assumed an appearance of rejoicing. That all traces of the grave might be lost, they caused much water to be sprinkled over it, and upon the surrounding plain, as if to prevent the dust being raised by their horses. They then scoured the plain, and galloped about the pits, and over the very grave of their commander; but it was difficult, under this cover of pretended gayety, to conceal the real sadness of their hearts.

With all these precautions, they soon found out that the Indians suspected, not only the death of the governor, but the place where he lay buried; for, in passing by the pits, they would stop, look round attentively on all sides, talk with one another, and make signs with their chins and their eyes toward the spot where the body was interred.

The Spaniards perceiving this, and feeling assured that the Indians would search the whole plain until they found the body, determined to disinter it, and place it where it would be secure from molestation. No place appeared better suited to the purpose than the Mississippi; but first they wished to ascertain whether there was sufficient depth to hide the body effectually.

Accordingly, Juan de Añasco, and other officers, taking with them a mariner, embarked one evening in a canoe, under the pretense of fishing and amusing themselves; and, sounding the river where it was a quarter of a league wide, they found, in the mid-channel, a depth of nineteen fathoms. Here, therefore, they determined to deposit the body.

As there was no stone in the neighborhood wherewith to sink it, they cut down an evergreen oak, and made an excavation in one side, of the size of a man. On the following night, with all the silence possible, they disinterred the body, and placed it in the trunk of the oak, nailing planks over the aperture. The rustic coffin was then conveyed to the centre of the river. The hooded priests and steel-clad cavaliers gathered round the remains of the chief who had led them through all their perilous wanderings, and at the still hour of midnight they committed the body to the stream, watching it sink to the bottom through scalding tears, and commending anew the soul of the good cavalier to Heaven. . . . .

The Indians, soon perceiving that the governor was not with the army, nor buried, as they had supposed, demanded of the Spaniards where he was. The general reply, prepared for the occasion, was, that God had sent for him, to communicate to him great things, which he was commanded to perform, as soon as he should return to earth. With this answer, the Indians remained apparently content.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S THIRD VOYAGE[1]*

[1572]

. . . . Knowing that the carriages [*mule loads*] went now daily from Panama to Nombre de Dios; we proceeded in covert through the woods, towards the highway that leadeth between them.

It is five leagues accounted by sea, between Rio Francisco and Nombre de Dios; but that way which we march by land, we found it above seven leagues. We marched as in our former journey to Panama, both for order and silence; to the great wonder of the French Captain and company, who protested they knew not by any means how to recover the pinnaces, if the Cimaroons (to whom what our Captain commanded was a law; though they little regarded the French, as having no trust in them) should leave us: our Captain assured him, "There was no cause of doubt of them, of whom he had had such former trial."

When we were come within an English mile of the way, we stayed all night, refreshing ourselves, in great stillness, in a most convenient place: where we heard the carpenters, being many in number, working upon their ships, as they usually do by reason of the great heat of the

[1] From the report of Master Christopher Celly, Ellis Hixom, and others, as found in *Sir Frances Drake Revived*, 1626. Republished in the "Harvard Classics." Edited by Charles W. Eliot.

SIR- FRANCIS DRAKE

day in Nombre de Dios; and might hear the mules coming from Panama, by reason of the advantage of the ground.

The next morning (1st April), upon hearing of that number of bells, the Cimaroons rejoiced exceedingly, as though there could not have befallen them a more joyful accident chiefly having been disappointed before. Now they all assured us, "We should have more gold and silver than all of us could bear away": as in truth it fell out. For there came three *Recuas*, the one of 50 mules, the other two, of 70 each, every [one] of which carried 300 lbs. weight of silver; which in all amounted to near thirty tons [*i. e.*, 190 *mules, with* 300 *lbs. each* = *about* 57,000 *lbs. of silver*].

We putting ourselves in readiness, went down near the way to hear the bells; where we stayed not long, but we saw of what metal they were made; and took such hold on the heads of the foremost and hindmost mules, that all the rest stayed and lay down, as their manner is.

These three *Recuas* were guarded with forty-five soldiers or thereabouts, fifteen to each *Recua*, which caused some exchange of bullets and arrows for a time; in which conflict the French Captain was sore wounded with hail-shot in the belly, and one Cimaroon was slain: but in the end, these soldiers thought it the best way to leave their mules with us, and to seek for more help abroad.

In which meantime we took some pain to ease some of the mules which were heaviest loaden of their carriage. And because we ourselves were somewhat weary, we were contented with a few bars and quoits of gold, as we could well carry: burying about fifteen tons of silver, partly in the burrows which the great land crabs had made in the earth, and partly under old trees which were fallen thereabout, and partly in the sand and gravel of a river, not very deep of water.

ENGLISH COLONIZATION AND SETTLEMENT

THE PERSON OF RALEIGH[1]*

[1585]

EDWARD EDWARDS

Whatever may really have been the incident which first drew the Queen's eyes upon Ralegh, we are under no more uncertainty as to the personal attractions on which they would complacently rest, than as to the fine parts which would speedily add respect to favour. Besides the testimony of his portraits, we have the description of contemporaries. Naunton's evidence, for example, is, on such a point, free from exception. Sir Walter, he says, "had a good presence, in a handsome and well-compacted person; a strong natural wit, and a better judgment; with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage." His stature was about six feet; his hair dark and full; his visage, in early years at least, bright and clear. He was already noted for that splendour in dress and equipment of which Elizabeth was herself so fond, and which at a later date, when the means of large expenditure had come, he carried to a pitch almost unexampled, even in her brilliant Court. . . . . In another full-length [portrait], which long remained in the possession of his descendants, he is apparelled in a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist, with a brown doublet finely flowered and embroidered with pearls, and a sword-belt, also brown and similarly decorated. Over

[1] From *Life of Ralegh.*

Engraved by H. Robinson from the original portrait by Zucchero

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

the right hip is seen the jewelled pommel of his dagger. He wears his hat, in which is a black feather with a ruby and pearl-drop. His trunk-hose and fringed garters appear to be of white satin. His buff-coloured shoes are tied with white ribbons. In a third portrait, long known to the frequenters of the gallery at Knowle, ... he wears a suit of silver armour, and is richly adorned with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. . . . . Ralegh's very shoes, [Drexelius, the Flemish Jesuit] says, were so bedecked with jewels, "that they were computed to be worth more than six thousand six hundred gold pieces." This was the full flower of the gorgeous tastes which already, in 1582, had burgeoned with luxuriance enough to fix upon him many eyes little gifted with the power of discerning what sort of inner man it was that lay beneath the gilding.

POWAHATAN'S PLOT TO DESTROY JOHN SMITH[1]

[1607]

AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

Then hauing prouided baskets for our men to carry our corne to the boats, they [the Indians] kindly offered their seruice to guard our Armes, that none should steale them. A great many they were of goodly well proportioned fellowes, as grim as Diuels; yet [at] the very sight of cocking our matches, and being to let fly, a few wordes caused them to leaue their bowes and arrowes to our guard, and beare downe our corne on their backes; wee needed not importune them to make dispatch.

[1] From *John Smith's Travels.*

From the margin of his map of New England in "A Description of New England," London, 1616

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

But our Barges being left on the oase by the ebbe, caused vs stay till the next high-water; so that wee returned againe to our old quarter.

Powahatan and his Dutch-men brusting with desire to haue the head of Captaine *Smith;* for if they could but kill him, they thought all was theirs, neglected not any op[p]ortunity to effect his purpose. The Indians with all the merry sports they could deuise, spent the time till night: then they all returned to *Powahatan*, who all this time was making ready his forces to surprise the house and him at supper.

Notwithstanding the eternall all-seeing God did preuent him, and by a strange meanes. For *Pochahontas* his dearest iewell and daughter, in that darke night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captaine great cheare should be sent vs by and by: but *Powahatan* and all the power he could make, would after come kill vs all, if they that brought it could not kill vs with our owne weapons when we were at supper. Therefore if we would liue, shee wished vs presently to bee gone. Such things as shee delighted in, he would haue given her: but with the teares running downe her cheekes, shee said shee durst not be seene to haue any: for if *Powahatan* should know it, she were but dead, and so shee ranne away by herselfe as shee came.

Within lesse than an houre came eight or ten lusty fellowes, with great platters of venison and other victuall, very importunate to have us put out our matches (whose smoake made them sicke) and sit down to our victuall. But the Captaine made them taste euery dish, which done hee sent some of them backe to *Powahatan*, to bid him make haste for hee was prepared for his comming.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE HUDSON RIVER[1]*

[1609]

WASHINGTON IRVING

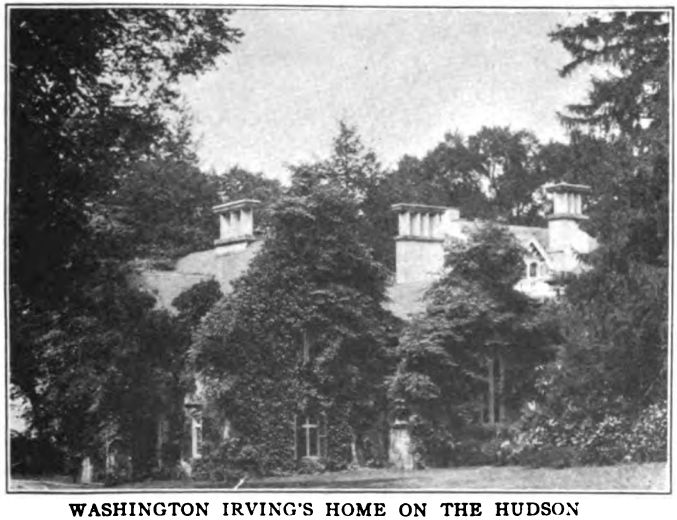
In the ever memorable year of our Lord, 1609, on a Saturday morning, the five and twentieth day of March, old style, did that "worthy and irrecoverable discoverer (as he has justly been called), Master Henry Hudson," set sail from Holland in a stout vessel called the Half Moon, being employed by the Dutch East India Company to seek a north-west passage to China. . . . .

Hudson had laid in abundance of gin and sour crout, and every man was allowed to sleep quietly at his post unless the wind blew. . . . . They eat hugely, drank profusely, and slept immeasurably, and being under the especial guidance of Providence, the ship was safely conducted to the coast of America; where, after sundry unimportant touchings and standings off and on, she at length, on the fourth day of September, entered that majestic bay, which at this day expands its ample bosom before the city of New York, and which had never before been visited by any European. . . . .

The island of Mannahata spread wide before them, like some sweet vision of fancy, or some fair creation of industrious magic. Its hills of smiling green swelled gently one above another, crowned with lofty trees of luxuriant growth; some pointing their tapering foliage towards the clouds, which were gloriously transparent; and others, loaded with a verdant burthen of clambering vines, bowing their branches to the earth, that was covered with flowers. On the gentle declivities of the hills were scattered in gay profusion the dogwood, the sumach, and the wild briar, whose scarlet berries and white

[1] From the *Knickerbocker History of New York.*

blossoms glowed brightly among the deep green of the surrounding foliage; and here and there a curling column of smoke rising from the little glens that opened along the shore, seemed to promise the weary voyagers a welcome at the hands of their fellow creatures. As they stood gazing with entranced attention on the scene before them, a red man, crowned with feathers,



WASHINGTON IRVING'S HOME ON THE HUDSON

issued from one of these glens, and after contemplating in silent wonder the gallant ship, as she sat like a stately swan swimming on a silver lake, sounded the war-whoop, and bounded into the woods, like a wild deer. . . . .

After tarrying a few days in the bay, in order to refresh themselves after their sea-faring, our voyagers weighed anchor, to explore a mighty river which emptied into the bay. . . . .

After sailing, however, above an hundred miles up the river, he [Hudson] found the watery world around him began to grow more shallow and confined, the current more rapid, and perfectly fresh. . . . . A consultation was therefore called, and having deliberated full six hours, they were brought to a determination by the ship's running aground — whereupon they unanimously concluded that there was but little chance of getting to China in this direction. A boat, however, was despatched to explore higher up the river, which, on its return, confirmed the opinion. Upon this the ship was warped off and put about . . . . and the adventurous Hudson . . . . returned down the river — with a prodigious flea in his ear!

PETER STUYVESANT[1]*

[1592–1672]

BAYARD TUCKERMAN

The character of Stuyvesant has appeared plainly in the narrative of events at New Amsterdam. Honest, blunt, and passionate, his virtues and his faults were evident to all men. He had been a faithful servant to the West India Company, guarding its interests with a jealous fidelity and promoting them with untiring zeal. In the service of his employers, he never lacked vigour or courage. In his enforced conflicts with other colonies he showed judgment and foresight, yielding when he must, but struggling to the last against any odds. Had the West India Company heeded his warnings, New Amsterdam might have resisted for many years the English pressure. In his dealings with the Indians he pursued a policy of stern justice, which won their respect and confidence.

[1] From *Peter Stuyvesant*. Copyright, 1893, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

PETER STUYVESANT

No Indian war can be laid to his charge; and during his presence on Manhattan Island, the sleep of the Dutch settlers was undisturbed by fears of savage invasion. His conduct as director was marred by conflicts with those under his authority, which were caused not so much by harshness of nature as by an unnecessarily rigid idea of his duty. To govern a colony of adventurous men, settled in the wilderness, threatened on the one hand by savage enemies, on the other by aggressive neighbors of uncertain friendliness, — he conceived that his mastery must be unquestioned. The responsibility was his, — the authority must be his also. His life had been spent in Dutch colonial adventures, where the word that was passed from the quarter-deck was the law without appeal. Hence the contentions which characterized the early years of his rule, and the attitude of apparent tyranny in which he appeared. As time wore on, he and the burghers understood each other better, and a mutual respect succeeded to the old antagonism. Headstrong and violent in his temper he always was, but animated by good motives, faithful to the line of his duty, and seeking the interest of those committed to his charge.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PILGRIMS TO NEW ENGLAND[1]

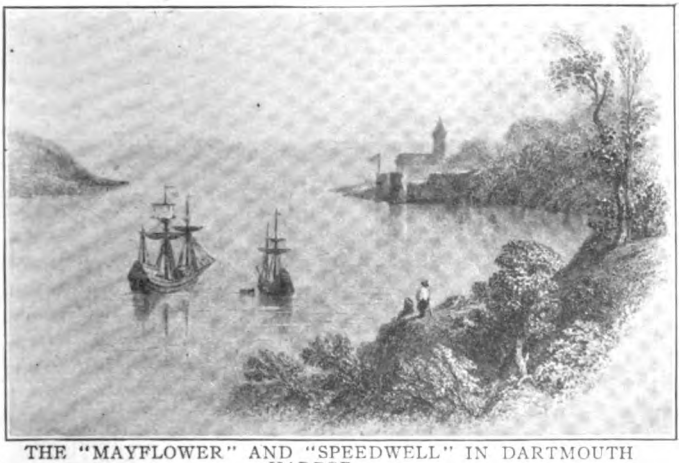
[1620]

GEORGE BANCROFT

And now, in July, 1620, the English at Leyden, trusting in God and in themselves, made ready for their departure. . . . . In August the Mayflower and the Speedwell left Southampton for America. But as they were twice compelled to put back by the dismay of the

[1] An extract from Winslow's *Journal* given in the *History of the United States of America*. Copyright by D. Appleton & Co.

captain of the Speedwell, at Plymouth "they agreed to dismiss her, and those who are willing returned to London, though this was very grievous and discouraging." Having thus winnowed their numbers, the little band, not of resolute men only, but wives, ... children, infants, a floating village of one hundred and two souls, went on board the single ship, ... and on the sixth day of September, 1620, thirteen years after the first colonization of Virginia, they set sail for a new world.



THE "MAYFLOWER" AND "SPEEDWELL" IN DARTMOUTH HARBOR

. . . . After a boisterous voyage of sixty-three days, during which one person had died and one was born, they espied land; and in two days more, on the ninth of November, cast anchor in the first harbor within Cape Cod. On the eleventh, before they landed, they formed themselves into a body politic by this voluntary compact:

"In the name of God, amen; we, whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign

King James, having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends

Courtesy of the Old Colony Trust Company, Boston

THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA

aforesaid; and, by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most convenient for the general good of the colony. Unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

This instrument was signed by the whole body of men, forty-one in number, who, with their families, constituted the one hundred and two, the whole colony, "the proper democracy," that arrived in New England.

THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH[1]*

[1620]

MILES STANDISH AT CAPE COD

JOURNAL OF BRADFORD AND WINSLOW

Monday, 13th of November.—Some of our people, impatient of delay, desired for our better furtherance to travel by land into the country. . . . .

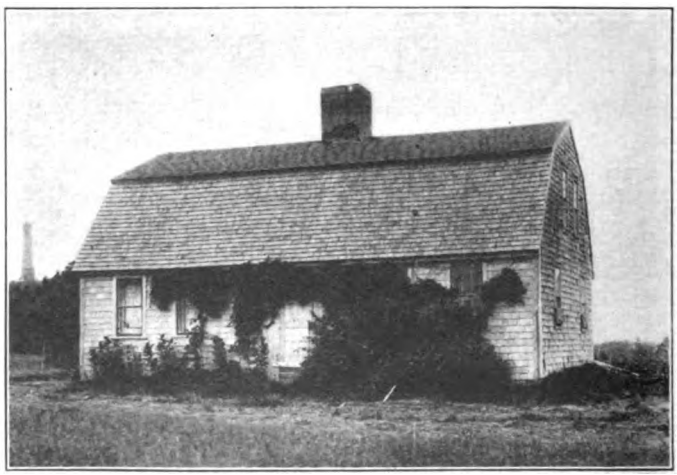
We marched through boughs and bushes, and under hills and valleys, which tore our very armor in pieces, and yet could meet with none of [the natives], nor their houses, nor find any fresh water, which we greatly desired and stood in need of; for we brought neither beer nor water with us, and our victuals was only biscuit and Holland cheese, and a little bottle of aqua-vitæ, so we were sore athirst. About ten o'clock we came into a deep valley, full of brush, wood-gaile, and long grass, through which we found little paths or tracks; and there we saw a deer, and found springs of fresh water, of which we were heartily glad, and sat us down and drunk our first New England water, with as much delight as ever we drunk drink in all our lives. . . . .

We went on further and found new stubble, of which they had gotten corn this year, and many walnut trees full of nuts, and great store of strawberries, and some vines. Passing thus a field or two, which were not great, we came to another, which had also been new gotten, and there we found where a house had been, and four or five old planks laid together. Also we found a great kettle, which had been some ship's kettle, and brought out of Europe. There was also a heap of sand . . . . which we digged up, and in it we found a little old basket, full of fair Indian corn; and digged further and found a fine

[1] From *Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth, 1620 to 1625.* Edited by Alexander Young, Boston.

great new basket, full of very fair corn of this year, with some six and thirty goodly ears of corn, some yellow, and some red, and others mixed with blue, which was a very goodly sight. The basket was round, and narrow at the top. It held about three or four bushels, which was as much as two of us could lift up from the ground, and was very handsomely and cunningly made. . . . .

[We] put a good deal of the loose corn in the kettle, for two men to bring away on a staff. Besides, they that



THE STANDISH HOUSE, DUXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS

could put any into their pockets, filled the same. The rest we buried again; for we were so laden with armor that we could carry no more. . . . .

In the end we got out of the wood, and were fallen about a mile too high above the creek. . . . . Master Jones and Master Carver being on the shore, with many of our people, came to meet us. And thus we came both weary and welcome home; and delivered in our corn into

the store to be kept for seed for we knew not how to come by any, and therefore were very glad, purposing, so soon as we could meet with any of the inhabitants of that place, to make them large satisfaction.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

JOHN PIERPONT

The Pilgrim Fathers,—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below;
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the Pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone,—
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The Pilgrim exile,—sainted name!
The hill whose icy brow
Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head,—
But the Pilgrim,—where is he?

The Pilgrim Fathers are at rest:
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The Pilgrim spirit has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night;
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And still guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

THE VOYAGE OF THE PURITANS[1]

The Massachusetts Bay Colony

[1629]

REV. FRANCIS HIGGINSON

(June 30, 1629.) Now in our passage divers things are remarkable.

First, through God's blessing, our passage was short and speedy; for whereas we had a thousand leagues, that is, three thousand miles English, to sail from Old to New England, we performed the same in six weeks and three days.

Secondly, our passage was comfortable and easy for the most part, having ordinarily fair and moderate wind, and being freed for the most part from stormy and rough

[1] From reprint in Young's *Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts.*

seas, saving one night only, which we that were not used thought to be more terrible than indeed it was; and this was Wednesday at night, May 27th.

Thirdly, our passage was also healthful to our passengers, being freed from the great contagion of the scurvy and other maledictions, which in other passages to other places had taken away the lives of many. And yet we were, in all reason, in wonderful danger all the way, our ship being greatly crowded with passengers; but, through

From the painting by G. H. Boughton

PURITANS GOING TO CHURCH

God's great goodness, we had none that died of the pox but that wicked fellow that scorned at fasting and prayer. There were indeed two little children, one of my own, and another beside; but I do not impute it merely to the passage, for they were both very sickly children, and not likely to have lived long, if they had not gone to sea. . . . . My wife, indeed, in tossing weather, was something ill by vomiting; but in calm weather she recovered again, and is now much better for the sea-sickness. . . . .

Fourthly, our passage was both pleasurable and profitable. For we received instruction and delight in behold-

ing the wonders of the Lord in the deep waters, and sometimes seeing the sea round us appearing with a terrible countenance, and, as it were, full of high hills and deep valleys; and sometimes it appeared as a most plain and even meadow. And ever and anon we saw divers kinds of fishes sporting in the great waters, great grampuses and huge whales, going by companies, and puffing up water streams. Those that love their own chimney-corner, and dare not go far beyond their own town's end, shall never have the honor to see these wonderful works of Almighty God. . . . .

The nearer we came to the shore, the more flowers in abundance, sometimes scattered abroad, sometimes joined in sheets nine or ten yards long, which we supposed to be brought from the low meadows by the tide. Now what with fine woods and green trees by land, and these yellow flowers painting the sea, made us all desirous to see our new paradise of New England.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY COMPANY[1]

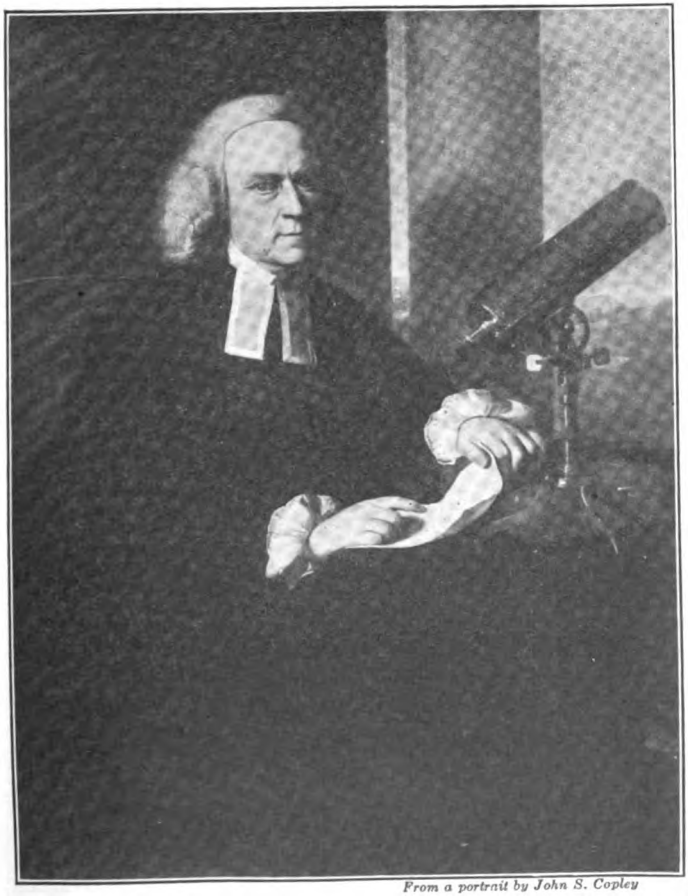
Governor Winthrop's Night Out of Doors

[October 4, 1631]

JOHN WINTHROP

The Governor being at his farm house at Mistick [Medford], walked out after supper and took a piece in his hand, supposing he might see a wolf (for they came daily about the house, and killed swine and calves, &c.) and being about half a mile off, it grew suddenly dark, so as in coming home he mistook his path, and went till he came to a little house of Sagamore John, which stood empty; there he stayed, and having a piece of match in his pocket (for he always carried about his match and

[1] From John Winthrop's *Journal.*



From a portrait by John S. Copley

JOHN WINTHROP

compass, and in the former there spake need) he made a good fire near the house, and lay down upon some old matts which he found there, and so spent the night, sometimes walking by the fire, sometimes singing psalms, and sometimes getting wood, but could not sleep. It was (thro God's mercy) a warm night, but a little before day it began to rain, and having no cloak, he made shift by a long pole to climb up into the house. In the morning there came thither an Indian squaw, but perceiving her before she had opened the door, he barred her out, ... and at last she went away, and he returned safe home, his servant having been much perplexed for him, and having walked about, and shot off pieces and hallooed in the night, but he heard them not.

BALTIMORE AND THE SETTLEMENT OF MARYLAND[1]

[1634]

WILLIAM HAND BROWNE

On November 30th, 1675, Cecilius Calvert, the founder of Maryland, died at the age of sixty-nine. His life had been in many ways one of trial and anxiety; he had passed through dangers and difficulties when far more than his own happiness and fortune was at stake, and by his patience, prudence, and moderation he had preserved safe his own rights and the franchises of his people. He had reaped but little advantage from his province; he had had the bitter experience of finding treachery where he had a right to look for fidelity, and ingratitude from those who owed their fortunes to him.

Under his rule the little settlement of about three hundred colonists, sheltered in Indian wigwams at the mouth

[1] From *George Calvert and Cecilius Calvert, Barons Baltimore, of Baltimore.* Copyright, 1890, 1918, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

From the portrait by Abraham Blotling

CECIL CALVERT, LORD BALTIMORE

of the St. Mary's River, had increased to a community of between sixteen and twenty thousand souls, living in ten counties, each of which was provided with a complete civil and military organization. Agriculture and commerce flourished, and all the necessary handicrafts were practiced. The principle of religious toleration, which had been the policy of the colony from its foundation, and was never violated except when the proprietary government was in abeyance, had wrought good effects in liberalizing the people. Alsop, writing about 1660, expresses his admiration at beholding Protestants and Catholics living together in perfect amity. Even the occasional jealousies and jars between the colonists and the proprietary government bore some good fruit: they trained the people to be jealous of their rights, to watch the government with unceasing vigilance, to forestall a wrong before they felt its effects, and thus nurtured that "fierce spirit of liberty" which Burke, a hundred years later, fixed on as the characteristic quality of the American people.

THE SETTLEMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA[1]*

[1681]

GEORGE BANCROFT

William Penn's proclamation to his vassals and subjects was in the following words:

"My Friends: I wish you all happiness here and hereafter. These are to lett you know, that it hath pleased God in his providence to cast you within my Lott and Care. It is a business, that though I never undertook before, yet God has given me an understanding of my duty and an honest minde to doe it uprightly. I hope you will not be troubled at your chainge and the king's

[1] From *History of the United States of America.* Copyright by D. Appleton & Co.

WILLIAM PENN

choice; for you are now fixt, at the mercy of no Governour that comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own makeing, and live a free, and if you will, a sober and industreous People. I shall not usurp the right of any, or oppress his person. God has furnisht me with a better resolution, and has given me his grace to keep it. In short, whatever sober and free men can reasonably desire for the security and improvement of their own happiness, I shall heartily comply with — I beseech God to direct you in the way of righteousness, and therein prosper you and your children after you. I am your true Friend.

WILLIAM PENN.

"*London, 8th, of the month called April, 1681.*"

Such were the pledges of the Quaker sovereign on assuming the government; it is the duty of history to state, that, during his long reign, these pledges were redeemed. He never refused the freemen of Pennsylvania a reasonable desire. . . . .

On the day after his landing, in presence of a crowd of Swedes, and Dutch, and English, who had gathered round the court-house, his deeds of feoffment were produced; the Duke of York's agent surrendered the territory by the solemn delivery of earth and water, and Penn, invested with supreme and undefined power in Delaware, addressed the assembled multitude on government, recommended sobriety and peace, and pledged himself to grant liberty of conscience and civil freedom. . . . .

In the following weeks Penn visited West and East New Jersey, ... and, after meeting Friends on Long Island, he returned to the banks of the Delaware.

To this period belongs his first grand treaty with the Indians. . . . . Under the shelter of the forest. now

leafless by the frosts of autumn, Penn proclaimed to the men of the Algonquin race, from both banks of the Delaware, from the borders of the Schuylkill, and, it may have been, even from the Susquehanna, the same simple message of peace and love which George Fox had professed before Cromwell, and Mary Fisher had borne to the Grand Turk. The English and the Indian should respect the same moral law, should be alike secure in their pursuits and their possessions, and adjust every difference by a peaceful tribunal, composed of an equal number of men from each race.

"We meet"—such were the words of William Penn—"on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, no

From the painting by Benjamin West

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS

advantage shall be taken on either side; but all shall be openness and love. I will not call you children; for parents sometimes chide their children too severely; nor brothers only; for brothers differ. The friendship between me

and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rains might rust, or the falling tree might break. . . . ."

The children of the forest were touched by the sacred doctrine, and renounced their guile and their revenge. They received the presents of Penn in sincerity; and with hearty friendship they gave the belt of wampum. "We will live," said they, "in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the moon and the sun shall endure."

This treaty of peace and friendship was made under the open sky, by the side of the Delaware, with the sun, and the river, and the forest for witnesses. It was not confirmed by an oath; it was not ratified by signatures and seals; no written record of the conference can be found; and its terms and conditions had no abiding monument but on the heart. There they were written like the law of God, and were never forgotten.

The simple sons of the wilderness, returning to their wigwams, kept the history of the covenant by strings of wampum, and, long afterwards, in their cabins, would count over the shells on a clean piece of bark, and recall to their own memory, and repeat to their children or to the stranger, the words of William Penn.

FRENCH EXPLORATION AND SETTLEMENT

JOLLIET[1]

[1673]

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

Jolliet had come of different though not less worthy stock [than Marquette]. He was Canadian born, the son of a wagon-maker in Quebec; and he had been well educated, and possessed an active, adventurous mind. He was dressed for this expedition in the tough buckskin hunting suit which frontiersmen then wore. But Marquette retained the long black cassock of the priest. Their five voyageurs—or trained woodsmen—in more or less stained buckskin and caps of fur, sent the canoes shooting over the water with scarcely a sound, dipping a paddle now on this side and now on that, Indian fashion; Marquette and Jolliet taking turns with them as the day progressed. For any man, whether voyageur, priest, or seignior, who did not know how to paddle a canoe, if occasion demanded, was at sore disadvantage in the New World. . . . .

"We have tremendous labor before us," mused Jolliet. "Father, did you ever have speech with that Jean Nicollet, who, first of any Frenchman, got intimations of the great river?"

"I never saw him."

"There was a man I would have traveled far to see,

[1] From *Heroes of the Middle West.*

though he was long a renegade among savages, and returned to the settlements only to die."

"Heaven save this expedition from becoming renegade among savages by forgetting its highest object!" breathed Marquette.

His companion smiled toward the pleasant fire-light. Jolliet had once thought of becoming a priest himself. He venerated this young apostle, only half a dozen years his senior. But he was glad to be a free adventurer, seeking wealth and honor; not foreseeing that though the great island of Anticosti in the Gulf of St. Lawrence would be given him for his services, he would die a poor and neglected man. . . . .

It was the seventh day of June when the explorers arrived in this country of cabins woven of rushes; and they did not linger here. Frenchmen had never gone farther. They were to enter new lands untrodden by the white race. They were in what is now called the state of Wisconsin, where "the soil was good," they noted, "producing much corn; and the Indians gathered also quantities of plums and grapes." In these warmer lands the season progressed rapidly.

Marquette and Jolliet called the chiefs together and told them that Jolliet was sent by the governor to find new countries, and Marquette had been commissioned of Heaven to preach. Making the chiefs a present, without which they would not have received the talk seriously, the explorers asked for guides to that tributary which was said to run into the great river.

The chiefs responded with the gift of a rush mat for Marquette and Jolliet to rest on during their journey, and sent two young Miamis with them. If these kindly Indians disliked to set the expedition further on its way, they said nothing but very polite things about the

Sigurd Abejornsen, sculptor

LOUIS JOLIET [OR JOLLIET]

hardihood of Frenchmen, who could venture with only two canoes, and seven in their party, on unknown worlds.

LA SALLE'S VOYAGE DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI[1]*

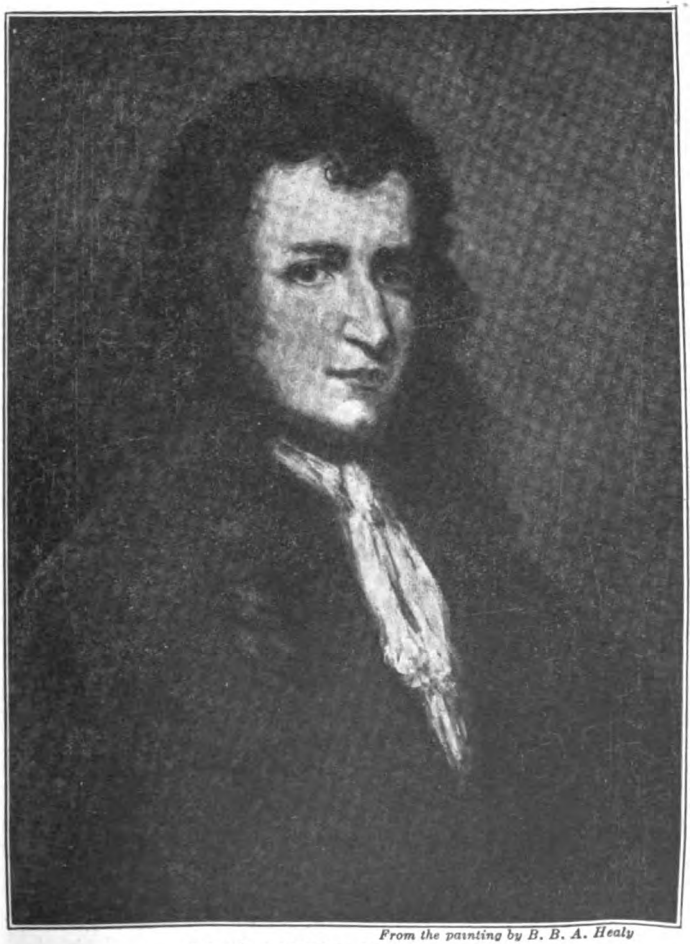
[1679–1682]

JARED SPARKS

The next nation below was that of the Taensas. They arrived here on the 20th of March. The villages were at the opposite side of a lake formed by the waters of the Mississippi. Zenobe and Tonty were deputed to go with presents on an embassy to the king, whom they found in much regal state, and an absolute sovereign over his people, surrounded by numerous attendants, who approached him with ceremonious respect. He was not contented with showing all due hospitality and civilities to the ambassadors, but signified his intention to return the compliment by a visit to their commander. Two hours before the time appointed for the visit, a master of ceremonies appeared with six men, who cleared the way over which the great chief was to pass, and erected an awning of mats to shield him from the sun. He came clothed in a white robe beautifully woven from the bark of trees, preceded by two men bearing fans of white plumes. A third carried before him two plates of copper brightly polished. His demeanor was stately and grave, but complaisant and engaging; and throughout the interview he manifested tokens of satisfaction, confidence, and friendship.

Father Zenobe represents these savages as docile, tractable, and capable of intellectual culture, and as

[1] From *Library of American Biography: Life of Robert Cavelier de la Salle.*



From the painting by B. B. A. Healy

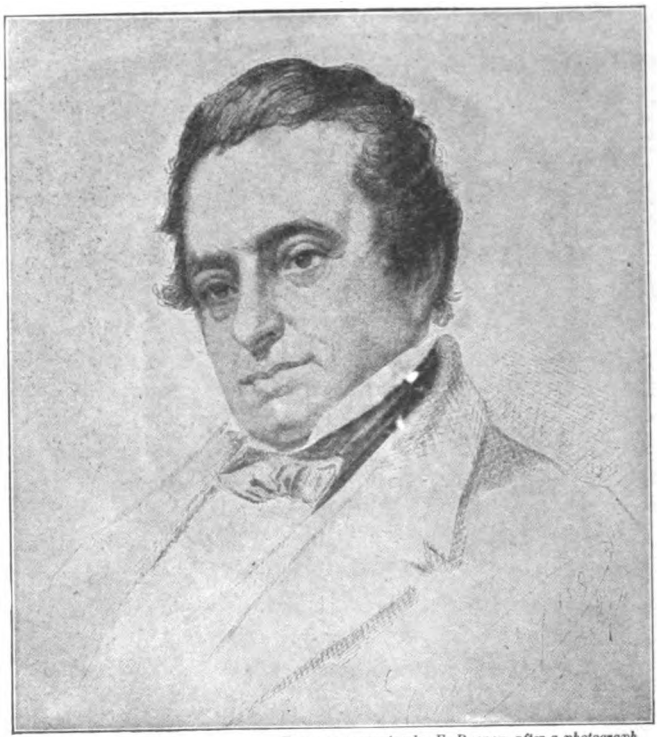
RENÉ ROBERT DE LA SALLE

indicating by their manners and modes of life a farther advance in civilization than he had ever seen among the rude tribes of the north. Their cabins were built with walls of mud mixed with straw, and covered with mats of cane firmly wrought together and ornamented with painted figures. Many convenient articles of furniture were in use, which gave an air of comfort to the dwellings. Their temples, which served as the burial-places of the chiefs, were adorned with embellishments. They were believed to be worshippers of the sun. Two Akansa guides, who could converse in the language of these people, doubtless prepared them to receive our voyagers without suspicion or distrust. From this place the guides returned to their nation. . . . .

At length, on the 6th of April, the river was observed to divide itself into three channels. The Sieur de la Salle separated his company into three divisions, and, putting himself at the head of one of them, he took the western channel, the Chevalier de Tonty the middle, and the Sieur Dautray the eastern. The water soon became brackish, and then perfectly salt, till, at last, the broad ocean opened fully before them. La Salle encamped for the night about twelve miles above the mouth of the western branch, and the next day he and Tonty examined the shores bordering on the sea, and ascertained the depth of the waters in the two principal channels. The day following was employed in searching for a dry place, removed from the tide and the inundations of the river, on which to erect a column and a cross. This ceremony was performed the next day.

The arms of France were attached to the column, with this inscription; *Louis the Great, King of France and Navarre, reigns; the 9th of April, 1682.* All the men were under arms, and, after chanting the *Te Deum*, they

honored the occasion by a discharge of their muskets, and cries of *Long live the King*. The column was then erected by the Sieur de la Salle, who made a formal speech, taking possession of the whole country of Louisiana for the French King, the nations and people contained therein, the seas and harbors adjacent, and all the streams flowing into the Mississippi, which he calls the great River St. Louis. A leaden plate was buried at the foot of a tree, with a Latin inscription, containing the arms of France and the date, and purporting that La Salle, Tonty, Zenobe, and twenty Frenchmen, were the first to navigate the river from the Illinois to its mouth. The cross was then erected with similar ceremonies. At the same time an account of these proceedings was drawn up, in the form of a *Procès Verbal*, certified by a notary, and signed by thirteen of the principal persons of the expedition.



From an engraving by E. Burney, after a photograph

WASHINGTON IRVING

LIFE AND EVENTS IN THE ENGLISH COLONIES

TEA PARTIES IN OLDEN TIMES[1]

WASHINGTON IRVING

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own waggons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six. . . . . The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish — in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, or oly-koeks — a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs — with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished

[1] From the *Knickerbocker History of New York.*

themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertisements, of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, *yah Mynher*, or *yah yah Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated. . . . .

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a

waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at present—if our great grand fathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

EARLY COLONIAL SCHOOLS[1]

TUDOR JENKS

The chances for schooling among the early settlers depended wholly on whether any of the people in the neighborhood where a settler happened to be had the time and learning to teach the young. To such home teaching later was added a little brief schooling in the winter time, when children could be spared, and when there were a number of families together willing to board some young man or woman able to give the children their beginnings in reading.

The first thing used in school was known as the "Horn-Book." This was a flat piece of wood ending in a handle and looking not unlike the wooden part of a square hair-brush. Upon this was put a printed sheet containing the alphabet and a few simple syllables followed by something in short words, such as a bit of moral verse, or the Lord's prayer, or the like. Over the paper was fastened a thin sheet of horn, so that the little fingers would not soil or tear the precious lesson-sheet.

From this the child went at once to selections from the Psalms and to the Bible, or to some moral or religious

[1] From *When America Was New.*

work, for the idea that schools should teach moral maxims remained for many years. It was not until toward the eighteenth century that primers were printed for children, and these were followed by little books teaching goodness and manners. Once the child could read the Psalms, he went on, if he was to be further educated, to the Latin schools, for Latin, as Eggleston puts it, "was still the sacred language of religion and learning." In these schools the main study was the Latin grammar—Lilly's, the same Shakespeare is supposed to have used. This was wholly in Latin. It was the intention, too, for the pupils to talk only Latin in school hours, and the nickname of asinus, or donkey, and the ever-ready ruler awaited those who used their own language.

Besides his Latin studies, the boy who was supposed to be well educated had to give great attention to learning to write, and for this purpose was taught to make his own quill-pens, to rule his own writing-books, and to do neat figuring. Besides the quill-pen they used a bit of lead set into a quill or other handle, which made a very poor sort of pencil. It was not until quite late in the history of the colonies that the growth of business made it necessary to teach boys more of their own language and something of arithmetic and bookkeeping. . . . .

Children often went long distances to school, and in winter the older ones used snow-shoes and the younger were drawn upon sleds. For the short season during which school lasted the hours were very long, the tasks hard, and the rules strict. Too often a child could learn little more than the merest beginnings of reading and writing; but, on the other hand, there was little use for these arts except in the larger places.

The young people of the great houses were educated in a few cases in England, or perhaps the greater number

I hold the Pen to my delight
Behold the Pens the way to write
1
As is to my Comfort now I see
All my desires accomplisht bee
We can invite our Friends to
The Method's eas'y our Instructions plain
Few Masters can our Art excell
cannot bruise the Reed nor break the brain
This
London printed for Tho: Hawkins in George-yard in Lombard street

From Mr. George A. Plimpton's library of old educational books

FRONTISPIECE OF AN OLD SPELLER

of them were taught at home by tutors or by the clergymen of the parishes. It was not at all uncommon for men well instructed in England to be among the bond-servants who had come to Virginia to better their condition, and these men were able to give what instruction was thought necessary for the time.

LAW OF RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN MARYLAND[1]*

[1649]

And whereas the inforceing of the conscience in matters of Religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous Consequence in those commonwealthes where it hath been practised, And for the more quiett and peaceable governem^t^ of this Province, and the better to p̄eserve mutuall Love and amity amongst the Inhabitants thereof. Be it Therefore also by the Lo: Proprietary with the advise and consent of this Assembly Ordeyned & enacted . . . . that noe person or persons whatsoever within this Province, or the Islands, Ports, Harbors, Creekes, or havens thereunto belonging professing to beleive in Jesus Christ, shall from henceforth bee any waies troubled, Molested or discountenanced, for or in respect of his or her religion nor in the free exercise thereof within this Province or the Islands thereunto belonging nor any way compelled to the beleife or exercise of any other Religion against his or her consent, soe as they be not unfaithfull to the Lord Proprietary, or molest or conspire against the civil Governem^t^ established or to bee established in this Province vnder him or his heires. And that all & every person and persons that shall presume Contrary to this Act and the true intent and meaning thereof directly or indirectly either in person or estate willfully

[1] From *Archives of Maryland*. Edited by William Hand Browne.

to wrong disturbe trouble or molest any person whatsoever within this Province professing to beleive in Jesus Christ for or in respect of his or her religion or the free exercise thereof within this Province . . . . shalbe compelled to pay trebble damages to the party soe wronged or molested, and for every such offence shall also forfeit 20^{s} sterling in money or the value thereof . . . . , Or if the partie soe offending as aforesaid shall refuse or bee vnable to recompense the party soe wronged, or to satisfy such ffyne or forfeiture, then such Offender shalbe severely punished by publick whipping & imprisonm.^{t} during the pleasure of the Lord Proprietary, or his Leivetenāt or cheife Governor of this Province for the tyme being, without baile or maineprise.

KING PHILIP, OR METACOMET[1]

[1675]

CHARLES HAVEN LADD JOHNSTON

As we look upon the events which led up to this conflict [war], we see that King Philip and his men had good reason to make one desperate attempt to rid the country of the superior race of whites. "What can we do against you English?" Philip had said in a conference at Bristol Neck. "If we surrender our arms to you, you do not deliver them back to us without charging us a fine; you take our land away from us and pay us practically nothing. You cheat us whenever we have dealings with you. As we have no fences around our cornfields, your horses and cattle trample out our food. You sell our men liquor, get them drunk, and then, when they hurt the sober Indians and your cattle, you fine us so heavily that we must needs sell our land to pay it. When you English

[1] From *Famous Indian Chiefs.*

first came to our country my father Massasoit was a great man, and you white men were weak and poor. He gave you more land than I now possess. Yet you seized upon my brother Alexander, forced him to come to you with a loaded pistol, and killed him by your cruel treatment. You will not believe the testimony of our brothers in your court, and every lying white man's tale against us is credited."

These accusations were all true; the English had crowded the men of a different race and manner of living back into the interior, and, desiring their land, had cheated, browbeaten and robbed them of their possessions with a supreme contempt for their feelings. To compete with the Puritans, the Wampanoags had to adopt their ways, but they were content with their own manner of living; were satisfied with their wigwams and primitive method of tilling the soil, and did not want the care or trouble of tending to flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, which made the white man rich and prosperous. It was the stronger race against the weaker, and, as has always happened, the Indians had to give way to those of greater intelligence and thrift.

THE INDIAN[1]*

EDWARD EVERETT

Think of the country for which the Indians fought! Who can blame them? As Philip looked down from his seat on Mount Hope, that glorious eminence, ... as he looked down and beheld the lovely scene which spread beneath, at a summer sunset, the distant hill-tops glittering as with fire, the slanting beams streaming along

[1] From an oration delivered September 30, 1835, at Bloody Brook, Massachusetts, in commemoration of the battle that occurred at that spot during King Philip's War.

the waters, the broad plains, the island groups, the majestic forest,—could he be blamed if his heart burned within him as he beheld it all passing, by no tardy process, from beneath his control into the hands of a stranger? . . . . Can we not fancy the feelings with which some strong-minded savage, ... in company with a friendly settler, contemplating the progress already made by the white man, and marking the gigantic strides with which he was advancing into the wilderness, should fold his arms and say, "White man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods, where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer; over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe; by those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food; on these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased for a few bawbles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my father sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, it is mine. Stranger! there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels. If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the south, and dwell among the graves

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CHIEF JOSEPH, OF THE NEZ PERCÉ TRIBE

Chief Joseph himself was a high type of the noble, industrious, peace-loving Indian and friendly toward the whites; but he was forced, by the encroachments of white settlers upon the Nez Percé reservation after the discovery of gold in Idaho, into the Nez Percé War of 1877.

of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the west, the fierce Mohawk — the man-eater — is my foe. Shall I fly to the east, the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here will I die; and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction; for that alone I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps, — the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping-knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way for this time in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!"

MASTER THOMAS HOOKER[1]*

[1586–1674]

COTTON MATHER

He was indeed of a very condescending spirit, not only towards his brethren in the ministry, but also towards the meanest of any Christians whosoever. He was very willing to sacrifice his own apprehensions into the convincing reason of another man; and very ready to acknowledge any mistake, or failing, in himself. I'll give one example: there happened a damage to be done unto a neighbour, immediately whereupon, Mr. Hooker meeting with an unlucky boy, that often had his name up for the doing

[1] From *The Ecclesiastical History of New England.*

of such mischiefs, he fell to chiding of that boy as the doer of this. The boy denied it, and Mr. Hooker still went on in an angry manner, charging of him; whereupon said the boy, "Sir, I see you are in a passion, I'll say no more to you;" and so ran away. Mr. Hooker, upon further enquiry, not finding that the boy could be proved guilty, sent for him; and having first by a calm question given the boy opportunity to renew his denial of the fact, he said unto him: "Since I cannot prove the contrary, I am bound to believe; and I do believe what you say;" and then added: "Indeed, I was in a passion when I spake to you before; it was my sin, and it is my shame, and I am truly sorry for it: and I hope in God I shall be more watchful hereafter." So, giving the boy some good counsel, the poor lad went away extremely affected with such a carriage in so good a man; and it proved an occasion of good unto the soul of the lad all his days.

ESTABLISHMENT OF ENGLISH SUPREMACY IN AMERICA

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE LIFE OF COLONEL JAMES SMITH

[1755]

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

The day after my arrival . . . . a number of Indians collected about me, and one of them began to pull the hair out of my head. He had some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers in order to take the firmer hold, and so he went on, as if he had been plucking a turkey. . . . . After this they bored my nose and ears, and fixed me off with ear-rings and nose jewels; then they ordered me to strip off my clothes and put on a breech-clout, which I did; they then painted my head, face, and body, in various colours. They put a large belt of wampum on my neck, and silver bands on my hands and right arm; and so an old chief led me out in the street and gave the alarm halloo, *coo-wigh*, several times repeated quick; and on this, all that were in the town came running and stood round the old chief, who held me by the hand in the midst. As I at that time knew nothing of their mode of adoption, and had seen them put to death all they had taken, and as I never could find that they saved a man alive at Braddock's defeat, I made no doubt but that they were about putting me to death in some cruel manner. The old chief holding me by the hand made a long speech, very loud, and when he had done, he handed me to three young squaws, who

led me down the bank, into the river, until the water was up to our middle. The squaws then made signs to me to plunge myself into the water, but I did not understand them;—I thought that the result of the council was, that I should be drowned, and that these young ladies were to be the executioners. They all three laid violent hold of me, and I for some time opposed them with all my might, which occasioned loud laughter by the multitude that were on the bank of the river. At length one of the squaws made out to speak a little English . . . . and said, *no hurt you;* on this I gave myself up to their ladyships, who were as good as their word; for though they plunged me under water and washed and rubbed me severely, yet I could not say they hurt me much.

These young women then led me up to the council house, where some of the tribe were ready with new clothes for me. They gave me a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggins done off with ribbons and beads, likewise a pair of moccasins, and garters dressed with beads, Porcupine quills, and red hair—also a tinsel laced cappo. They again painted my head and face with various colours, and tied a bunch of red feathers to one of those locks they had left on the crown of my head, which stood up five or six inches. They seated me on a bearskin, and gave me a pipe, tomahawk, and polecat shin pouch . . . . also flint and steel. When I was thus seated, the Indians came in dressed and painted in their grandest manner. . . . . At length one of the chiefs made a speech, which was delivered to me by an interpreter—and was as followeth:—"My son, you are now flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day, every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you are taken

into the Caughnewago nation, and initiated into a war-like tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received with great seriousness and solemnity in the room and place of a great man. After what has passed this day, you are now one of us by an old strong law and custom—My son, you have now nothing to fear—we are now under the same obligations to love, support, and defend you, that we are to love and defend one another; therefore, you are to consider yourself as one of our people."—At this time I did not believe this fine speech, especially that of the white blood being washed out of me; but since that time I have found that there was much sincerity in said speech.

WARNINGS BRADDOCK DID NOT HEED[1]*

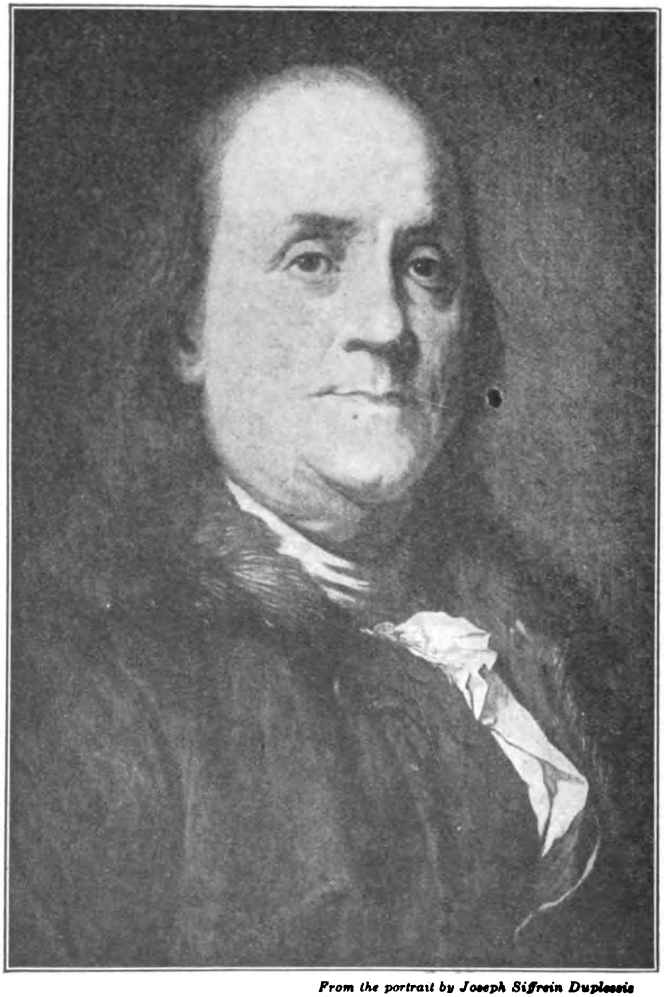
[1755]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

This general [Braddock] was, I think, a brave man, and might probably have made a figure as a good officer in some European war. But he had too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of the validity of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Americans and Indians. George Croghan, our Indian interpreter, joined him on his march with one hundred of those people, who might have been of great use to his army as guides, scouts, etc., if he had treated them kindly; but he slighted and neglected them, and they gradually left him.

In conversation with him one day, he was giving me some account of his intended progress. "After taking Fort Duquesne," says he, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and, having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time; and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly

[1] From the *Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.*



From the portrait by Joseph Siffrein Duplessis

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

detain me above three or four days; and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." Having before revolved in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them through the woods and bushes, and also what I had read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Iroquois country, I had conceived some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. But I ventured only to say, "To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne, with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, that place, not yet completely fortified, and as we hear with no very strong garrison, can probably make but short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from ambuscades of Indians, who, by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attacked by surprise in its flanks, and to be cut like a thread into several pieces, which, from their distance, cannot come up in time to support each other."

He smiled at my ignorance, and replied, "These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the King's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." I was conscious of an impropriety in my disputing with a military man in matters of his profession, and said no more. The enemy, however, did not take the advantage of his army which I apprehended its long line of march exposed it to, but let it advance without interruption till within nine miles of the place; and then, when more in a body (for it had just passed a river, where the front had halted till all had come over), and in a more open part of the woods than any it had passed, attacked its advance guard by a heavy fire from

behind trees and bushes, which was the first intelligence the general had of an enemy's being near him. This guard being disordered, the general hurried the troops up to their assistance, which was done in great confusion, through wagons, baggage, and cattle; and presently the fire came upon their flank: The officers, being on horseback, were more easily distinguished, picked out as marks, and fell very fast; and the soldiers were crowded together in a huddle, having or hearing no orders, and standing to be shot at till two-thirds of them were killed; and then, being seized with a panic, the whole fled with precipitation.

The wagoners took each a horse out of his team and scampered; their example was immediately followed by others; so that all the wagons, provisions, artillery, and stores were left to the enemy. The general, being wounded, was brought off with difficulty; his secretary, Mr. Shirley, was killed by his side; and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, and seven hundred and fourteen men killed out of eleven hundred. . . . . This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

In their first march, too, from their landing till they got beyond the settlements, they had plundered and stripped the inhabitants, totally ruining some poor families, besides insulting, abusing, and confining the people if they remonstrated. This was enough to put us out of conceit of such defenders, if we had really wanted any. How different was the conduct of our French friends in 1781, who, during a march through the most inhabited part of our country from Rhode Island to Virginia, near seven hundred miles, occasioned not the smallest complaint for the loss of a pig, a chicken, or even an apple.

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC[1]*

[1759]

BENSON J. LOSSING

Wolfe, though weak and suffering, resolved to lead the expedition, and he was with the troops that ascended the river. It was the 12th of September, and the brief Canadian summer was over. After mid-night, while clouds were gathering in the firmament, the army left the vessels; and in flat-boats, without oars or sails, they glided down noiselessly with the tide, followed by the ships soon afterward. Wolfe was in good spirits, yet there was evidently a presentiment of speedy death in his mind. At his evening mess on the ship, he composed and sang impromptu that little song of the camp, commencing—

"Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why—
Whose business 'tis to die!"

and as he sat among his officers, and floated softly down the river at the past mid-night hour, a shadow seemed to come upon his heart, and he repeated, in low, musing tones, that touching stanza of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard"—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

At the close he whispered: "Now, gentlemen, I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French tomorrow."

[1] From *Washington and the American Republic.*

The flotilla reached a cove which Wolfe had marked for a landing place, before daybreak, and there debarked. At the head of the main division, Wolfe pushed eagerly up a narrow and rough ravine; while the light infantry and Highlanders, under Colonel Howe, climbed the steep acclivity by the aid of the maple, spruce and ash saplings which covered its rugged face. The sergeant's guard on its brow was soon dispersed, and at dawn, on the thirteenth, almost five thousand British troops were drawn up in battle array on the Plains of Abraham, three hundred feet above the St. Lawrence.

. . . . The French had three field-pieces; the English had but one, a light six pounder, which some sailors had succeeded in dragging up the ravine. . . . .

Wolfe placed himself on the right, at the head of the twenty-eighth regiment of *Louisburgh Grenadiers*. . . . . Montcalm was on the left. . . . . So the two commanders stood face to face. Wolfe ordered his men to load with two bullets each, and reserve their fire until the French should be within forty yards. These orders were strictly obeyed, and their double-shotted guns did terrible execution. . . . . After delivering several rounds in rapid succession, which threw the French into confusion, the English charged furiously with their bayonets.

While urging on his battalions in this charge, Wolfe was singled out by some Canadians on the left, and was slightly wounded in the wrist. He wrapped a handkerchief around to stanch the blood, and, while still cheering on his men, received a second wound in the groin; a few minutes afterward another [bullet] struck him in the breast and brought him to the ground, mortally wounded. At that moment, regardless of self, he thought only of victory for his troops. "Support me," he said to an officer near him; "let not my brave soldiers see me drop.

The day is ours—keep it." He was taken to the rear, while his troops continued to charge. The officer on whose shoulder he was leaning exclaimed, "They run, they run!" The light returned to the dim eyes of the dying hero, and he asked, with emotion, "Who runs?" —"The enemy, sir." " . . . . Now, God be praised, I die happy!" [said Wolfe]. These were his last words,

From the painting by Benjamin West

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE

and, in the midst of sorrowing companions, just at the moment of victory, he expired. Montcalm, who was gallantly fighting at the head of the French, also received a mortal wound. "Death is certain," said his surgeon. "I am glad of it," replied Montcalm; "how long shall I survive?"—"Ten or twelve hours, perhaps less." "So much the better; I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec!" He wrote a letter to General Townshend, recommending the prisoners to the humanity of the British, and expired at five o'clock the next morning.

. . . .

Five days afterward the city of Quebec capitulated. . . . . Thus brilliantly ended the campaign of 1759. But the conquest of Canada was not complete. Almost seventy years afterward, an English governor of Canada caused a noble granite obelisk to be erected in the city of Quebec to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm. [It bears the following inscription:

"Valor gave a united death, History a united fame, Posterity a united monument."]

THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

AMERICA'S OBLIGATIONS TO ENGLAND[1]

[1765]

SIR ISAAC BARRÉ

The honorable member has asked:—"And now will these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished up by our indulgence, and protected by our arms,—will they grudge to contribute their mite?" *They planted by your care!*—No, your oppressions planted them in America! They fled from your tyranny to a then uncultivated and inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to almost all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and, among others, to the cruelties of a savage foe, the most subtle, and I will take upon me to say the most formidable, of any People upon the face of God's earth; and yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, our American brethren met all hardships with pleasure, compared with those they suffered in their own country from the hands of those that should have been their friends.

They nourished up by your indulgence!—They grew by your neglect of them! As soon as you began to care about them, that care was exercised in sending persons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of this House, sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon them; men whose behavior, on

[1] From a speech made in the British House of Commons in 1765 in reply to Charles Townshend, a member of the Ministry.

many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of liberty to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice, some who, to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

They protected by your arms!—They have nobly taken up arms in your defence!—have exerted a valor, amidst their constant and laborious industry, for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior parts yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And, believe me,—remember I this day told you so,—that same spirit of freedom which actuated that People at first will accompany them still; but prudence forbids me to explain myself further. God knows I do not at this time speak from motives of party heat. What I deliver are the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me, in general knowledge and experience, the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen and been conversant in that country. The People, I believe, are as truly loyal as any subjects the King has; but they are a People jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them to the last drop of their blood, if those liberties should ever be violated.

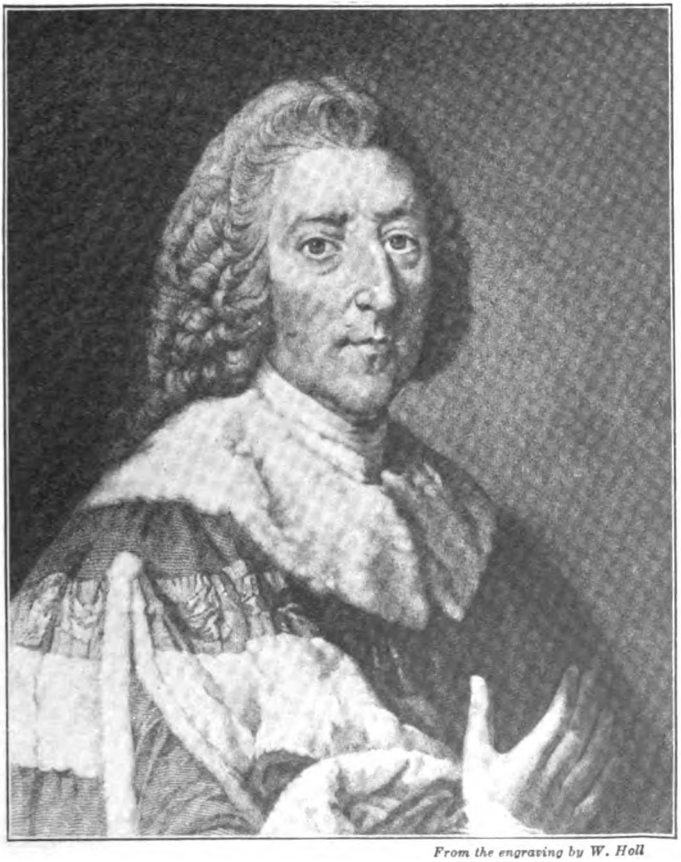
THE REPEAL OF THE STAMP ACT[1]*

[1766]

RICHARD HILDRETH

[Pitt in the House of Parliament] "We are told America is obstinate—America is almost in open rebellion. Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted. Three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily

[1] From *History of the United States of America.*



From the engraving by W. Holl

WILLIAM PITT, LORD CHATHAM

to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest. The Americans have been wronged! They have been driven to madness by injustice! Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? No! Let this country be the first to resume its prudence and temper; I will pledge myself for the colonies, that on their part animosity and resentment will cease."

The new ministry were under no obligation to support the policy of their predecessors. Anxious to escape the difficulty by the readiest means, they brought in a bill for repealing the Stamp Act. Franklin, summoned to the bar of the House as a witness, testified that the act could never be enforced. His prompt and pointed answers gained him great credit for information, acuteness, and presence of mind. Burke, introduced into Parliament by Rockingham, to whom he had been private secretary, and for one of whose rotten boroughs he sat, gave his eloquent support in favor of repeal; and in spite of a very strenuous opposition on the part of the supporters of the late ministry, the bill of repeal was carried in the Commons by a vote of two hundred and seventy-five to one hundred and sixty-seven.

FREE AMERICA[1]

[1774]

ASCRIBED TO JOSEPH WARREN

That seat of science, Athens, and earth's proud mistress, Rome,
Where now are all their glories? We scarce can find their tomb.

[1] As printed in the *Massachusetts Spy*, May 26, 1774.

Then guard your rights, Americans, nor stoop to lawless sway;
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose for North America.

. . . . . .

We led fair Freedom hither, and lo! the desert smiled;
A paradise of pleasure now opened in the wild:
Your harvest, bold Americans, no power shall snatch away;
Preserve, preserve, preserve your rights in free America.

Torn from a world of tyrants, beneath this western sky
We formed a new dominion, a land of liberty:
The world shall own we're freemen here,—and such will ever be.
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza for love and liberty!

. . . . . .

Lift up your hearts, my heroes, and swear, with proud disdain,
The wretch that would ensnare you shall spread his net in vain:
Should Europe empty all her force, we'd meet them in array,
And shout huzzah! huzza! huzza for brave America!

The land where Freedom reigns shall still be master of the main,
In giving laws and freedom to subject France and Spain;
And all the isles o'er ocean spread shall tremble and obey
The prince who rules by Freedom's laws in North America.

. . . . . .

RECONCILIATION WITH AMERICA[1]

[1775]

WILLIAM PITT (EARL OF CHATHAM)

I wish, my Lords, not to lose a day in this urgent, pressing crisis; an hour now lost in allaying ferments in America may produce years of calamity: for my own part, I will not desert, for a moment, the conduct of this weighty business, from the first to the last; unless nailed to my bed by the extremity of sickness, I will give it unremitted attention. . . . .

. . . . I contend not for indulgence, but justice to America. . . . . Is the spirit of persecution never to be appeased? Are the brave sons of those brave forefathers to inherit the sufferings, as they have inherited their virtues? Are they to sustain the infliction of the most oppressive and unexampled severity? . . . . Our ministers say, *the Americans must not be heard*. They have been condemned *unheard*. . . . . .

If illegal violences have been, as it is said, committed in America, prepare the way — open the door of possibility, for acknowledgment and satisfaction; but proceed not to such coercion — such proscription; cease your indiscriminate inflictions; amerce not thirty thousand; oppress not three millions; for the fault of forty or fifty. Such severity of injustice must forever render incurable the wounds you have already given your colonies: you irritate them to unappeasable rancor. . . . . What though you should be able to enforce a temporary and local submission; . . . . how shall you be able to secure the obedience of the country you leave behind you in your

[1] From a speech in the British House of Lords, January 20, 1775, on Pitt's motion to withdraw the British troops from Boston. This speech and that of November 18, 1777, were published in a pamphlet entitled "Genuine Abstracts of Two Speeches of the Late Earl of Chatham," with a preface and notes, 1779. See *Miscellaneous Works of Hugh Boyd*, Vol. I, pp. 196–215–255.

progress, to grasp the dominion of eighteen hundred miles of continent, populous in numbers, possessing valor, liberty, and resistance?

. . . . The spirit which now resists your taxation in America, is the same which formerly opposed loans, benevolences and ship-money, in England; . . . . the same spirit which established the great, fundamental, essential maxim of your liberties, *that no subject of England shall be taxed but by his own consent.*

This glorious spirit of Whiggism animates three millions in America; who prefer poverty with liberty, to gilded chains and sordid affluence; and who will die in defence of their rights as men, as freemen. What shall oppose this spirit, aided by the congenial flame glowing in the breast of every Whig in England. . . . . " 'Tis liberty to liberty engaged," that they will defend themselves, their families, and their country. In this great cause they are immovably allied; it is the alliance of God and nature,— immutable, eternal,—fixed as the firmament of Heaven."

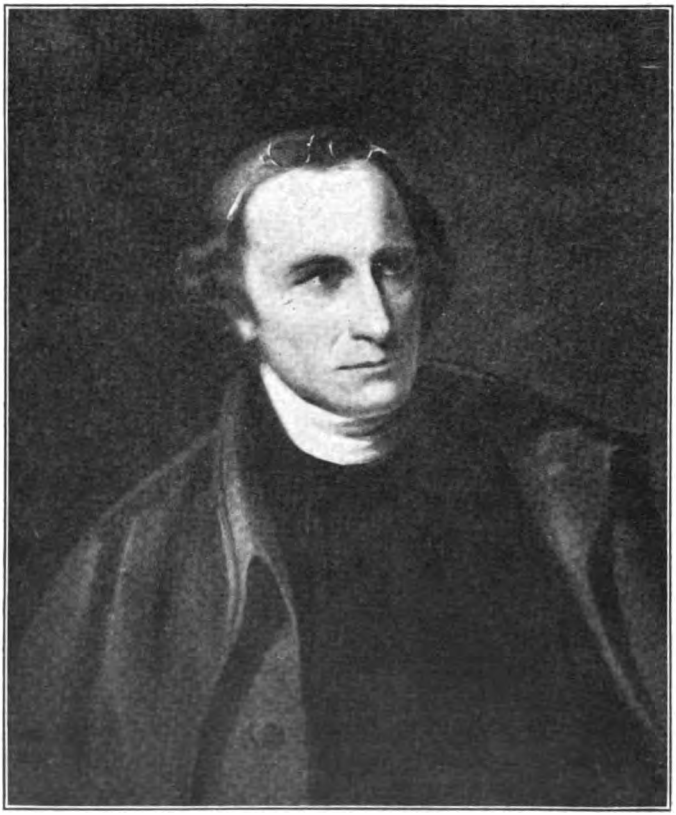
LIBERTY OR DEATH[1]

[1775]

PATRICK HENRY

. . . . Mr. President: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it

[1] From a speech delivered at Richmond, Virginia, March 23, 1775.



Painted by Benjamin Otis, after Jarvis

PATRICK HENRY

may cost, *I* am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation — the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall

we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned —we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! —I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we

possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, "peace, peace"—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THE GROWTH OF DISCONTENT[1]

[1765–1776]

HENRY CABOT LODGE

While Massachusetts and Virginia were coming together, and preparing the American Union, the ministry in England, halting and undecided, rather frightened at the results of their energetic policy, and desperately embroiled with Wilkes, decided to recede. They sent a circular to the colonies, promising to lay no more taxes, and to repeal the duties on glass, paper, and colors,

[1] From *Short History of the English Colonies in America.*

retaining only that on tea. Their action was that of well-meaning, narrow, and weak men. They should either then and there have enforced their policy at the point of the bayonet, or they should have fully and frankly given way on every point. To save their pride, maintain their doctrines, and please the King, they retained one paltry tax, yielding, perhaps, three hundred pounds a year, but which carried the vital principle with it as surely and clearly as revenue involving millions. The course of the ministry had slowly brought the conflict to the point at which complete victory on one side or the other was alone possible. The colonies were fully alive to the situation, and saw that while one tax remained nothing had been gained. The non-importation agreements spread everywhere, and were strongly enforced, and all society was drawn into a refusal to use tea. Conflicts with the revenue officers in Rhode Island and elsewhere grew more and more frequent, and the relations of the people with the soldiery in New York and Boston more and more strained. In New York there were violent affrays between the soldiers and the people over the erection of the liberty-pole, and there was fighting in the streets. These outbreaks heightened feeling in Boston, where the soldiers were taunted and insulted, and where recurring fights between populace and redcoats showed that a crisis was at hand. On the third of March there was an ugly brawl, and on the evening of the fifth there was another fray and trouble with the sentry. Before quiet was restored there was renewed fighting, and a crowd gathered round the sentry in King Street. Alarmed and angry, the man called out the guard; the mob rapidly increased; insults were followed by missiles; one soldier discharged his gun; there was a scattering fire from the troops, and three of the citizens were killed and two mortally wounded. Blood had been

shed, and it looked as if civil war had begun. The regiments were turned out, the people poured into the streets; it was a mere chance that the American Revolution was not then to open. But Hutchinson appeared in the balcony of the State-house, promised an investigation, and besought peace. The people dispersed, and war was for the moment averted; yet nothing could efface the memory of this affray. Regular troops had fired upon the citizens, human life had been sacrificed, and the exaggerated title of the "Boston Massacre" showed the importance

The BLOODY MASSACRE perpetrated in King Street BOSTON on March 5th 1770 by a party of the 29th Regt
Unhappy Sufferers! See the Sons deplore,
Thy hallow'd Walks befmear'd with guiltless Gore:
While faithless P—n and his savage Bands,
With murd'rous Rancour stretch their bloody Hands;
Like fierce Barbarians grinning o'er their Prey,
Approve the Carnage and enjoy the Day.
If speechless Sorrows lab'ring for a Tongue,
Or if a weeping World can ought appease
The plaintive Ghosts of Victims such as these:
The Patriot's copious Tears for each are shed,
A glorious Tribute which embalms the Dead.
But know Fate summons to that awful Goal,
If Venal C—ts the Scandal of the Land,
Snatch the relentless Villain from her Hand,
Keen Execrations on this Plate inscribed
Shall reach a Judge who never can be bribed.
The unhappy Sufferers were Mess^rs SAM^L GRAY SAM^L MAVERICK, JAM^S CALDWELL, CRISPUS ATTUCKS & PAT^K CAR
Killed Six wounded, two of them (CHRIST^R MONK & JOHN CLARK) Mortally

From the engraving by Paul Revere

THE BOSTON MASSACRE

attached to this event, which served for years to keep alive and develop resistance to England.

The morning after the massacre the select-men waited on Hutchinson, and urged the removal of the troops. At eleven the town meeting came together, and chose a committee, with Samuel Adams at its head, to wait upon the Governor, and demand the withdrawal of the troops. Hutchinson wished to delay and postpone. He offered to have the Twenty-ninth Regiment, which had fired on the people, removed to the castle, and the other put under proper restraint. The committee went back through thronged streets, and made its report, which was pronounced unsatisfactory, and a new committee, again headed by Adams, went back to the Governor. The interview which followed in the Council-chamber, as the daylight slowly faded, was one of the great dramatic scenes of the American Revolution. In that moment Samuel Adams was pre-eminent, and all the greatness and force of his mind and character concentrated to raise him up as the great tribune of the people. The incarnation of right and justice, the true champion of the people, he stood before the fit representative of a weak, vacillating, proud, and stupid ministry, and made that representative quail before him. "If you can remove one, you can remove both," he said to Hutchinson; "there are three thousand people in yonder town-meeting; the country is rising; night is falling, and we must have an answer." Hutchinson hesitated a moment, trembled, and gave way. Before a week elapsed, all the troops were withdrawn; and meantime they had watched the funerals of their victims, seen their companions arrested for murder, beheld a town-meeting called to hurry their departure, and had been kept under strict guard by the militia of the town they went forth to garrison. Staying and going

were alike full of humiliation and defeat. It was a great triumph; and as the news spread of the events at Boston, a strong sense of relief filled the colonies.

THE FIRST SHOTS OF THE REVOLUTION[1]

[1775]

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

When France, in 1763, surrendered Canada to England, it suddenly opened men's eyes to a very astonishing fact. They discovered that British America had at once become a country so large as to make England seem ridiculously small. Even the cool-headed Dr. Franklin . . . . spoke of England as "that petty island which, compared to America, is but a stepping-stone in a brook, scarce enough of it above water to keep one's shoes dry." . . . .

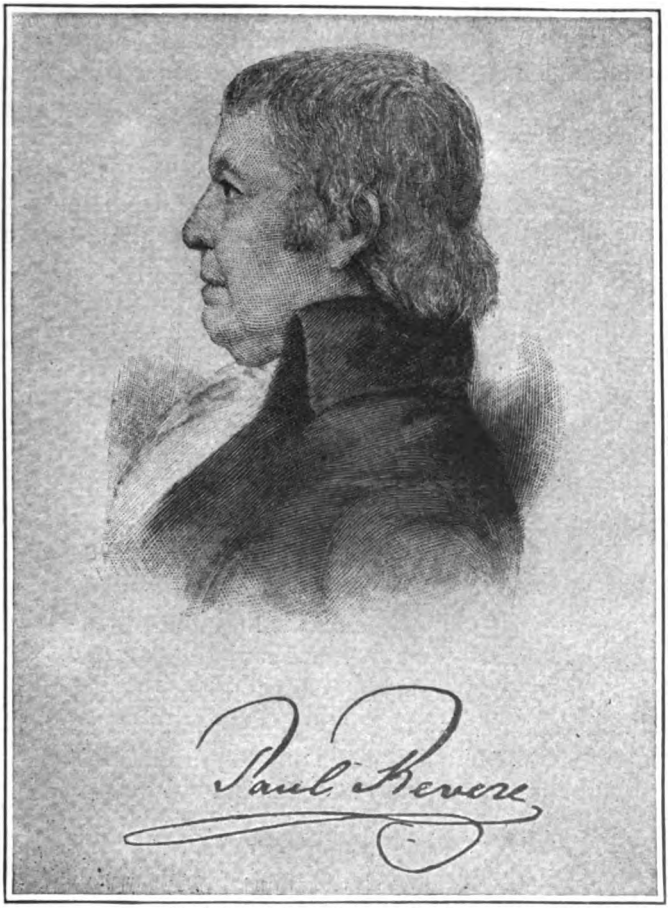
Boston in the winter of 1774–75 was a town of some 17,000 inhabitants, garrisoned by some 3000 British troops. It was the only place in the Massachusetts colony where the royal governor exercised any real authority and where the laws of Parliament had any force. The result was that its life was paralyzed, its people gloomy, and its commerce dead. The other colonies were still hoping to obtain their rights by policy or by legislation, by refusing to import or to consume, and they watched with constant solicitude for some riotous demonstration in Boston. On the other hand, the popular leaders in that town were taking the greatest pains that there should be no outbreak. . . . . No publicity was given to the patriotic military organizations in Boston; as little as possible was said about the arms and stores that were gathered in the country. Not a life

[1] From *Larger History of the United States*. Copyright, 1885, 1905, by Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1913, by Mary P. Thacker Higginson.

had been lost in any popular excitement since the Boston Massacre in 1770. The responsibility of the first shot, the people were determined, must rest upon the royal troops. So far was this carried that it was honestly attributed by the British soldiers to cowardice alone. . . . .

But whatever may have been the hope of carrying their point without fighting, the provincial authorities were steadily collecting provisions, arms, and ammunition. Unhappily these essentials were hard to obtain. On April 19, 1775, the committees of safety could only count up twelve field-pieces in Massachusetts; and there had been collected in that colony, 21,549 fire-arms, 17,441 pounds of powder, 22,191 pounds of balls, 144,699 flints, 10,108 bayonets, 11,979 pouches, 15,000 canteens. There were also 17,000 pounds of salt fish, 35,000 pounds of rice, with large quantities of beef and pork. Viewed as an evidence of the forethought of the colonists, these statistics are remarkable; but there was something heroic and indeed almost pathetic in the project of going to war with the British government on the strength of twelve field-pieces and seventeen thousand pounds of salt fish.

Yet when, on the night of the 18th of April, 1775. Paul Revere rode beneath the bright moonlight through Lexington to Concord, with Dawes and Prescott for comrades, he was carrying the signal for the independence of a nation. He had seen across the Charles River the two lights from the church-steeple in Boston which were to show that a British force was going out to seize the patriotic supplies at Concord; he had warned Hancock and Adams at Rev. Jonas Clark's parsonage in Lexington, and had rejected Sergeant Monroe's caution against unnecessary noise, with the rejoinder, "You'll have noise enough here before long—the regulars are coming out." As he galloped on his way the regulars were advancing with steady step behind him, soon warned of their



The Halliday Historic Photograph Co. From a portrait by St. Memin

own danger by alarm-bells and signal-guns. . . . . Revere was captured by some British officers . . . . near Concord. . . . . It was a night of terror to all the neighboring Middlesex towns, for no one knew what excesses the angry British troops might commit on their return march. . . . .

Before 5 A.M. on April 19th, 1775, the British troops had reached Lexington Green, where thirty-eight men, under Captain Parker, stood up before six hundred or eight hundred to be shot at, their captain saying: "Don't fire unless you are fired on; but if they want a war, let it begin here." It began there; they were fired upon; they fired rather ineffectually in return, while seven were killed and nine wounded. The rest, after retreating, reformed and pursued the British toward Concord, capturing seven stragglers—the first prisoners taken in the war. Then followed the fight at Concord, where four hundred and fifty Americans, instead of thirty-eight, were rallied to meet the British. The fighting took place between two detachments at the North Bridge, where

"once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

. . . . The Americans lost ninety-three in killed, wounded, and missing that day; the British, two hundred and seventy-three. But the important result was that every American colony now recognized that war had begun.

A PROPHECY

[Written 1782]

PHILIP FRENEAU

When a certain great king, whose initial is G,
Shall force stamps upon paper, and folks to drink tea;

When these folks burn his tea, and stampt paper, like stubble,
You may guess that this king is then coming to trouble.
But when a petition he treads under his feet,
And sends over the ocean an army and fleet:
When that army, half-starved, and frantic with rage,
Shall be coop'd up with a leader whose name rhymes to cage,
When that leader goes home dejected and sad,
You may then be assur'd the king's prospects are bad:
But when B and C with their armies are taken,
This king will do well if he saves his own bacon.
In the year seventeen hundred and eighty and two,
A stroke he shall get that will make him look blue;
In the years eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five,
You hardly shall know that the king is alive;
In the year eighty-six the affair will be over,
And he shall eat turnips that grow in Hanover.
The face of the lion shall then become pale,
He shall yield fifteen teeth, and be sheer'd of his tail.
O king, my dear king, you shall be very sore,
The Stars and the Lilly shall run you on shore,
And your lion shall growl, but never bite more.

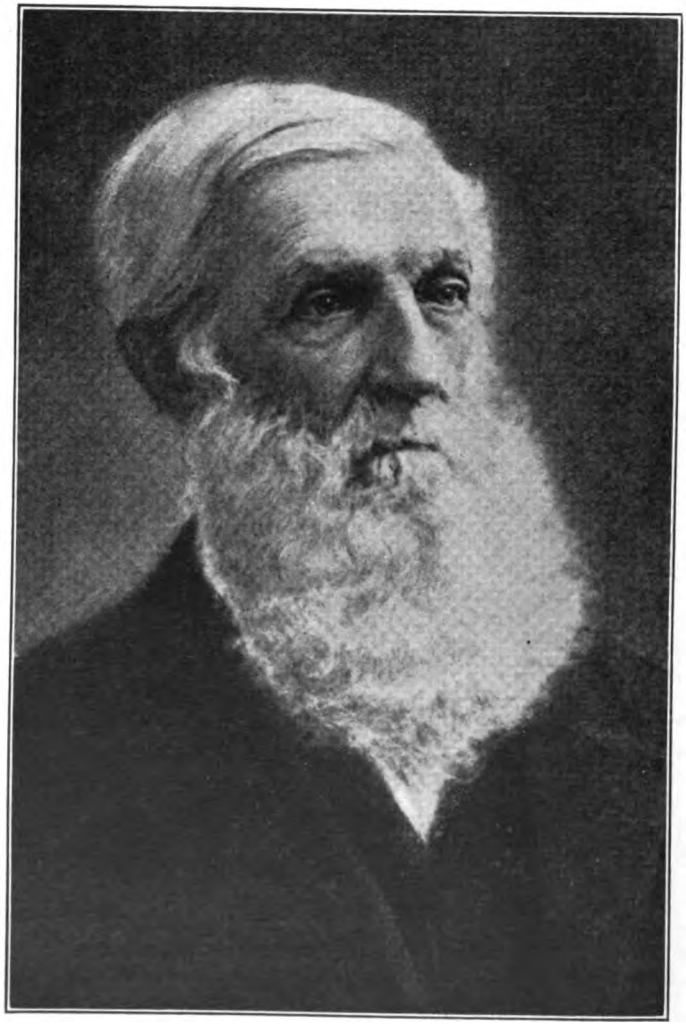
THE REVOLUTIONARY ALARM[1]

[1775]

GEORGE BANCROFT

Darkness closed upon the country and upon the town, but it was no night for sleep. Heralds by swift relays transmitted the war message from hand to hand, till village repeated it to village; the sea to the backwoods;

[1] From *History of the United States of America.* Copyright by D. Appleton & Co.



GEORGE BANCROFT

the plains to the highlands; and it was never suffered to droop till it had been borne north and south, and east and west, throughout the land. It spread over the bays that received the Saco and the Penobscot and the St. John's. Its loud reveille broke the rest of the trappers of New Hampshire, and, ringing like bugle-notes from peak to peak, overleapt the Green Mountains, swept onward to Montreal, and descended the ocean river, till the responses echoed from the cliffs of Quebec. The hills along the Hudson told one to another the tale. As the summons hurried to the south, it was one day at New York; in one more at Philadelphia; the next it lighted a watchfire at Baltimore; thence it waked an answer at Annapolis. Crossing the Potomac near Mount Vernon, it was sent forward without a halt to Williamsburg. It traversed the Dismal Swamp to Nansemond along the route of the first emigrants to North Carolina. It moved onward and still onward through boundless forests of pines to Newbern and to Wilmington. "For God's sake, forward it by night and by day," wrote Cornelius Hartnett. . . . . Patriots of South Carolina caught up its tones at the border, and despatched it to Charleston, and through moss-clad live oaks and palmettos still farther to the South, till it resounded among the New England settlements beyond the Savannah. . . . .

The Blue Ridge took up the voice, and made it heard from one end to the other of the valley of Virginia. The Alleghanies opened their barriers, that the "loud call" might pass through to the hardy riflemen on the Holston, the Watauga, and the French Broad. Ever renewing its strength, powerful enough even to create a commonwealth, it breathed its inspiring word to the first settlers

of Kentucky; so that hunters, who made their halt in the matchless valley of the Elkhorn, commemorated the nineteenth day of April [1775] by naming their encampment LEXINGTON.

With one impulse, the colonies sprung to arms; with one spirit, they pledged themselves to each other "to be ready for the extreme event." With one heart, the continent cried: "Liberty or death."

THE MINUTE-MAN[1]

[1775]

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

The minute-man of the American Revolution—who was he? He was the husband and father who, bred to love liberty, and to know that lawful liberty is the sole guarantee of peace and progress, left the plow in the furrow and the hammer on the bench, and, kissing wife and children, marched to die—or to be free. He was the son and lover, the plain, shy youth of the singing-school and the village choir, whose heart beat to arms for his country, and who felt, though he could not say, with the old English cavalier,

> "I could not love thee, deare, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

The minute-man of the Revolution!—he was the old, the middle-aged, and the young. He was Captain Miles of Concord, who said that he went to battle as he went to church. He was Captain Davis of Acton, who reproved his men for jesting on the march. He was Deacon Josiah

[1] From speech at Centennial Celebration of Concord Fight.

THE MINUTE-MAN, CONCORD

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattl'd farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Haynes of Sudbury, eighty years old, who marched with his company to the South Bridge at Concord, then joined in the hot pursuit to Lexington, and fell as gloriously as Warren at Bunker Hill. He was James Hayward of Acton, twenty-two years old, foremost in that deadly race from Concord to Charleston, who raised his piece at the same moment with a British soldier, each exclaiming, "You are a dead man!" The Briton dropped, shot through the heart. James Hayward fell mortally wounded. "Father," he said, "I started with forty balls; I have three left. I never did such a day's work before. Tell mother not to mourn too much; and tell her whom I love more than my mother, that I am not sorry I turned out."

This was the minute-man of the Revolution, the rural citizen trained in the common school, the church, and the town-meeting; who carried a bayonet that thought, and whose gun, loaded with a principle, brought down, not a man, but a system. Him we gratefully recall to-day; him, in yon manly figure wrought in the metal which but feebly typifies his inexorable will, we commit in his immortal youth to the reverence of our children. And here among these peaceful fields—here in the county whose children first gave their blood for American union and independence, and, eighty-six years later, gave it, first also, for a truer union and a larger liberty—here in the heart of Middlesex, county of Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, stand fast, Son of Liberty, as the minute-man stood at the old North Bridge! But, should we or our descendants, false to liberty, false to justice and humanity, betray in any way their cause, spring into life as a hundred years ago, take one more step, descend, and lead us, as God led you in saving America, to save the hopes of man!

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

[1775]

FREDERICK SWARTWOUT COZZENS

It was a starry night in June; the air was soft and still,
When the 'minute-men' from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill:
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
'We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!'
'Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!'
The trench is marked—the tools are brought—we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work, with mattock and with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made;
So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him cry, 'All's well!'

. . . . . .

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky;
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;
The Lively's hull looms through the fog, and they our works have spied,

For the ruddy flash and round shot part in thunder
from her side;
And the Falcon and the Cerberus make every bosom
thrill,
With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boat-
swain's whistle shrill;
But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade and
mattock ply,
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is
drawing nigh!

. . . . . .

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the
wharf
Are crowded with the living freight — and now they're
pushing off;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its
bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the
bay!

And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep
Like thunder clouds along the sky, the hostile transports sweep;

. . . . . .

Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns reel,
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel:
And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked the dead,
'Hurrah! they run! the field is won!' 'Hurrah! the foe is fled!'
And every man hath dropped his gun to clutch a neighbor's hand,
As his heart kept praying all the while for Home and Native Land.
Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand foes;
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose!
And though our swift fire slackened then, and, reddening in the skies,
We saw, from Charleston's roofs and walls, the flamy columns rise;
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-stained height.
What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er the nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch records a warrior grave?

What though the day to us was lost? Upon that deathless page
The everlasting charter stands, for every land and age!

. . . . . .

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL

WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When, with a feeble voice, he called
His weeping son to him:
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name;
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me, now,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised his blade on me,
I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will;
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh! keep this sword," his accents broke,—
A smile—and he was dead;
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still.
And twenty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.

NATHAN HALE*

[September 22, 1775]

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

To drum-beat and heart-beat
A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye:
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat,
In a moment he must die.

By star-light and moon-light
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the star-light and moon-light
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine,
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,—
It meets his eager glance,
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance:
A dark wave, a plumed wave
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a still clang,
And terror in the sound!—
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found!
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound!

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom.
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom,
But with a calm brow, and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb;

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn word of God!—
In the long night, the still night
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree!
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty:—
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit-wings are free.

Copyright by William Ordway Partridge, sculptor

NATHAN HALE

But his last words, his message words
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words
A soldier's battle-cry!

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of Earth, the glad of Heaven
His tragic fate shall learn,
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of *Hale* shall burn!

FRANCIS MARION[1]

[1781]

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

While Sumter stands conspicuous for bold daring, fearless intrepidity and always resolute behavior; while Lee takes eminent rank as a gallant Captain of Cavalry, the eye and the wing of the southern liberating army under Greene; Marion is proverbially the great master of strategy—the wily fox of the swamps—never to be caught, never to be followed,—yet always at hand, with unconjectured promptness, at the moment when he is least feared and is least to be expected. His pre-eminence in this peculiar and most difficult of all kinds of warfare, is not to be disputed. In his native region he has no competitor, and it is scarcely possible to compute the vast influence which he possessed and exercised over the minds and feelings of the people of Carolina, simply through his own resources, at a period most adverse to

[1] From *Life of Francis Marion.*

their fortunes, and when the cause of their liberties, everywhere endangered, was almost everywhere considered hopeless. His name was the great rallying cry of the yeoman in battle — the word that promised hope — that cheered the desponding patriot — that startled, and made to pause in his career of recklessness and blood, the cruel and sanguinary tory. Unprovided with the means of warfare, no less than of comfort — wanting equally in food and weapons — we find him supplying the one deficiency with a cheerful courage that never failed; the other with the resources of a genius that seemed to wish for nothing from without. With a force constantly fluctuating and feeble in consequence of the most ordinary necessities — half naked men, feeding upon unsalted pottage, — forced to fight the enemy by day, and look after their little families, concealed in swamp or thicket, by night — he still contrived, — one knows not well how, — to keep alive and bright the sacred fire of his country's liberties, at moments when they seemed to have no other champion. In this toil and watch, taken cheerfully and with spirits that never appeared to lose their tone and elasticity, tradition ascribes to him a series of achievements, which, if they were small in comparison with the great performances of European war, were scarcely less important; and which, if they sometimes transcend belief, must yet always delight the imagination. His adventures have given a rich coloring to fable, and have stimulated its performances. The language of song and story has been employed to do them honor, and our children are taught, in lessons that they love, to lisp the deeds and the patriotism of his band. "Marion" — "Marion's Brigade" and "Marion's Men," have passed into household words, which the young utter with an enthusiasm much more confiding than that which

Courtesy of Library of Southern Literature

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS

they yield to the wondrous performances of Greece and Ilium. They recall, when spoken, a long and delightful series of brilliant exploits, wild adventures, by day and night, in swamp and thicket, sudden and strange manœuvers, and a generous, unwavering ardor, that never found any peril too hazardous, or any suffering too unendurable. The theme, thus invested, seems to have escaped the ordinary bounds of history. It is no longer within the province of the historian. It has passed into the hands of the poet, and seems to scorn the appeal to authentic chronicles. . . . . Yet the concurrent testimony of all who have written, declare, in general terms, his great services: and the very exaggeration of the popular estimate is a partial proof of the renown for which it speaks. In this respect, his reputation is like that of all other heroes of romantic history. It is a people's history, written in their hearts, rather than in their books; which their books could not write—which would lose all its golden glow, if subjected to the cold details of the phlegmatic chronicles.

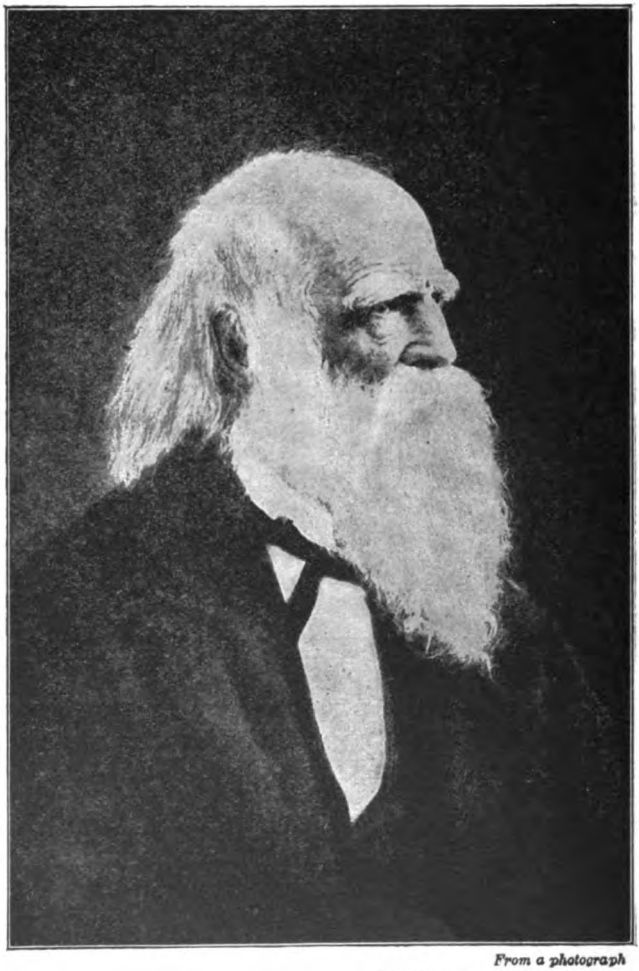
SONG OF MARION'S MEN[1]

[1776–1780]

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Our band is few but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us,
As seamen know the sea.

[1] Reprinted from *Bryant's Complete Poetical Works*, by permission of D. Appleton & Co.



From a photograph

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

We know its walls of thorny vines,
  Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
  Within the dark morass.

Woe to the English soldiery
  That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
  A strange and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire,
  They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
  Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
  A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
  Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
  From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
  And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,
  As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
  To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
  That in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
  On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon
  The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
  The scampering of their steeds.

'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs;
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band.
With kindliest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms,
And lay them down no more
Till we have driven the Briton.
Forever, from our shore.

AMERICA IN 1776[1]*

EUGENE LAWRENCE

Fifty-one doubtful and divided men, of infinite variety in opinions, education, and character, met in the hot days of July, 1776, in that plain room at Philadelphia where was decided the chief event of modern history, to found a republic. They were about to reverse all the inculcations of recent experience, and to enter at once upon a new era of uncertainty. From all the models of the past they could borrow little, and they overleapt barriers

[1] From *First Century of the Republic.*

that had affrighted all former legislators. Not Cromwell nor Hampden, not the plebeians of Rome and the demos of Athens, nor the republicans of Venice nor the Calvinists of Holland and Geneva, had ventured upon that tremendous stride in human progress that would alone satisfy the reformers of America. Educated in the strict conceptions of rank and caste which even Massachusetts had cultivated, and Virginia carried to a ludicrous extreme, they threw aside the artificial distinction forever, and declared all men equal. . . . . Of the many important and radical changes that must take place in human affairs from the prevalence of the principles they enunciated a large part of the assembly were probably unconscious. Yet upon one point in their new political creed all seemed to be unanimous. The people were in future to be the only sovereigns. . . . .

The small population of the Union was composed of different races and of almost hostile communities. There was a lasting feud between the Dutch at Albany and the people of New England. . . . . The Germans, settled in Pennsylvania, retained their national customs and language, and were almost an alien race. Huguenot colonies existed in several portions of the country. The north of Ireland had poured forth a stream of emigrants. Swedish settlements attracted notice along the Delaware. In North Carolina a clan of Highlanders had brought to the New World an intense loyalty and an extreme ignorance.

The divisions of race and language offered a strong obstacle to any perfect union of the different colonies. But a still more striking opposition existed in the political institutions of the various sections. In the South, royalty, aristocracy, and the worst form of human slavery had grown up together. In no part of the world were the

distinctions of rank more closely observed, or mechanical and agricultural industry more perfectly condemned. In New England the institutions were democratic, and honest labor was thought no shame. In the South episcopacy was rigidly established by law; in New England a tolerant Puritanism had succeeded the persecuting spirit of Cotton Mather and Winthrop.

BRITISH ALLIANCE WITH THE INDIANS[1]*

[1777]

WILLIAM PITT (EARL OF CHATHAM)

"My Lords, who is the man that, in addition to these disgraces and mischief of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms, the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage? To call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indians the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment: unless thoroughly done away it will be a stain on the national character — it is a violation of the constitution — I believe it is against the law. . . . .

"You cannot *conciliate* America by your present measures — you cannot *subdue* her by your present, or by any measures. . . . . In a just and necessary war, to maintain the rights or honor of my country, I would strip the shirt from my back to support it. But in such a war as this, unjust in its principle, impracticable in its means, and ruinous in its consequences, I would not contribute a single effort, nor a single shilling." . . . .

[1] Speech of November 18, 1777. From *Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*, by Francis A. Thackeray.

A long and animated discussion now ensued, in which many of the Peers took part.

Lord Suffolk . . . . contended, that, besides its *policy* and *necessity*, the measure was allowable on principle; for that "it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means that *God and Nature have put into our hands.*" This last expression rekindled the flame of Lord Chatham's indignation, and occasioned one of the sublimest bursts of eloquence which humanity has recorded.

"I AM ASTONISHED!" exclaimed his Lordship, suddenly rising from his seat, "shocked! to hear such principles confessed — to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. . . . .

"My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation — I feel myself impelled by every duty. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of Majesty. — 'That God and Nature have put into our hands!' I know not what ideas that Lord may entertain of God and Nature; but I know, that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. — What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife — to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting . . . . the mangled victims of his barbarous battles. Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion divine and natural, and every generous feeling of humanity. . . . . And, my Lords, they shock every sentiment of honor.

"These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that *Right Reverend* Bench, those holy ministers of the gospel . . . . [to] vindicate the religion

of their God . . . . and support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the learned Judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution:—I call upon the honor of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own:—I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character!—I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. . . . .

"To send forth the infidel savage—against whom? Against your . . . . brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war! . . . . Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America and we improve on the inhuman example even of Spanish cruelty; we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion.

". . . . I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the state . . . . to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. . . . . Let them purify this house and this country from sin.

"My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles."

DANIEL BOONE, THE PIONEER OF KENTUCKY[1]*

[1735–1820]

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

Colonel Boone . . . . with his Indian dress and his painted cheeks, his tufted scalp-lock and his whole person embrowned by constant exposure to the open air, could scarcely be distinguished from any of his Indian associates. . . . .

So skilful a hunter as Boone could, with his rifle and a supply of ammunition, traverse the solitary expanse around for almost any length of time, living in abundance. But deprived of his rifle or of ammunition he would soon almost inevitably perish of starvation. The Indians were therefore very careful not to allow him to accumulate any ammunition. . . . . Though Boone was often allowed to go out alone to hunt, they always counted his balls and the charges of powder. Thus they could judge whether he had concealed any ammunition to aid him, should he attempt to escape. He, however, with equal sagacity, cut the balls in halves, and used very small charges of powder. Thus he secretly laid aside quite a little store of ammunition. . . . .

Boone was quite alarmed to find that . . . . the chiefs had been marshalling a band of four hundred and fifty of their bravest warriors to attack Boonesborough. In that fort were his wife and his children. Its capture would probably insure their slaughter. He was aware that the fort was not sufficiently guarded by its present inmates, and that, unapprehensive of impending danger, they were liable to be taken entirely by surprise. Boone was sufficiently acquainted with the Shawanese dialect

[1] From *Daniel Boone.*

to understand every word they said, while he very sagaciously had assumed, from the moment of his captivity, that he was entirely ignorant of their language.

Boone's anxiety was very great. He was compelled to assume a smiling face as he attended their war dances. Apparently unmoved, he listened to the details of their plans for the surprise of the fort. . . . .

It had now become a matter of infinite moment that he should immediately escape and carry to his friends in the fort the tidings of their peril. . . . .

On the morning of the sixteenth of June [1778], Boone rose very early to take his usual hunt. With his secreted ammunition, and the amount allowed him by the Indians for the day, he hoped to be able to save himself from starvation, during his flight of five days through the pathless wilderness. There was a distance of one hundred and sixty miles between Old Chilicothe and Boonesborough. The moment his flight should be suspected, four hundred and fifty Indian warriors, breathing vengeance, and in perfect preparation for the pursuit, would be on his track. His capture would almost certainly result in his death by the most cruel tortures. . . . .

It is, however, not probable that this silent, pensive man allowed these thoughts seriously to disturb his equanimity. An instinctive trust in God seemed to inspire him. He was forty-three years of age. In the knowledge of wood-craft, and in powers of endurance, no Indian surpassed him. Though he would be pursued by sagacious and veteran warriors . . . . one poor victim, yet undismayed, he entered upon the appalling enterprise. The history of the world perhaps presents but few feats so difficult, and yet so successfully performed.

From the painting by Chester Harding

DANIEL BOONE

JOHN SEVIER[1]

[1745–1815]

JAMES ROBERTS GILMORE (EDMUND KIRKE)

During all of this long period [fifty-two years] Sevier was a leader of men, and a prime mover in the important events which occurred beyond the Alleghanies. For thirty years of this time he was engaged in almost constant warfare; and, though his men were altogether volunteers, and he, until after the battle of King's Mountain, commanded without a commission, and merely as an elected leader, there never was known so much as a whisper of insubordination among them. Without fear or question they followed wherever he led, even upon the most desperate expeditions; and the wave of his sword, the sound of his voice, was enough to transform the most timid among them into heroes.

And the sway of Sevier was as potent and undisputed in civil as in military affairs. Aided by North Carolina, a few factious and ambitious men had attempted for a time to undermine his authority, but their efforts were futile; and, from the moment of his reconciliation to the "mother-State," all opposition to him ceased, and, no matter what official position he held, ever afterward he was the autocrat of the backwoods. The Governors who succeeded him had only a nominal authority. So long as he lived, he was the real seat of power. On all questions of importance, the people asked, "What says the good old Governor?" They might differ from him in opinion, but when they did they questioned their own judgments, and submitted cheerfully to his decisions. This they did because experience had shown that he was always right. The same genius which governed

[1] From *John Sevier*. Copyright by D. Appleton & Co.

his military operations, and made victory a foregone conclusion, enabled him to forecast civil results, and to lead his people on by peaceful ways to prosperity and greatness.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK[1]

[1752–1818]

MINNIE GATHRIGHT COOK

It has been said that when there is the need, God always provides the right man; and that George Rogers Clark was such a man. Certain it is that he was the only one who had the initiative and the diversified qualifications necessary to carry into execution a plan to wrest the northwest from the hands of the British.

His genius for leadership was recognized early in life. He was but twenty-one when appointed Captain by Lord Dunmore, in 1774. His remarkable personality inspired confidence in all with whom he came in contact — from the most brilliant statesman of the east to the remote Indian chiefs of the northwest, unless they were biased by their own personal aims and ambitions with which he interfered in serving the public.

Clark was a gentleman born; an early neighbor and life-long friend of Jefferson; a schoolmate of the polished Madison; a close companion of Hancock Lee of the distinguished Virginia family, in the surveying venture that first took him to Kentucky. Therefore, it was natural that when Clark returned to civilization from the wilds of Kentucky, his first thought should be of making a genteel appearance. So we read in his diary of his replenishing his wardrobe and waiting until he could have a

[1] From a paper read before the Chicago Historical Society, April 19, 1912.

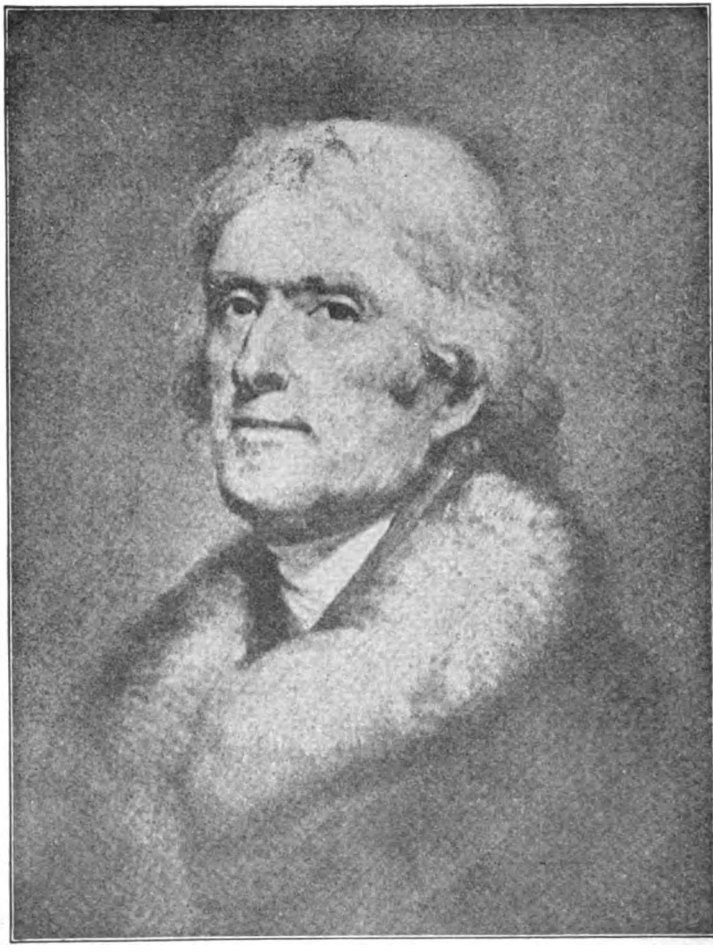
new "jackote" made before presenting himself and his western plans to the Governor and Council of Virginia.

On the other hand, when expediency demanded, Clark could adapt himself to the worst conditions, as when he and his little band were within sight of their goal—Kaskaskia—July, 1778. Sensible of the fact that the aspect of a handful of ragged, dirty men could only breed contempt on the part of the people they had come to subdue, his versatility and strategy saved the day as they did on many occasions. Begrimed with the sweat and dust of their toilsome march of several days through the blistering July sun, with flesh as well as clothes torn by the brambles of an unbroken wilderness; gaunt from fatigue and short rations—having been for two days without any—Clark and his men closely resembled the savage barbarians that the Americans were supposed to be, having been so pictured to the French inhabitants by the British authorities.

Undaunted by his plight, Clark determined to profit by the British propaganda. He ordered his men to hide their clothes in the woods and make themselves appear as much like savages as possible. This they did; and accomplished through terrorizing what they never could have achieved through respect as a handful of ragged soldiers, though the respect followed, later, thanks to Clark's further ingenuity.

Thrown on his own resources in an almost virgin country, in area more than half that under Washington's command, ingenuity and great physical strength were as essential as leadership in the work undertaken by Clark. He gave a brilliant exhibition of this in the Vincennes campaign, February, 1779, especially on that last morning of the sixteen-day march across the "drowned lands" of the Illinois and Wabash countries. Vincennes lay less

than five miles distant, but the way was covered with water five feet and more deep that had frozen over during the night. For two weeks the men had waded through mud and ice-cold water, at times waist high. For five days they had had no food. They had become almost as weak as children, and their resourceful leader knew they could be as easily diverted from their troubles as children could. To this end, he surprised them by blackening his face with gunpowder; and, calling upon his men to follow him, he plunged through the ice-covered water, which reached to his shoulders. As he broke through the ice, clearing the way for his men, even his great strength felt the strain; but his dauntless example inspired the half-frozen, half-famished men to perform the seemingly impossible in reaching Vincennes and victory.



THOMAS JEFFERSON

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

DRAFTING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE[1]*

[1776]

You inquire why so young a man as Mr. Jefferson was placed at the head of the Committee for preparing a Declaration of Independence? I answer; it was the Frankfort advice, to place Virginia at the head of every thing. Mr. Richard Henry Lee might be gone to Virginia, to his sick family, for aught I know, but that was not the reason of Mr. Jefferson's appointment. There were three committees appointed at the same time. One for the Declaration of Independence, another for preparing articles of Confederation, and another for preparing a treaty to be proposed to France. Mr. Lee was chosen for the Committee of Confederation, and it was not thought convenient that the same person should be upon both. Mr. Jefferson came into Congress, in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent of composition. Writings of his were handed about, remarkable for the peculiar felicity of expression. Though a silent member in Congress, he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon committees and in conversation, not even Samuel Adams was more so, that he soon seized my heart; and upon this occasion I gave him my vote, and did all in my power to procure the votes of others. I think he had one more vote than any other, and that placed him at the head of

[1] From a letter to Timothy Pickering, August 6, 1822. From John Adams' *Works*. Edited by Charles Francis Adams.

the committee. I had the next highest number, and that placed me the second. The committee met, discussed

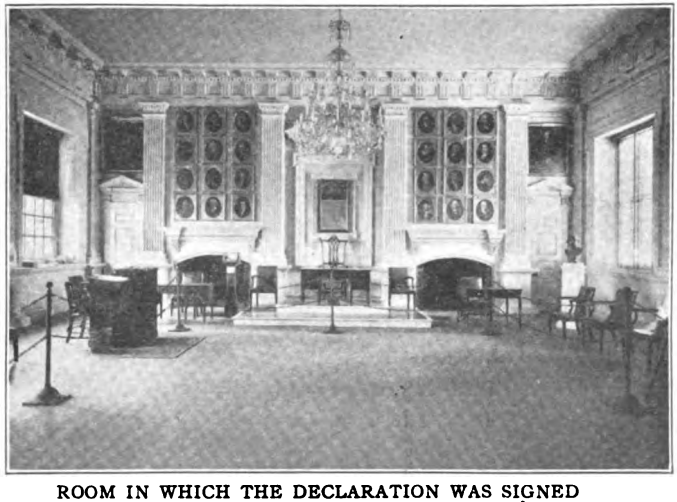
From the painting by John Trumbull

SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

the subject, and then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to make the draught, I suppose because we were the two first on the list.

The sub-committee met. Jefferson proposed to me to make the draught. I said, "I will not." "You should do it." "Oh! no." "Why will you not? You ought to do it:" "I will not." "Why?" "Reasons enough." "What can be your reasons?" "Reason first—You are a Virginian, and a Virginian ought to appear at the head of this business. Reason second—I am obnoxious, suspected, and unpopular. You are very much otherwise. Reason third—You can write ten times better than I can." "Well," said Jefferson, "if you are decided, I will do as well as I can." "Very well. When you have drawn it up, we will have a meeting."

A meeting we accordingly had, and conned the paper over. I was delighted with its high tone and the flights of oratory with which it abounded, especially that concerning negro slavery, which, though I knew his Southern brethren would never suffer to pass in Congress, I certainly never would oppose. There were other expressions which I would not have inserted, if I had drawn it up, particularly that which called the King tyrant. I thought this too personal; for I never believed George to be a tyrant in disposition and in nature; I always believed him to be deceived by his courtiers on both sides of the Atlantic, and in his official capacity only, cruel. I thought the expression too passionate, and too much like scolding, for so grave and solemn a document; but as Franklin and Sherman were to inspect it afterwards, I thought it would not become me to strike it out. I consented to report it, and do not now remember that I made or suggested a single alteration.



ROOM IN WHICH THE DECLARATION WAS SIGNED

We reported it to the committee of five. It was read, and I do not remember that Franklin or Sherman criticized anything. We were all in haste. Congress was impatient, and the instrument was reported, as I believe, in Jefferson's handwriting, as he first drew it. Congress cut off about a quarter of it, as I expected they would; but they obliterated some of the best of it, and left all that was exceptionable, if any thing in it was. I have long wondered that the original draught has not been published. I suppose the reason is, the vehement philippic against negro slavery.

As you justly observe, there is not an idea in it but what had been hackneyed in Congress for two years before. The substance of it is contained in the declaration of rights and the violation of those rights, in the Journals of Congress, in 1774. Indeed, the essence of it is contained in a pamphlet, voted and printed by the town of Boston, before the first Congress met, composed by James Otis, as I suppose, in one of his lucid intervals, and pruned and polished by Samuel Adams.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM[1]

GUY HUMPHREYS McMASTER

I.

In their ragged regimentals
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not;
When the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot:
When the files
Of the isles,

[1] Written in commemoration of the Battle of Brandywine Creek, which occurred September 11, 1777, when Howe landed at the head of Chesapeake Bay to capture Philadelphia.

From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of
the rampant
Unicorn,
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the
drummer,
Through the morn!

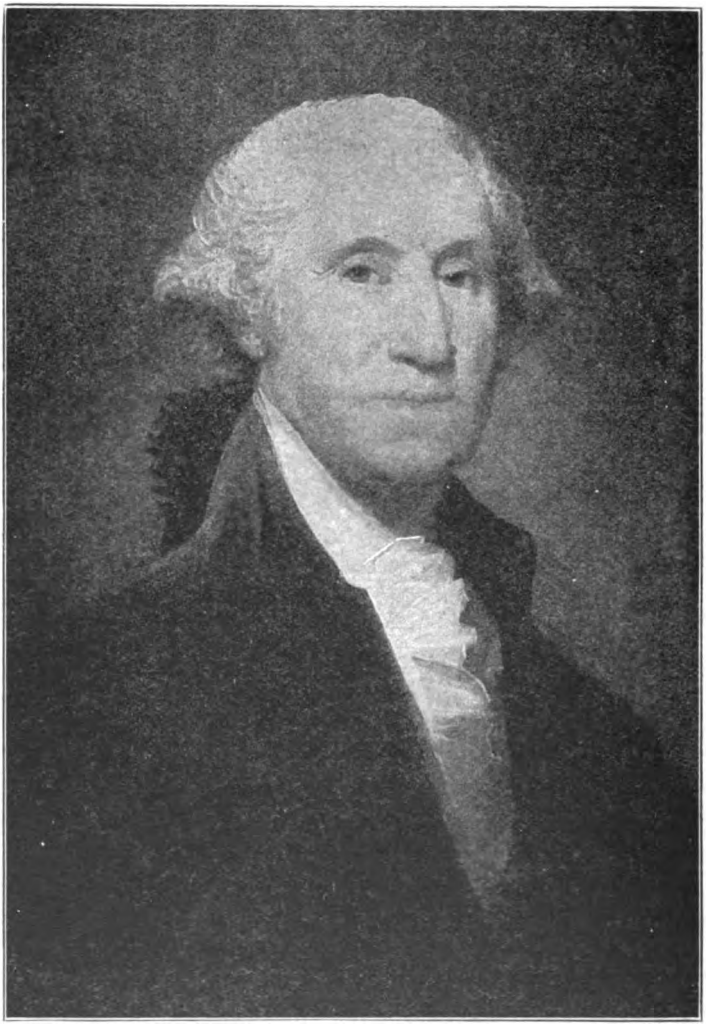
. . . . . .

III.

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. GEORGE'S
Cannoniers,
And the 'villainous saltpetre'
Rung a fierce, discordant metre
Round their ears:
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

IV.

Then the bare-headed Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud:
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper-jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath,
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-
pounder,
Hurling Death.



G. Washington

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE[1]

[December, 1777]

WASHINGTON IRVING

During the winter's encampment in Valley Forge, Washington sedulously applied himself to the formation of a new system for the army. . . . .

Washington had urged that the pay of the officers was insufficient for their decent subsistence . . . . and that many resignations were the consequence. He recommended not only their pay should be increased, but that there should be a provision for their future support, by half pay and a pensionary establishment; so as to secure them from being absolutely impoverished in the service of their country.

This last recommendation had to encounter a great jealousy of the army on the part of Congress, and all that Washington could effect by strenuous and unremitted exertions, was a kind of compromise, according to which officers were to receive half pay for seven years after the war, and non-commissioned officers and privates eighty dollars each.

. . . . In the mean time, the distresses of the army continued to increase. The surrounding country for a great distance was exhausted, and had the appearance of having been pillaged. In some places where the inhabitants had provisions and cattle they denied it, intending to take them to Philadelphia, where they could obtain greater prices. . . . .

The parties sent out to forage too often returned empty-handed. "For some days past there has been little less than a famine in the camp," writes Washington on one occasion. "A part of the army has been a week without any kind of flesh, and the rest three or four days. Naked

[1] From *Life of Washington.*

and starving as they are, we cannot enough admire the incomparable patience and fidelity of the soldiery, that they have not been, ere this, excited by their suffering to a general mutiny and desertion."

The committee, in their report, declared that the want of straw had cost the lives of many of the troops. "Unprovided with this, or materials to raise them from the cold and wet earth, sickness and mortality have spread through their quarters in an astonishing degree. Nothing can equal their sufferings, except the patience and fortitude with which the faithful part of the army endure them." . . . .

[A British historian] gives a striking picture of the indolence and luxury which reigned at the same time in the British army in Philadelphia. . . . . The latter reveled as if in a conquered place. Private houses were occupied without rendering compensation; officers were quartered on the principal inhabitants, many of whom were of the Society of "Friends." . . . .

In the month of February, Mrs. Washington rejoined the general at Valley Forge, and took up her residence at head-quarters. The arrangements consequent to her arrival bespeak the simplicity of style in this rude encampment. "The general's apartment is very small," writes she to a friend; "he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first." . . . .

The most important arrival in the camp was that of the Baron Steuben, towards the latter part of February [1778]. He was a seasoned soldier from the old battle fields of Europe; having served in the seven years' war; . . . . and he had declined liberal offers from the King of Sardinia and the Emperor of Austria. . . . .

He offered his services as a volunteer: making no condition for rank or pay. . . . .

The baron's proffered services were accepted with a vote of thanks for his disinterestedness, and he was ordered to join the army at Valley Forge. That army, in its ragged condition and squalid quarters, presented a

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE

sorry aspect to a strict disciplinarian from Germany, accustomed to the order and appointments of European camps. . . . .

He had a kind, generous heart, that soon made him a favorite with the men. His discipline extended to their comforts. He inquired into their treatment by the officers. He examined the doctor's reports; visited the sick; and saw that they were well lodged and attended. . . . .

The strong good sense of the baron was evinced in the manner in which he adapted his tactics to the nature

of the army and the situation of the country, instead of adhering with bigotry to the systems of Europe. His instructions were appreciated by all. The officers received them gladly and conformed to them. The men soon became active and adroit. The army gradually acquired a proper organization, and began to operate like a great machine; and Washington found in the baron an intelligent, disinterested, truthful coadjutor, well worthy of the badge he wore as a knight of the Order of *Fidelity*.

MOLLY PITCHER*

[June 23, 1778]

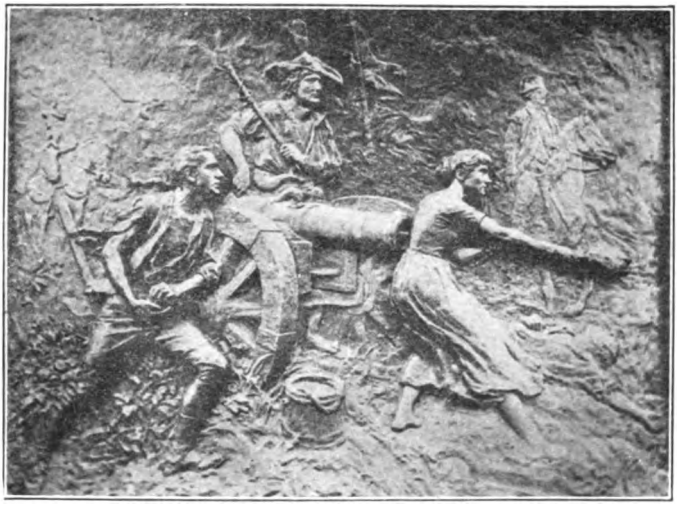
LAURA ELIZABETH RICHARDS

All day the great guns barked and roared;
All day the big balls screeched and soared;
All day, 'mid the sweating gunners grim,
Who toiled in their smoke-shroud dense and dim,
Sweet Molly labored with courage high,
With steady hand and watchful eye,
Till the day was ours, and the sinking sun
Looked down on the field of Monmouth won,
And Molly standing beside her gun.

Now, Molly, rest your weary arm!
Safe, Molly, all is safe from harm.
Now, woman, bow your aching head,
And weep in sorrow o'er your dead!

Next day on that field so hardly won,
Stately and calm stands Washington,
And looks where our gallant Greene doth lead
A figure clad in motley weed—

A soldier's cap and a soldier's coat
Masking a woman's petticoat.



MOLLY PITCHER AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH

He greets our Molly in kindly wise;
He bids her raise her tearful eyes;
And now he hails her before them all
Comrade and soldier, whate'er befall,
"And since she has played a man's full part,
A man's reward for her loyal heart!
And Sergeant Molly Pitcher's name
Be writ henceforth on the shield of fame!"

Oh, Molly, with your eyes so blue!
Oh, Molly, Molly, here's to you!
Sweet honor's roll will aye be richer
To hold the name of Molly Pitcher.

THE "BONHOMME RICHARD" AND THE "SERAPIS"[1]

[September 23, 1779]

JOHN PAUL JONES

The battle, being thus begun, was continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to gain an advantage, and rake each other; and I must confess that the enemy's ship, being much more manageable than the Bon homme Richard, gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavors to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of *greatly superior force*, I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of manœuvre. It was my intention to lay the Bon homme Richard athwart the enemy's bow, but, as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wishes. The enemy's bowsprit, however, came over the Bon homme Richard's poop by the mizzen mast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation, which by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails forced her stern close to the Bon homme Richard's bow, so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's side. When this position took place, it was 8 o'clock, previous to which the Bon homme Richard had received sundry eighteen-pound shot below the water, and leaked very much. My battery of 12-pounders, on which I had placed my chief dependence, being commanded by Lieut. Dale and Col. Weibert, and manned principally with American seamen and French

[1] From the Report to Congress.

Courtesy of Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. *Houdon, sculptor*

JOHN PAUL JONES

volunteers, were entirely silenced and abandoned. As to the six old eighteen-pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun-deck, they did no service whatever. Two out of three of them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. Before this time, too, Col. de Chamillard, who commanded a party of 20 soldiers on the poop, had abandoned that station after having lost some of his men. I had now only two pieces of cannon, nine-pounders, on the quarter deck, that were not silenced; and not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action. The purser, Mr. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter deck, being dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill his place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee quarter-deck guns, so that we afterward played three pieces of 9-pounders upon the enemy. The tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery, and held out bravely during the whole of the action, especially the main top, where Lieut. Stack commanded. I directed the fire of one of the three cannon against the main-mast, with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly well served with grape and canister shot to silence the enemy's musketry, and clear her decks, which was at last effected. The enemy were, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarters when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under officers induced them to call to the enemy. The English commodore asked me if I demanded quarters; and I having answered him in the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with double fury. They were unable to stand the deck; but the fire of their cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of 18-pounders, was incessant. Both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was

dreadful beyond the reach of language. To account for the timidity of my three under officers, — I mean the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms, — I must observe that the two first were slightly wounded; and, as the ship had received various shots under water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the carpenter expressed his fear that she would sink, and the other two concluded that she was sinking, which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop without my knowledge to strike the colors. Fortunately for me, a cannon ball had done that before by carrying away the ensign staff. He was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking, as he supposed, or of calling for quarter; and he preferred the latter.

All this time the Bon homme Richard had sustained the action alone, and the enemy, though much superior in force, would have been very glad to have got clear, as appears by their own acknowledgments, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I laid them on board, by which means they would have escaped, had I not made them well fast to the Bon homme Richard.

At last, at half-past 9 o'clock, the Alliance appeared, and I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Bon homme Richard. We called to him for God's sake to forbear firing into the Bon homme Richard; yet he passed along the off side of the ship, and continued firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the Bon homme Richard, there being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction; besides, it was then full moonlight, and the sides of the Bon homme Richard were all black, while the sides of the prize were yellow; yet, for the greater security, I shewed the signal of our

reconnoissance by putting out three lanthorns, one at the head (bow), another at the stern (quarter), and the third in the middle in a horizontal line. Every tongue cried that he was firing into the wrong ship, but nothing availed. He passed round, firing into the Bon homme Richard's head, stern, and broadside; and by one of his volleys killed several of my best men, and mortally wounded a good officer on the forecastle. My situation was really deplorable. The Bon homme Richard received various shot under water from the Alliance, the leak gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships. Some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good sense I entertain a high opinion. My treacherous master-at-arms let loose all my prisoners without my knowledge, and my prospect became gloomy indeed. I would not, however, give up the point. The enemy's main-mast began to shake, their firing decreased fast, ours rather increased, and the British colors were struck at half an hour past 10 o'clock.

The prize proved to be the British ship of war the Serapis, a new ship of 44 guns, built on the most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of 18-pounders, and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson.

THE TREASON OF ARNOLD[1]*

[1780]

ISAAC Q. LEAKE

The dangerous conspiracy of this abominable man, was long premeditated, and artfully carried on. He had received many causes of mortification, and disgust, at

[1] From *Memoir of the Life and Times of General John Lamb.*

an early period of the revolution. He had been neglected in the promotions of 1777, and juniors of very inferior merit, and capacity, placed in command above him; and it was not until his brilliant achievements at Ridgefield, and Compo, that the tardy justice of Congress raised him to a rank, which his former services had so richly merited. Even then, the inefficient officers which had so unjustly superseded him, out-ranked him, whenever the service brought them together. Gen. Washington did what he could to prevent this, and to remedy the evils inflicted upon him. And well knowing his efficiency in the field, he sent him to the north as a powerful auxiliary to General Schuyler. The success of his expedition to relieve Fort Stanwix, added to his military reputation; but on his return, he found the excellent Schuyler about to be superseded in his command; and the vain and arrogant Gates, the head of the monster faction, in conspiracy against Washington, placed in his stead. The new commander of the northern army, had gathered round him a host of malcontents and sycophants, ready to indulge his vanity; and prepared to gratify his spleen against all who were known to be opposed to his designs. The irritability of Arnold was full equal to the arrogance of Gates, and means were not lacking to excite it to the uttermost. Like Hotspur, the angry General was "pestered with popinjays" and the haughtiness of the commander, aided by the petty annoyances of his subordinates, galled the temper of a spirit, in whom glowed with all its fierceness

"The first sin that peopled hell."

His skill and intrepidity had gained two important victories; and laurels bravely won, had been torn from him, to deck the brow of his vain glorious contemporary. . . . .

The tragedy which followed, gave to the name of Arnold a melancholy celebrity; and kept him for a longer period in the mind of his former comrades.

. . . .

His bombastic addresses and manifestos, although they may have helped to bolster his consequence with those who had bought the "filthy bargain," produced nothing but contempt and derision from the hardy associates he had abandoned, and his name became a by-word and reproach, to mark the depth of degradation and villainy.

ANDRÉ'S REQUEST TO WASHINGTON*

[October 1, 1780]

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

It is not the fear of death
That damps my brow,
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now;
I can die with a lip unstirr'd,
And a quiet heart—
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

I can give up my mother's look—
My sister's kiss;
I can think of love—yet brook
A death like this!
I can give up the young fame
I burn'd to win—
All—but the spotless name
I glory in.

THE OLD '76 HOUSE, TAPPAN, NEW YORK, WHERE MAJOR ANDRÉ WAS IMPRISONED

Thine is the power to give,
Thine to deny,
Joy for the hour I live—
Calmness to die.
By all the brave should cherish,
By my dying breath,
I ask that I may perish
By a soldier's death!

FRANKLIN AND THE FRENCH[1]

MASON LOCKE WEEMS

When Dr. Franklin was received at the French court as American minister, he felt some scruples of conscience in complying with their *fashions as to dress*. "He hoped," he said to the minister, "that as he was himself a very plain man, and represented a plain republican people, the king would indulge his desire to appear at court in

[1] From *Life of Benjamin Franklin*. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

his usual dress. Independent of this, the season of the year, he said, rendered the change from warm yarn stockings to fine silk, somewhat dangerous."

The French minister made him a bow, but said, that THE FASHION was too sacred a thing for him to meddle with, but he would do himself the honour to mention it to his MAJESTY.

The king smiled, and returned word that Dr. Franklin was welcome to appear at court in *any dress he pleased.* In spite of that delicate respect for strangers, for which the French are so remarkable, the courtiers could not help staring, at first, at Dr. Franklin's quaker-like dress, and especially his "BLUE YARN STOCKINGS." But it soon appeared as though he had been introduced upon this splendid theatre only to demonstrate that, great genius, like true beauty, "needs not the foreign aid of ornament." The court were so dazzled with the brilliancy of his mind that they never looked at his stockings. And while many other ministers who figured in all the gaudy fashions of the day are now forgotten, the name of Dr. Franklin is still mentioned in Paris with all the ardour of the most affectionate enthusiasm.

THE ORIGINAL "YANKEE DOODLE"[1]*

THE FARMER AND HIS SON'S RETURN FROM A VISIT TO THE CAMP

[1775 or 1776]

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Gooding,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin.

[1] From blueprint of Mr. Worthington C. Ford made while he was with the Boston Public Library. Probably original edition of "Father and I Went Down to Camp" now owned by Mr. Albert Matthews of Boston.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
  Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
  And with the girls be handy.

And then we see a thousand men,
  As rich as squire David;
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
  I wish it could be savéd.
    Yankee doodle, etc.

The 'lasses they eat ev'ry day,
  Would keep a house a winter;
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
  They eat it when they've mind ter.
    Yankee doodle, etc.

And then I see a swamping gun,
  Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
  A load for father's cattle.
    Yankee doodle, etc.

And every time they shoot it off,
  It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
  Only a nation louder.
    Yankee doodle, etc.

I went as nigh to one myself
  As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
  I thought the deuce was in him.
    Yankee doodle, etc.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so, I shrink'd it off,
And hung by father's pocket.
Yankee doodle, etc.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.
Yankee doodle, etc.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touched it off,
They scampered like a nation.
Yankee doodle, etc.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND GROWTH OF THE NATION

ON THE EXPEDIENCY OF ADOPTING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION[1]

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

I propose in a series of papers, to discuss the following interesting particulars.—*The utility of the UNION to your political prosperity.—The insufficiency of the present Confederation to preserve that Union.—The necessity of a Government, at least equally energetic with the one proposed, to the attainment of this object.—The conformity of the proposed Constitution to the true principles of Republican Government.—Its analogy to your own State Constitution—and lastly, The additional security, which its adoption will afford to the preservation of that species of government, to liberty, and to property.*

In the progress of this discussion, I shall endeavor to give a satisfactory answer to all the objections which shall have made their appearance, that may seem to have any claim to attention.

It may perhaps be thought superfluous to offer arguments to prove the utility of the Union; a point, no doubt, deeply engraved on the hearts of the great body of the people in every State, and one which, it may be imagined, has no adversaries. But the fact is, that we already hear it whispered in the private circles of those who oppose the new Constitution, that the Thirteen States are of too great extent for any general system, and that we

[1] From *The Federalist*, No. I.

must of necessity resort to separate confederacies of distinct portions of the whole. This doctrine will, in all probability, be gradually propagated, till it has votaries enough to countenance its open avowal. For nothing can be more evident, to those who are able to take an enlarged view of the subject, than the alternative of an adoption of the Constitution, or a dismemberment of the Union. It may therefore be essential to examine the advantages of that union, the certain evils, and the probable dangers, to which every State will be exposed from its dissolution. This shall accordingly be done.

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON[1]

GENERAL HENRY LEE

. . . . When our monuments shall be done away; when nations now existing shall be no more; when even our young and far-spreading empire shall have perished; still will our Washington's glory unfaded shine, and die not, until love of virtue cease on earth, or earth itself sinks into chaos! . . . .

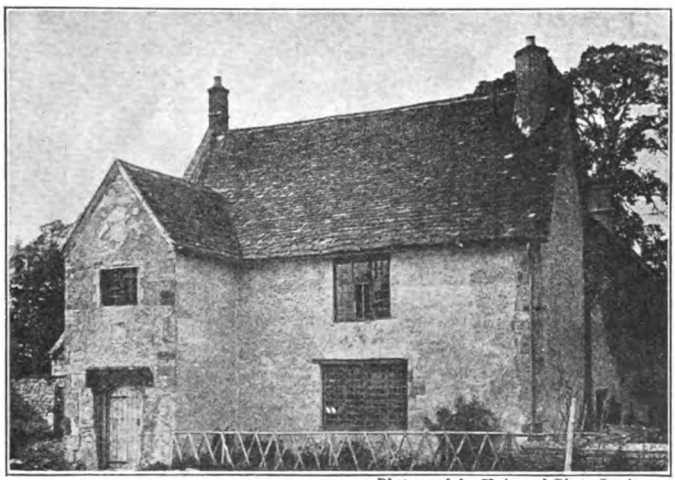
. . . . Great as was our Washington in war, and as much as did that greatness contribute to produce the American republic, it is not in war alone his preëminence stands conspicuous. His various talents, combining all the capacities of a statesman with those of a soldier, fitted him alike to guide the councils and the armies of our nation. Scarcely had he rested from his martial toils, while his invaluable parental advice was still sounding in our ears, when he, who had been our shield and our sword, was called forth to act a less splendid, but more important part.

Possessing a clear and penetrating mind, a strong and sound judgment, calmness and temper for deliberation, with invincible firmness and perseverance in resolutions

[1] From the eulogy on Washington, delivered at Philadelphia, December 26, 1799.

maturely formed; drawing information from all; acting from himself, with incorruptible integrity and unvarying patriotism; his own superiority and the public confidence alike marked him as the man designed by Heaven to lead in the great political as well as military events which have distinguished the era of his life. . . . .

Pursuing steadfastly his course, he held safe the public happiness, preventing foreign war, and quelling internal



Photograph by Universal Photo Service

WASHINGTON'S ANCESTRAL HOME, SULGRAVE MANOR, NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, ENGLAND

discord, till the revolving period of a third election approached, when he executed his interrupted, but inextinguishable desire of returning to the humble walks of private life. . . . .

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate and sincere; uniform, dignified and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him, as were the effects of that example lasting. . . . .

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan

MOUNT VERNON, WASHINGTON'S MANSION

escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life.

ADAMS AND LIBERTY[1]

[1798]

T. PAINE

Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought,
For those rights, which unstained from your Sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended.

[1] Written for and sung at the fourth anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society. Originally published under the name of T. Paine, whose name was changed later, by act of legislature, from "Thomas" to "Robert Treat," the name of his father.

'Mid the reign of mild Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime, whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of Commerce should never be hurled,
To incense the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
'Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And bartered their God for his image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls waves.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And Society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May Peace, like the dove, who returned from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.

But though Peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our Sov'reignty, Justice or Fame.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

'Tis the fire of the flint, each American warms;
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision,
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms,
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
While with patriot pride,
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak;
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;
But long e'er our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend,
From the hill-tops, they shaded, our shores to defend.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let our patriots destroy Anarch's pestilent worm;
Lest our Liberty's growth should be checked by corrosion;

From the portrait by John S. Copley

JOHN ADAMS

Then let clouds thicken round us; we heed not the storm;
Our realm fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main,
For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the Tempest of War overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal, would Washington stand,
And repulse, with his Breast, the assaults of the thunder!
His sword, from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, ev'ry flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever;
Her pride is her Adams; her laws are his choice,
And shall flourish, till Liberty slumbers for ever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land;
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

HAIL COLUMBIA*

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus—Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame!
Let WASHINGTON'S great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause;

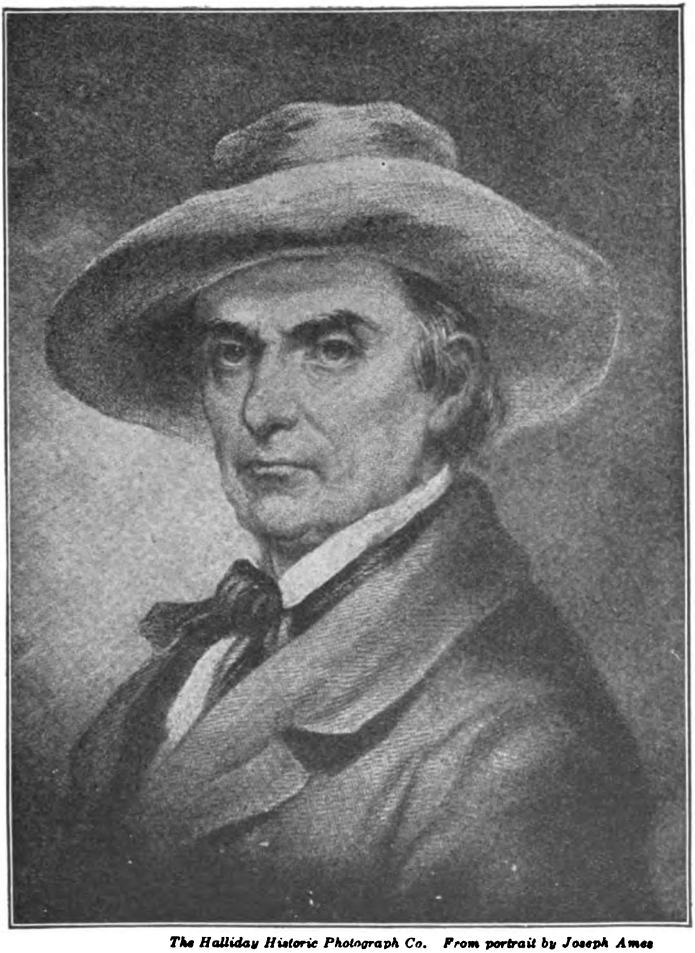
Let every clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He governed in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat;
But, armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS*

DANIEL WEBSTER

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interests for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life and his own honor? Are not you, Sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague



The Halliday Historic Photograph Co. From portrait by Joseph Ames

DANIEL WEBSTER

near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishments and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England

herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, why then, Sir, do we not as soon as possible change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious

liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fail with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. *We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day.*

JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY[1]

ROBERT TREAT PAINE

O'er vast Columbia's varied clime,
Her cities, forests, shores and dales,
In rising majesty sublime,
Immortal Liberty prevails.

[1] First sung in public at the festival held in Wallingford, Connecticut, March 11, 1801, in commemoration of the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency.

Rejoice! Columbia's Sons rejoice!
To tyrants never bend your knee,
But join with heart and soul and voice,
For Jefferson and Liberty.

Hail, long expected, glorious day!
Illustrious, memorable morn,
That Freedom's fabric from decay
Rebuilds, for millions yet unborn.
Rejoice, etc.

His country's surest hope and stay,
In virtue and in talents try'd,
Now rises to assume the sway,
O'er Freedom's Temple to preside.
Rejoice, etc.

Within its hallow'd walls immense,
No hireling bands shall e'er arise,
Array'd in Tyranny's defense,
To crush an injured people's cries.
Rejoice, etc.

No Lordling here, with gorging jaws,
Shall wring from Industry its food;
Nor fiery Bigots' Holy Laws,
Lay waste our fields, and streets, in blood.
Rejoice, etc.

Here Strangers from a thousand shores,
Compelled by Tyranny to roam,
Shall find, amidst abundant stores,
A nobler and a happier home.
Rejoice, etc.

Here Art shall lift her laurel's head,
Wealth, Industry and Peace divine.
And where dark, pathless Forests spread,
Rich fields and lofty cities shine.
Rejoice, etc.

From Europe's wants and woes remote,
A dreary waste of waves between,
Here plenty cheers the humblest cat,
And smiles on every village green.
Rejoice, etc.

Here, free as air's expanded space,
To ev'ry soul and sect shall be
The sacred priv'lege of our race,
The worship of the Deity.
Rejoice, etc.

These gifts, great Liberty, are thine;
Ten thousand more we owe to thee;
Immortal may their mem'ries shine
Who fought and died for Liberty.
Rejoice, etc.

What heart but hails a scene so bright,
What soul but inspiration draws,
Who would not guard so dear a right
Or die in such a glorious cause?
Rejoice, etc.

Let Foes to Freedom dread the name,
But should they touch the sacred Tree,
Twice fifty thousand swords shall flame
For Jefferson and Liberty.
Rejoice, etc.

From Georgia to Lake Champlain,
From seas to Mississippi's shore,
The Sons of Freedom land proclaim,
The reign of Terror now is o'er.
Rejoice! Columbia's Sons rejoice!
To Tyrants never bend your knee,
But join with Heart and Soul and Voice,
For Jefferson and Liberty.

THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE[1]

[1803]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Louisiana was added to the United States because the hardy backwoods settlers had swarmed into the valleys of the Tennessee, the Cumberland, and the Ohio by hundreds of thousands; and had already begun to build their raw hamlets on the banks of the Mississippi, and to cover its waters with their flat-bottomed craft. . . . .

Jefferson was the least warlike of presidents, and he loved the French with a servile devotion. But his party was strongest in precisely those parts of the country where the mouth of the Mississippi was held to be of right the property of the United States; and the pressure of public opinion was too strong for Jefferson to think of resisting it. The South and the West were a unit in demanding that France should not be allowed to establish herself on the lower Mississippi. Jefferson was forced to tell his French friends that if their nation persisted in its purpose America would be obliged to marry itself to the navy and army of England. Even he could see that for the French to take Louisiana meant war with the United States sooner or later; and as above all

[1] From *The Winning of the West.*

things else he wished peace, he made every effort to secure the coveted territory by purchase. . . . .

It was no argument of Jefferson's or of the American diplomats, but the inevitable trend of events that finally brought about a change in Napoleon's mind. The army he sent to Hayti wasted away by disease and in combat with the blacks, and thereby not only diminished the forces he intended to throw into Louisiana, but also gave him a terrible object lesson as to what the fate of these forces was certain ultimately to be. The attitude of England and Austria grew steadily more hostile, and his most trustworthy advisers impressed on Napoleon's mind the steady growth of the Western-American communities, and the implacable hostility with which they were certain to regard any power that seized or attempted to hold New Orleans. Napoleon could not afford to hamper himself with the difficult defence of a distant province, and to incur the hostility of a new foe, at the very moment when he was entering on another struggle with his old European enemies. Moreover, he needed money in order to carry on the struggle. To be sure he had promised Spain not to turn over Louisiana to another power; but he was quite as incapable as any Spanish statesman, or as Talleyrand himself, of so much as considering the question of breach of faith or loss of honor, if he could gain any advantage by sacrificing either. Livingston was astonished to find that Napoleon had suddenly changed front, and that there was every prospect of gaining what for months had seemed impossible. For some time there was haggling over the terms. Napoleon at first demanded an exorbitant sum; but having once made up his mind to part with Louisiana his impatient disposition made him anxious to conclude the bargain. He rapidly abated his demands, and the cession was finally made for fifteen millions of dollars.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION[1]

[August 12, 1805]

PAUL ALLEN, EDITOR

Monday 12. [August, 1805.] This morning . . . . captain Lewis . . . . at the distance of four miles from his camp . . . . met a large plain Indian road which came into the cove from the northeast, and wound along the foot of the mountains to the southwest, approaching obliquely the main stream he had left yesterday. Down this road he now went towards the southwest: at the distance of five miles it crossed a large run or creek, which is a principal branch of the main stream into which it falls, just above the high cliffs or gates observed yesterday, and which they now saw below them: here they halted and breakfasted on the last of the deer, keeping a small piece of pork in reserve against accident: they then continued through the low bottom along the main stream near the foot of the mountains on their right. For the first five miles the valley continues towards the southwest from two to three miles in width; then the main stream, which had received two small branches from the left in the valley, turns abruptly to the west through a narrow bottom between the mountains. The road was still plain, and as it led them directly on towards the mountain the stream gradually became smaller, till after going two miles it had so greatly diminished in width that one of the men in a fit of enthusiasm, with one foot on each side of the river, thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri. As they went along their hopes of soon seeing the waters of the Columbia

[1] From journal of Captains Meriweather Lewis and William Clark.

Brown Bros.

SACAGAWEA, THE SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD INDIAN GUIDE
OF LEWIS AND CLARK

arose almost to painful anxiety, when after four miles from the last abrupt turn of the river, they reached a small gap formed by the high mountains which recede on each side, leaving room for the Indian road. From the foot of one of the lowest of these mountains, which rises with a gentle ascent of about half a mile, issues the remotest water of the Missouri. They had now reached the hidden sources of that river, which had never yet been seen by civilized man; and as they quenched their thirst at the chaste and icy fountain—as they sat down by the brink of that little rivulet, which yielded its distant and modest tribute to the parent ocean, they felt themselves rewarded for all their labours and all their difficulties. They left reluctantly this interesting spot, and pursuing the Indian road through the interval of the hills, arrived at the top of a ridge, from which they saw high mountains partially covered with snow still to the west of them. The ridge on which they stood formed the dividing line between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. They followed a descent much steeper than that on the eastern side, and at the distance of three quarters of a mile reached a handsome bold creek of cold clear water running to the westward. They stopped to taste for the first time the waters of the Columbia; and after a few minutes followed the road across steep hills and low hollows, till they reached a spring on the side of a mountain: here they found a sufficient quantity of dry willow brush for fuel, and therefore halted for the night; and having killed nothing in the course of the day supped on their last piece of pork, and trusted to fortune for some other food to mix with a little flour and parched meal, which was all that now remained of their provisions.

THE WAR OF 1812[1]

Saving State Papers and Washington's Portrait

White House, Tuesday, August 23, 1814

Dear Sister,—My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's house until his return on the morrow, or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him, and the success of our army, he left, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the Cabinet papers, public and private. I have since received two despatches from him, written with a pencil. The last is alarming, because he desires I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage, and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger than had at first been reported, and it might happen that they would reach the city with the intention of destroying it.

I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, so that he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him. Disaffection stalks around us. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C. with his hundred, who were stationed as a guard in this inclosure. French John (a faithful servant), with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder, which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.

[1] Letter from Dolly Madison, mistress of the White House.

Wednesday Morning, twelve o'clock.—Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas! I can descry only groups of military, wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit to fight for their own fireside.

Three o'clock.—Will you believe it, my sister? we have had a battle, or skirmish, near Bladensburg, and here I am still, within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us! Two messengers, covered with dust, come to bid me fly; but here I mean to wait for him. . . . . At this late hour a wagon has been procured, and I have had it filled with plate and the most valuable portable articles, belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the "Bank of Maryland," or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting till the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found toc tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out. It is done! and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell!

DOLLY.

THE CONSTITUTION'S LAST FIGHT*

[1812]

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew—
Constitution, where ye bound for?
Wherever, my lad, there's fight to be had,
Acrost the Western Ocean.

Our captain was married in Boston town
And sailed next day to sea;
For all must go when the State says so;
Blow high, blow low, sailed we.

"Now what shall I bring for a bridal gift
When my home-bound pennant flies?
The rarest that be on land or sea
It shall be my lady's prize."

"There's never a prize on sea or land
Could bring such joy to me
As my true love sound and homeward bound
With a king's ship under his lee."

The Western Ocean is wide and deep,
And wild its tempests blow,
But bravely rides Old Ironsides,
A-cruising to and fro.

We cruised to the East and we cruised to the North,
And Southing far went we,
And at last off Cape de Verde we raised
Two frigates sailing free.

Oh, God made man, and man made ships,
But God makes very few
Like him who sailed our ship that day
And fought her, one to two.

He gained the weather-gage of both,
He held them both a-lee;
And gun for gun till set of sun,
He spoke them fair and free;

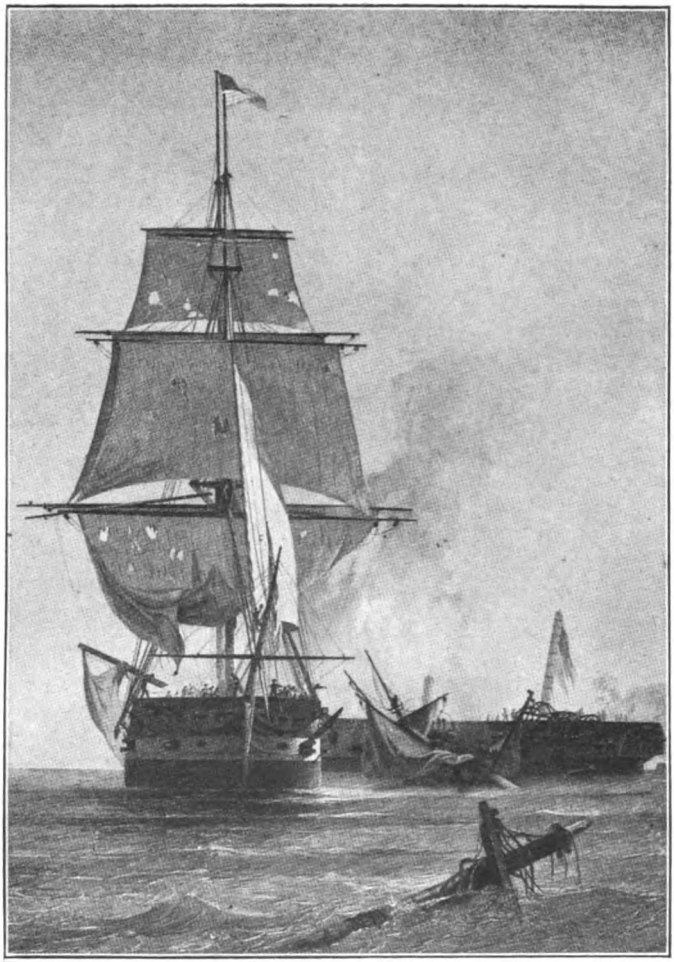
Till the night-fog fell on spar and sail
And ship and sea and shore,
And our only aim was the bursting flame
And the hidden cannon's roar.

Then a lifting rift in the mist showed up
The stout Cyane close-hauled
To swing in our wake and our quarter rake,
And a boasting Briton bawled:

"Starboard and larboard we've got him fast
Where his heels won't carry him through:
Let him luff or wear, he'll find us there—
Ho, Yankee, which will you do?"

We did not luff and we did not wear,
But braced our topsails back,
Till the sternway drew us fair and true
Broadsides athwart her track.

Athwart her track and across her bows
We raked her fore and aft,
And out of the fight and into the night
Drifted the beaten craft.



Brown Bros. *From the engraving by Smillie after the painting by Alonzo Chappel*

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "GUERRIÉRE"

The slow Levant came up too late;
No need had we to stir.
Her decks we swept with fire and kept
The flies from troubling her.

We raked her again, and her flag came down,
The haughtiest flag that floats,
And the Limejuice dogs lay there like logs,
With never a bark in their throats.

With never a bark and never a bite,
But only an oath, to break,
As we squared away for Praya Bay
With our prizes in our wake.

Parole they gave and parole they broke,
What matters the cowardly cheat,
If the captain's bride was satisfied
With the one prize laid at her feet?

A Yankee ship and a Yankee crew—
Constitution, where ye bound for?
Wherever the British prizes be,
Though it's one to two, or one to three—
Old Ironsides means Victory,
Acrost the Western Ocean!

PERRY'S VICTORY[1]*

[September 10, 1813]

CHARLES JARED INGERSOLL

Perry's capture of the British fleet on Lake Erie opened the way to Harrison's capture of Proctor on the Thames, and the relief of the entire west from British thraldom;

[1] From *Historical Sketch of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain.*

except, however, Mackinaw, which they continued to hold. . . . .

On the 9th September, Barclay sailed forth. As soon as Perry heard of it, on the 10th, he also made sail from Put-in-Bay, where his fleet was at anchor. As the fleets neared each other, the wind was unfavourable to Perry, who went to battle leaving his enemy the advantage of the weather-gage. A fortunate change of wind during the anxious moments of approximation gave to Perry that advantage which he was willing to forego. He was much younger than the English commander, who had learned his duties under Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, where that heroic admiral executed the master-stroke of British naval superiority by breaking through the opposing fleet, cutting it asunder and subjecting it to still greater disadvantage than a hostile army must undergo from being out-flanked and beset at the same moment rear and front. Perry and his young comrades had never seen the effect of a broadside. The whole art of naval combat by fleets was a mystery to them. But their enthusiasm was guided by that calmness which is the life of hostilities, and from first to last on that glorious day, good fortune never failed to attend their noble daring. Perry's ship, leading into action, for a long time bore the brunt. When completely disabled, most of the crew killed or wounded, guns dismounted, equipments dismantled, the vessel a mere unmanageable wreck, Perry himself, without a scar, under the influence of one of those revelations of genius, which are decisive, got into his boat and had himself rowed, through showers of musketry, to Elliott's ship, which had not been injured. In that uninjured vessel, after a short consultation between those two young commanders, Perry, with the blessing of a favourable breeze just then springing up, made for and broke

through the enemy's line, firing broadsides right and left with great effect. At the same time Elliott, by similar boldness, got into his boat and rowing through a shower of balls which covered him with their splashing in the water, instantly brought up the smaller vessels from their distant places to support their commander. In a very

From the painting by William Powell

PERRY AT THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE

few minutes the whole British fleet was subdued. The same afternoon Perry dispatched his classically short and pregnant letters to General Harrison and the secretary of the navy. A month afterwards, on the 8th October, 1813, the Canadian Commander-in-Chief Prevost's official letter to Bathurst, the Colonial Secretary, makes the remarkable acknowledgment that all Prevost then knew of the defeat of the British squadron on Lake Erie was derived from the American account of it, "the only one," says the English commander, "I can expect to receive for

a great length of time, in consequence of the dangerous situation of Captain Barclay, and of the death, wounds, or captivity of *all* the officers serving under him." . . . .

At a public ball given to him at Terrebonne, in Canada, on the 20th of April, Barclay's just and manly toast was "*Commodore Perry, the gallant and generous enemy.*" . . . . Barclay dared to speak the truth, which was no small daring to the British government and people.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER*

[September 13, 1814]

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

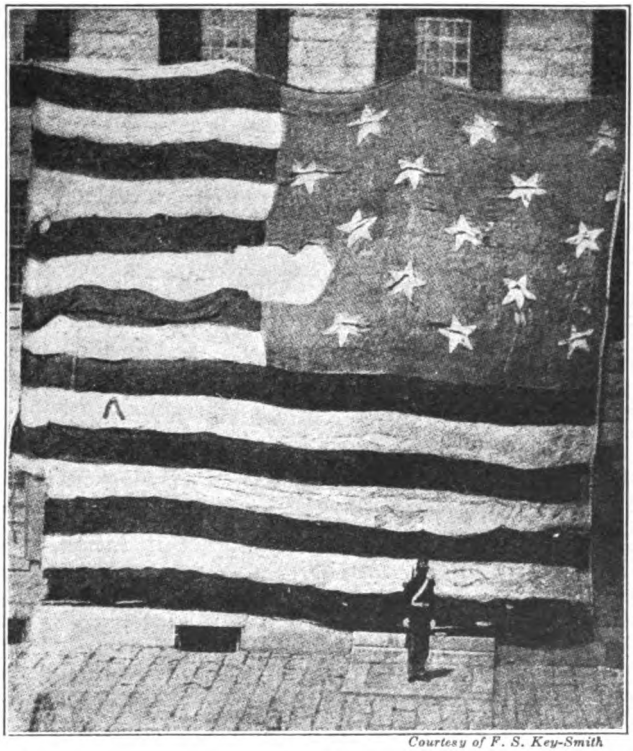
O say! can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam.
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Courtesy of F. S. Key-Smith

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution;
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;



Courtesy of F. S. Key-Smith

THE ORIGINAL STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust";
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

EXTRACT FROM ANDREW JACKSON'S ADDRESS[1]

[1815]

Citizens and fellow soldiers! The enemy has retreated, and your general has now leisure to proclaim to the world what he has noticed with admiration and pride—your undaunted courage, your patriotism, and patience, under hardships and fatigues.—Natives of different States, acting together for the first time in this camp; differing in habits and in language, instead of viewing in these circumstances the germ of distrust and division, you have made them the source of an honorable emulation, and from the seeds of discord itself have reaped the fruits of an honorable union. This day completes the fourth week since fifteen hundred of you attacked treble your number of men, who had boasted of their discipline and their services under a celebrated leader, in a long and eventful war—attacked them in their camp, the moment they had profaned the soil of freedom with their hostile tread, and inflicted a blow which was a prelude to the final

[1] Directed by Major-General Jackson to be read at the head of each of the corps composing the line below New Orleans, January 21, 1815.

From the portrait by Thomas Sully

ANDREW JACKSON

result of their attempt to conquer, or their poor contrivances to divide us. A few hours was sufficient to unite the gallant band, though at the moment they received the welcome order to march, they were separated many leagues, in different directions from the city. The gay rapidity of the march, and the cheerful countenances of the officers and men, would have induced a belief that some festive entertainment, not the strife of battle, was the scene to which they hastened with so much eagerness and hilarity. In the conflict that ensued, the same spirit was supported, and my communications to the executive of the U. S. have testified the sense I entertained of the merits of the corps and officers that were engaged. Resting on the field of battle, they retired in perfect order on the next morning to these lines, destined to become the scene of future victories, which they were to share with the rest of you, my brave companions in arms Scarcely were your lines a protection against musket shot, when on the 28th a disposition was made to attack them with all the pomp and parade of military tactics, as improved by those veterans of the Spanish war. . . . .

Never, my brave friends, can your General forget the testimonials of attachment to our glorious cause, of indignant hatred to our foe, of affectionate confidence in your chief, that resounded from every rank, as he passed along your line. This animating scene damped the courage of the enemy; he dropped his scaling ladders and fascines, and the threatened attack dwindled into a *demonstration*, which served only to shew the emptiness of his parade, and to inspire you with a just confidence in yourselves.

The new year was ushered in with the most tremendous fire his whole artillery could produce; a few hours only,

however, were necessary for the brave and skilful men who directed our own to dismount his cannon, destroy his batteries, and effectually silence his fire. Hitherto, my brave friends, in the contest on our lines, your courage has been passive only; you stood with calmness, a fire that would have tried the firmness of a veteran, and you anticipated a nearer contest with an eagerness which was soon to be gratified.

On the 8th of Jan. the final effort was made. At the dawn of day the batteries opened and the columns advanced. Knowing that the volunteers from Tennessee and the militia from Kentucky were stationed on your left, it was there they directed their chief attack.

Reasoning always from false principles, they expected little opposition from men whose officers even were not in uniform. . . . .

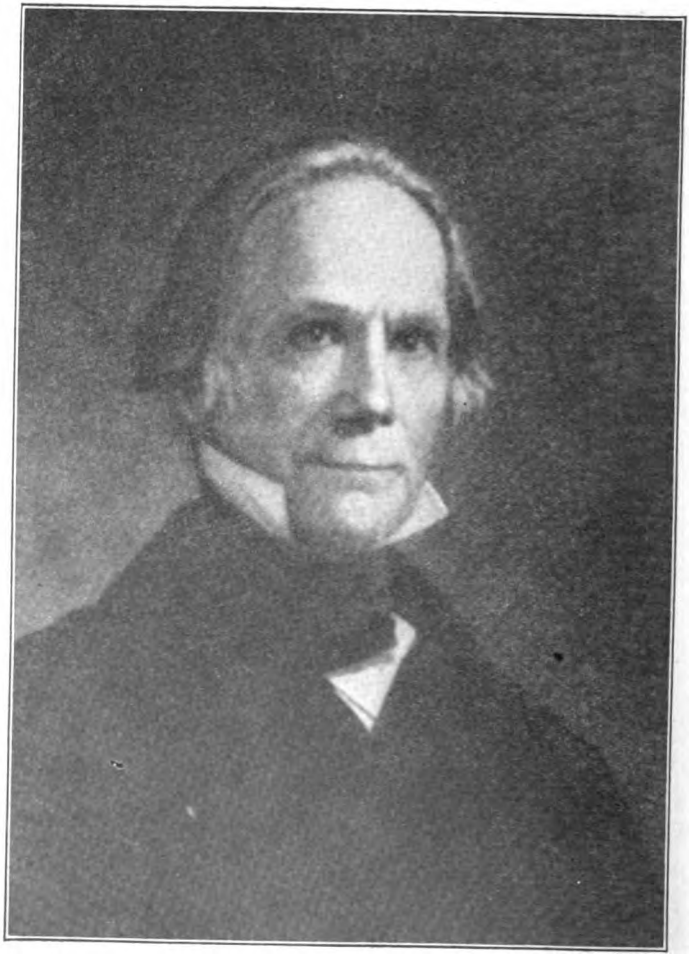
THE MISSOURI COMPROMISE[1]

[1820]

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH

When the bill to admit Missouri as a State was finally, in January of 1820, brought before Congress, the measure was opposed by those who had desired the exclusion of slavery. But at that time the new Free State of Maine was asking for admission into the Union; and those who favored slavery in Missouri determined to exclude Maine unless Missouri should also be admitted. After another angry debate, which lasted till the 16th of February, the bill coupling the two new States together was actually passed; and then Senator Thomas of Illinois made a motion that henceforth and forever slavery should be excluded from all that part of the Louisiana cession—

[1] From *A Popular History of the United States of America.*



From the portrait by Henry Inman

HENRY CLAY

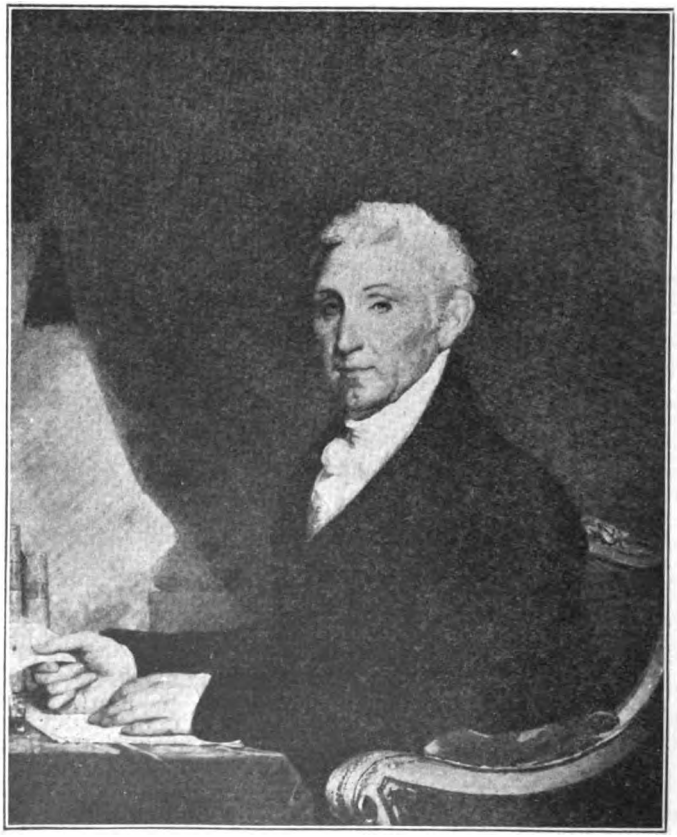
Missouri excepted — lying north of the parallel of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes. Such was the celebrated Missouri Compromise, one of the most important acts of American legislation — a measure chiefly supported by the genius, and carried through Congress by the persistent efforts of Henry Clay. The principal conditions of the plans were these: *first*, the admission of Missouri as a slave-holding State; *secondly*, the division of the rest of the Louisiana purchase by the parallel of thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes; *thirdly* the admission of new States, to be formed out of the territory south of that line with or without slavery, as the people might determine; *fourthly*, the prohibition of slavery in all the new States to be organized out of territory north of the dividing-line. By this compromise the slavery agitation was allayed until 1849.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE*

[1823]

JAMES MONROE

In the wars of the European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are, of necessity, more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective Governments. And to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much



From the painting by Gilbert Stuart

JAMES MONROE

blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the Governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States.

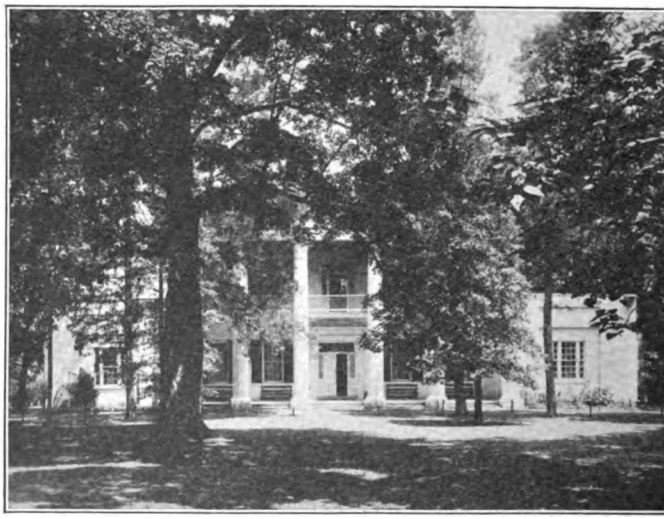
THE CHARACTER OF ANDREW JACKSON[1]

WOODROW WILSON

General Jackson had been bred by the rough processes of the frontier; had been his own schoolmaster and tutor; had made himself a lawyer by putting his untaught sagacity and sense of right to the test in the actual conduct of suits in court, as he had made himself a soldier by taking the field in command of frontier volunteers as unschooled as himself in discipline and tactics. There was a certain natural grace and sweetness in the man when he was at ease, and an impressive dignity always. "General Jackson's manners are more presidential than

[1] From *A History of the American People*. Copyright by Harper & Brothers.

those of any of the candidates," wrote a leading member of the House who was his opponent. "He is grave, mild, and reserved. My wife is for him decidedly." But his nature was compact of passion. His prejudices, once fixed, were ineradicable. He believed with all the terrible force that was in him, when once engaged in any



"THE HERMITAGE," ANDREW JACKSON'S HOME AT NASHVILLE

public matter, that those who were with him were his friends and the country's, those who were against him enemies of the country as well as of himself. Knowing his own convictions to be honest and formed without selfishness, he took their wisdom and their reasonableness for granted, and believed every one who held opinions opposed to them to be moved by some sort of public or private malice. He had declined at first to let his name be used in connection with the presidency, deeming

himself old at fifty-four (1821), feeling ill from the effects of the hardships he had undergone in Florida, and believing himself unfit for the office. But, candidacy once undertaken, his passion played along every line of emotion and conviction opened by the novel business, as if he were again in the field with troops, and his friends were themselves at a loss how to govern him.

It had needed such a striking personality as this to bring parties to a head. . . . . And so parties formed: *National* Republicans, as they began to call themselves, turned to Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams for leadership, while all "Democrats" of the older type turned to those who pressed the candidacy of General Jackson.

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

THOMAS Á BECKET, SR.

O Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus—When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threatened the land to deform,

The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm,
With the garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS

The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim!
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true!
The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

CHORUS.

HARRISON AND LIBERTY[1]*

[1840]

Tune—"Jefferson and Liberty"

From Mississippi's utmost shore,
To cold New Hampshire's piney hills;
From broad Atlantic's sullen roar,
To where the western ocean swells,—
How loud the notes of joy arise
From every bosom warm and free;
How strains triumphant fill the skies,
Of Harrison and Liberty!

Turn to the scroll, where patriot sires
Your independence did declare,

[1] From *Harrison Log Cabin Song Book*, published by I. N. Whiting, Columbus, 1840. Author unknown.

Whose words still glow like living fires,—
His father's name is written there.
That father taught that son to swear,
His country ne'er enslaved should be;
Then lend your voices to the air
For Harrison and Liberty!

O'er savage foes, who scourged our land,
Where Wayne so wild and madly burst,
Among his brave and gallant band
The youthful Harrison was first.
And where on Wabash's leafy banks,
Tecumseh's warriors gathered free;
How swift they fled before the ranks,
Of Harrison and Liberty!

When Meigs' Heights, his army held,
And haughty Britons circled round,
His conquering legions cleared the field,
While notes of triumph pealed around;
And though on Thames' tide again
His progress Proctor sought to stay,
Dismayed he fled; and left the plain
To Harrison and Liberty!

Now honored be his hoary age
Who glory for his country won;—
Shout for the hero, patriot, sage,
For William Henry Harrison;
Of all our chiefs he oftenest fought,
But never lost a victory,
And peace was gained and plenty bought
By Harrison and Liberty!

WHAT HAS CAUSED THIS GREAT COMMOTION?

(Tippecanoe and Tyler too)

Tune—"Little Pig's Tail"

A. C. ROSS

What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
Our country through?
It is the ball a rolling on, on

CHORUS

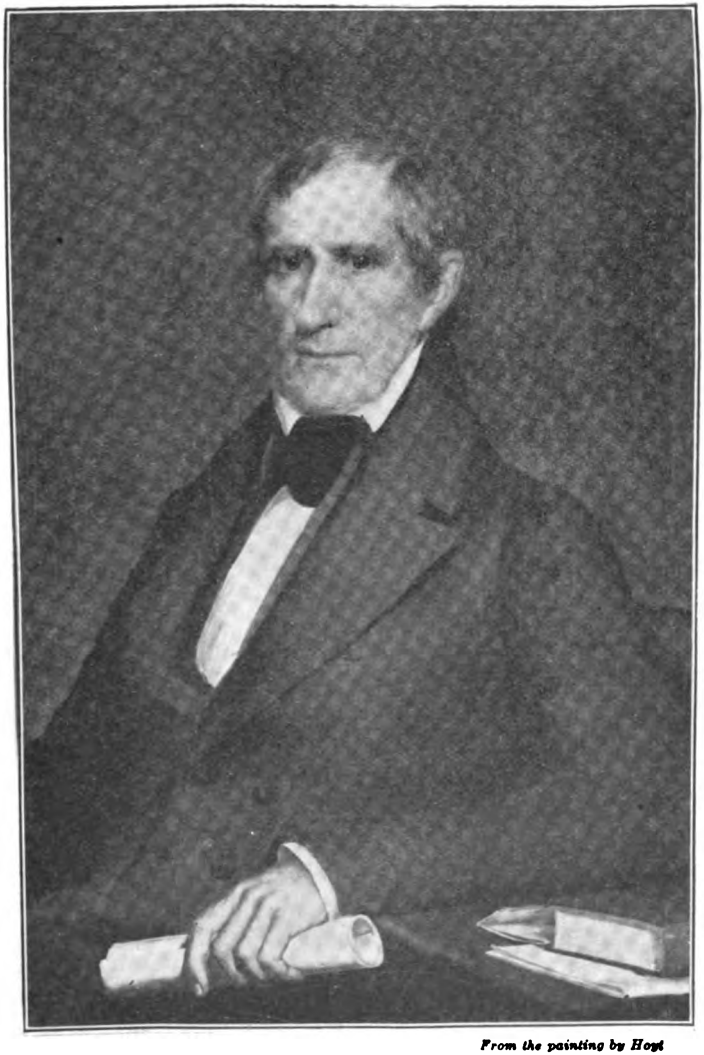
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van.
Van is a used up man.
And with them we'll beat little Van.

Like the rushing of mighty waters, waters, waters,
On it will go,
And in its course will clear the way
For Tippecanoe, etc.

See the loco standard tottering, tottering, tottering,
Down it must go,
And in its place we'll rear the flag
Of Tippecanoe, etc.

Don't you hear from every quarter, quarter, quarter,
Good news and true,
That swift the ball is rolling on
For Tippecanoe, etc.

The Buckeye boys turned out in thousands, thousands,
Not long ago,
And Columbus set their seals
To Tippecanoe, etc.



From the painting by Hoyt

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

Now you hear the Van Jacks talking, talking, talking,
Things look quite blue,
For all the world seems turning round
For Tippecanoe, etc.

Let them talk about hard cider, cider, cider,
And Log Cabins too,
It will only help to speed the ball
For Tippecanoe, etc.

His latch-string hangs outside the door, door, door,
And is never pulled through,
For it always was the custom
Of Tippecanoe, etc.

He always had his table set, set, set
For all honest and true,
And invites them to take a bite
With Tippecanoe, etc.

See the spoilsmen and leg treasures, treasures, treasures,
All in a stew,
For well they know they stand no chance
With Tippecanoe, etc.

Little Matty's days are numbered, numbered, numbered,
Out he must go,
For in his place we'll place the good
Old Tippecanoe, etc.

Now who shall we have for governor, governor,
Who, tell me who?
Let's have Tom Crowin, for he's a team
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too—Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with him we'll beat Wilson Shannon, Shannon,
Shannon is a used up man,
And with him we'll beat Wilson Shannon!

COMMERCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

HOW THE COTTON GIN WAS MADE[1]

[1792]

EUGENE CLYDE BROOKS

Eli Whitney had already learned a great deal about cotton, but he did not know how difficult it was to separate the seed from the lint. He visited the slaves and saw them at work. Men, women, and children sat in circles around the basket and picked the seed out at night by the light of tallow candles.

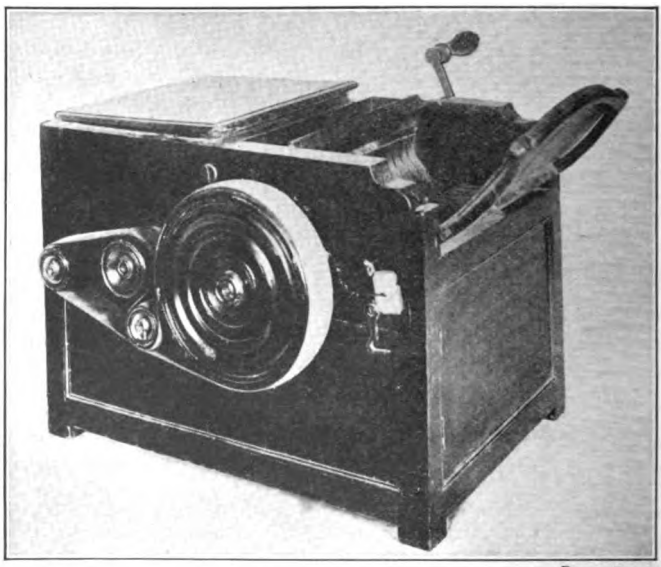
He took home with him a small basketful of cotton and began experimenting. He made the necessary tools to work with. The overseer of Mrs. Greene's plantation agreed to furnish the money, and Whitney went to work in earnest. Mrs. Greene and her overseer had high hopes of success, and a shop was fitted up in the basement, where the inventor worked behind closed doors. After studying his plans carefully he saw that they would work. . . . .

His idea was to take a cylinder and mount it on a strong frame so that it could be turned by hand. On the cylinder were to be rows of nails or wires, called teeth. As the cylinder turned, these teeth were to pass through narrow openings in a curved plate which he first made of wire. When the cylinder turned, its short teeth would catch the cotton and drag it through the grating, tearing the lint from the seed and dropping it on the other side, soft and clean.

[1] From *The Story of Cotton.*

It was a success. Mrs. Greene and her overseer were enthusiastic. They knew his fortune was made, and that he had invented a great machine for the use of the planters of the South. . . . .

It is reported that Whitney was badly treated in the South; and these reports have found their way into other

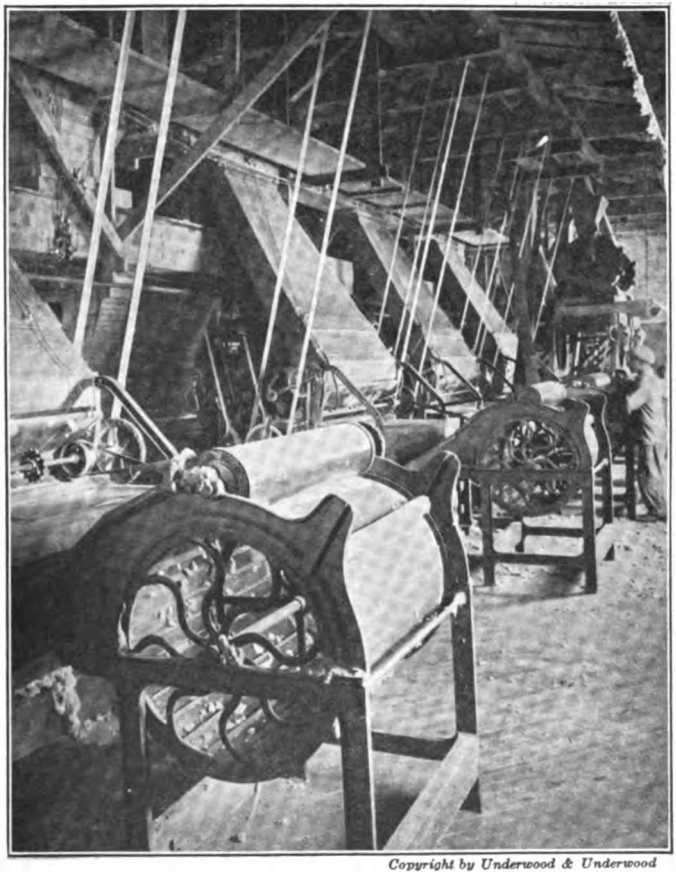


THE FIRST COTTON GIN

Brown Bros.

books dealing with his great inventions. This seems to rest on the rumor, frequently told, that Whitney's first model was stolen and his patent was appropriated by others, causing much subsequent litigation. The first Whitney gin used wires or spikes in the cylinder. Two years later there was a gin in use in Georgia that used the saw instead of spikes or wires. This saw gin was patented by Hodgen Holmes, of Augusta, Georgia.

When this gin began to be used in Georgia, Whitney and his partner brought suit against the company that was selling the gin, and a great litigation was the result. There were tried in Georgia twenty-seven suits for infringement. Whitney claimed that the saw gin was his



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A BATTERY OF GINS IN A MODERN GINNING PLANT

invention, and that all similar patents or gins were taken from his gin. . . . . The court finally decided in Whitney's favor, and the sale of the other patent was prohibited. In all these and other litigations that Whitney was engaged in to protect his gin, no mention was made by him that his original models were stolen. This seems to be a myth that sprang up after Whitney's death.

He visited the legislatures of many cotton states and urged them to buy the patent rights for use in the respective states. South Carolina purchased the right for that state, paying fifty thousand dollars. . . . . In 1804 North Carolina bought the right for that state, agreeing to pay two shillings and six pence on each saw used in a gin within the state for four years. The amount paid to the inventor was about thirty thousand dollars. . . . .

Whitney received from the state of Tennessee about ten thousand dollars, making in all about ninety thousand dollars for his invention.

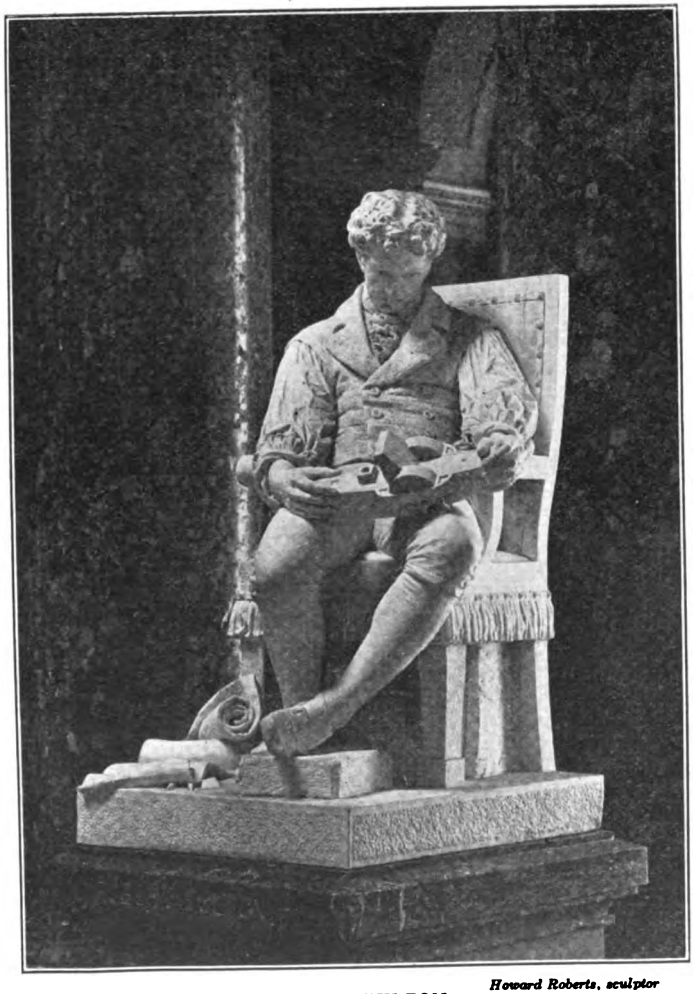
While the world may never know who conceived the idea of the circular gin saw, the original idea was Eli Whitney's, and in 1807 the United States Supreme Court decided the most important case in his favor; and the world to-day acknowledges that he made one of the greatest contributions to the South.

FULTON AND HIS FIRST STEAMBOAT

[1807]

JOSEPH STORY

. . . . I myself have heard the illustrious inventor relate, in an animated and affecting manner, the history of his labors and discouragements. "When," said he,



Howard Roberts, sculptor

ROBERT FULTON

"I was building my first steamboat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference, or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled cast of incredulity on their countenances. I felt the full force of the lamentation of the poet:

> 'Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
> All fear, none aid you, and few understand.'

As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers, gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull, but endless, repetition of the Fulton Folly. Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness, veiling its doubts, or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived, when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest, that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification, and not of my triumph. I was well aware, that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed

to present themselves from other causes. The moment arrived, in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety, mixed with fear, among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so —it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated, that I knew not what was the matter; but if they would be quiet, and indulge me for a half hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, and discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was again put in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous. None seemed willing to trust the evidence of their own senses. We left the fair city of New York; we passed through the romantic and ever-varying scenery of the highlands; we descried the clustering houses of Albany; we reached its shores; and then, even then, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact. It was then doubted, if it could be done again; or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

Such was the history of the first experiment, as it fell, not in the very language which I have used, but in its substance, from the lips of the inventor. He did not live, indeed, to enjoy the full glory of his invention. It is

mournful to say, that attempts were made to rob him, in the first place, of the merit of his invention, and, next, of its fruits. He fell a victim to his efforts to sustain his title to both. When already his invention had covered the waters of the Hudson, he seemed little satisfied with the results, and looked forward to far more extensive operations. . . . . "I may not live to see it" [he said]; "but the Mississippi will yet be covered by steamboats; and thus an entire change be wrought in the course of the internal navigation and commerce of our country."

And it has been wrought. And the steamboat, looking to its effects upon commerce and navigation, to the combined influences of facilities of travelling and facilities of trade, of rapid circulation of news, and still more rapid circulation of pleasures and products, seems destined to be numbered among the noblest benefactions to the human race.

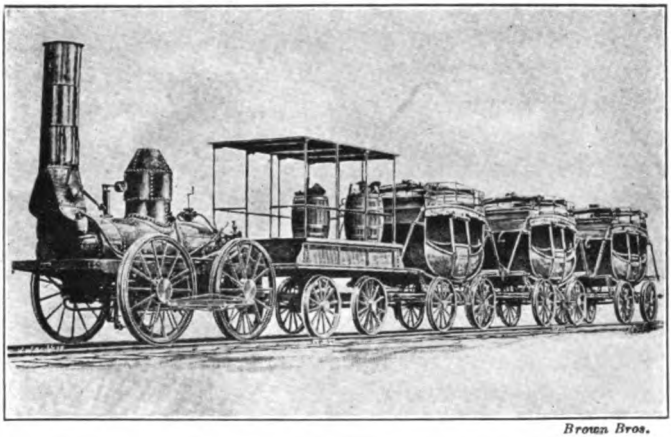
THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE SERVICE[1]

[1830]

JOHN LUTHER RINGWALT

"In 1828 John B. Jervis, chief engineer of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, sent his assistant, Horatio Allen, to England to investigate the application of steam to land transportation. Allen became convinced that Stephenson's ideas were destined to revolutionize commerce, and he, therefore, bought for the canal company three engines to be used on the initial railway in the United States. In May, 1829, the first of the engines was landed here; was put together by Allen, and exhibited at the foundry for some weeks. It was queer-looking enough, having four

[1] From *The Transportation System in the United States.*



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AN 1831 TRAIN, THE DE WITT CLINTON ENGINE AND STAGE COACH CARS

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A TWENTIETH-CENTURY ENGINE AND COACHES

wheels connected by side rods. Vertical cylinders on each side of the rear end of the boiler communicated motion to a vast walking beam, attached to the side rods of the driving wheels by other long iron rods. The engine was, indeed, so covered with rods and joints that it resembled a vast grasshopper. Having been delivered at Honesdale [Pennsylvania] in due season, on the 9th of August, 1829, Allen had it put on the track, consisting of hemlock stringers or rails, in section, 6 × 12 inches, on which bars of rolled iron, 2¼ inches wide, and one-half inch thick, were spiked. The hemlock rails were supported by caps of timber ten feet from centre to centre. The engine weighed seven instead of three tons, as had been agreed upon. The rails had been warped, and as the road crossed the Lackawaxen river, after a sharp curve, on a slender hemlock trestle, which, it was believed, would not support the engine, Allen was besought not to imperil his life on it. He knew there was danger, but, ambitious to connect his name with the first locomotive in America, he determined to take the risk. He ran the engine up and down along the coal dock for a few minutes, and then invited some one of the large assembly present to accompany him. Nobody accepted, and, pulling the throttle valve open, he said good-bye to the crowd, and dashed away from the village around the abrupt curve, and over the trembling trestle, amid deafening cheers, at the rate of ten miles an hour. . . . . "

"On the 1st of April, 1830, one mile of the South Carolina Railroad had been laid and the first train was started over it. The 'train' consisted of a cranky four-wheel car which carried thirteen persons and three tons of freight. It was propelled by means of a large square sail, which was rigged up on a mast and accomplished a speed of fifteen miles an hour."

THE REAPER[1]

[1831]

SAMUEL EAGLE FORMAN

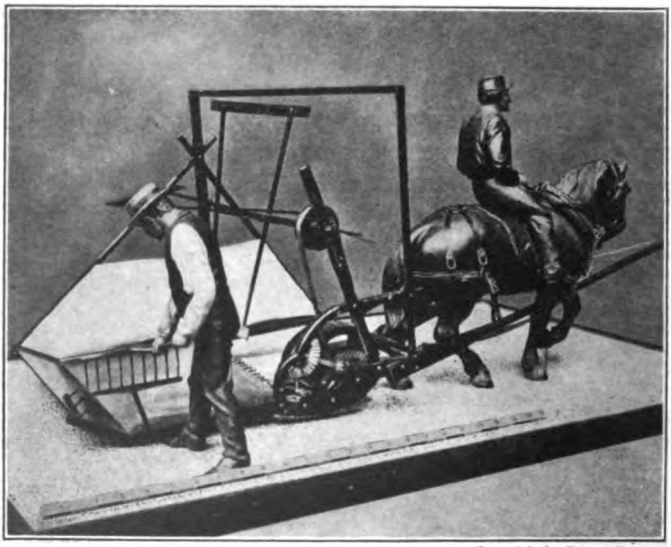
English inventors did much to prepare the way for a good reaping machine but the first really successful reaper, the first reaper that actually reaped, was made in the United States. In the summer of 1831, Cyrus McCormick, a young blacksmith living in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, made a trial of a reaper which he and his father had invented—how much they had learned from Ogle we do not know—and the trial was successful. With two horses he cut six acres of oats in an afternoon. "Such a thing," says Mr. Casson in his life of McCormick, "at the time was incredible. It was equal to the work of six laborers with scythes or twenty-four peasants with sickles. It was as marvelous as though a man had walked down the street carrying a dray horse on his back."

Although McCormick had his reaper in successful operation by 1831, he did not take out a patent for the machine until 1834. One year before this (in 1833) Obed Hussey, a sailor living in Baltimore, took out a patent for a reaper that was successful and that was in many respects as famous a machine as McCormick's. So while McCormick was the first in the field with his invention, Hussey was the first to secure a patent. The machines of McCormick and Hussey were very much alike: both had the platform, the iron bar armed with guards and the long knife moving to and fro. . . . .

The McCormick and the Hussey reapers gave new life to farming in the United States. Especially was the reaper a blessing to the Western farmers. In 1844

[1] From *Stories of Useful Inventions*.

McCormick took a trip through the West, passing through Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and Iowa. As he passed



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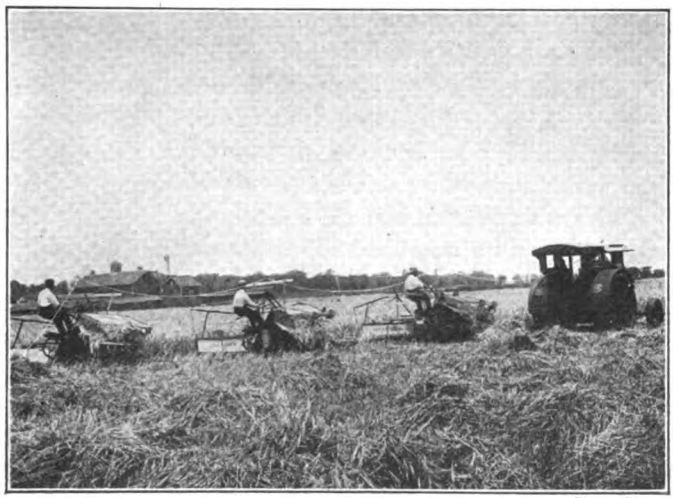
MODEL OF THE FIRST McCORMICK REAPER

through Illinois he saw how badly the reaper was needed. He saw great fields of ripe wheat thrown open to be devoured by hogs and cattle because there were not enough laborers to harvest the crop. The farmers had worked day and night and their wives and children had worked but they could not harvest the grain; they had raised more than the scythe and sickle could cut. McCormick saw that the West was the natural home for the reaper and in 1847 he moved to Chicago, built a factory, and began to make reapers. In less than a year he had orders for 500 machines and before ten years had passed he had sold nearly 25,000 reapers. It was these reapers

that caused the frontier line to move westward at the rate of thirty miles a year.

Improvements upon machines of Hussey and McCormick came thick and fast. One of the first improvements was to remove the grain from the platform in a better way. With the first machines a man followed the reaper and removed the grain with a rake. Then a seat was provided and the man sat on the reaper and raked off the grain. Finally the *self-raking* reaper was invented. in this machine, as it appeared in its completed form about 1865, the reel and rake were combined. The reel consisted of a number of revolving arms each of which carried a rake. As the arms revolved they not only moved the standing grain toward the knife, but they also swept the



Brown Bros.

MODERN SELF-BINDING REAPERS AT WORK

platform and raked off the wheat in neat bunches ready to be bound into sheaves. So the self-raking reaper

saved the labor of the man who raked the wheat from the platform.

Because it saved the labor of one man the self-raking reaper was for a time the king of reaping machines. But it did not remain king long, for soon there came into the harvest fields a reaper that saved the labor of several men. This was the *self-binder*. With the older machines, as the grain was raked off the platform it was gathered and bound into sheaves by men who followed the reaper, one reaper requiring the services of three or four or five human binders. With the self-binder the grain was gathered into sheaves and neatly tied without the aid of human hands. At first, wire was used in binding the sheaves but by 1880 most self-binders were using twine. So the self-binder saved the labor not only of the man who raked the grain from the platform but it saved the labor of all the binders as well.

The last step in the development of the reaper was taken when the *complete harvester* was invented. This machine cuts the standing grain, threshes it, winnows it, and places it in sacks. As this giant reaper travels over the field one sees on one side the cutting bar 15 to 25 feet in length slicing its way through the wheat, while on the other side of the machine streams of grain run into sacks which, as fast as they are filled, are hauled to the barn or to the nearest railway station. The complete harvester is either drawn by horses — 30 or 40 in number — or by a powerful engine. It cuts and threshes 100 acres of wheat in a day and the cost is less than 50 cents an acre. It does as much work in a day as could have been done by a hundred men before the days of McCormick. Of all the wonderful machines used by farmers the most wonderful is the complete harvester, the latest and the greatest of reapers.

THE TELEGRAPH[1]*

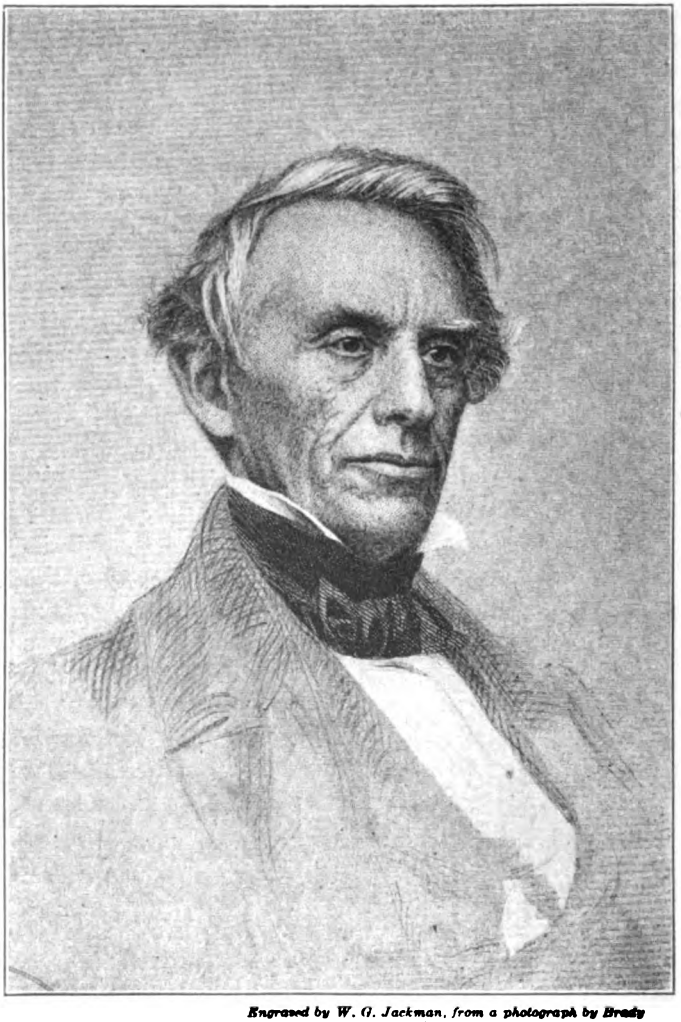
[Invented 1837]

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD

Standing in the presence of the great inventor, I am constrained to congratulate him upon the fulness of his triumph as he remembers the early effort, and contrasts it with the marvels of this night in this hall. That little instrument, no larger than the clock upon the chamber mantel, and making as little noise, is yet speaking to both America and Europe, and what it says will be printed before the dawn, and laid at morning under the eyes of millions of readers. Did I say before the dawn? It will meet the dawn in its circuit before it reaches the confines of Eastern Europe. In the opposite quarter, we know that the message which has just left us for the West will outstrip the day. Even while I have been speaking the message has crossed the Mississippi, passed the workmen laying the farthest rail of the Pacific road, bounded over the Sierra Nevada and dashed into the plains of California, as the last ray of to-day's sun is fading from the shore, and the twilight is falling upon the Pacific sea.

It is, however, not alone its history which justifies us in predicting for the telegraph indefinite extension. Its essential character must sooner or later carry it to every part of the habitable globe. Of all the agencies yet vouchsafed to man, it is the most accessible and the most potent. While the machinery itself is simple and cheap, the element from which it is fed is abundant and all-pervading. It is in the heaven above, in the earth beneath, and in the water under the earth. You take a little cup and pass into it a slender wire, when

[1] From a speech made in honor of Samuel F. B. Morse, New York City, December 27, 1868.



Engraved by W. G. Jackman, from a photograph by Brady

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE

lo! there comes to it a spark from air and water, from the cloud and the solid earth, which the highest mountains can not stop, nor the deepest seas drown, as it dashes on its fiery way, indifferent whether its errand be to the next village or to the antipodes. . . . .

To the use of such an instrument there can be no limit but the desire of man to converse with man. . . . . Indeed, I think that I declare not only what is possible but what will come to pass within the next decade, that there will be a telegraph-office wherever there is now a post-office, and that messages by the telegraph will pass almost as frequently as messages by the mail.

Then the different races and nations of men will stand, as it were, in the presence of one another. They will know one another better. They will act and react upon one another. They may be moved by common sympathies and swayed by common interests. Thus the electric spark is the true Promethean fire, which is to kindle human hearts. Then will men learn that they are brethren, and that it is not less their interest than their duty to cultivate good-will and peace throughout all the earth.

THE STORY OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE[1]

[Completed, July 27, 1866]

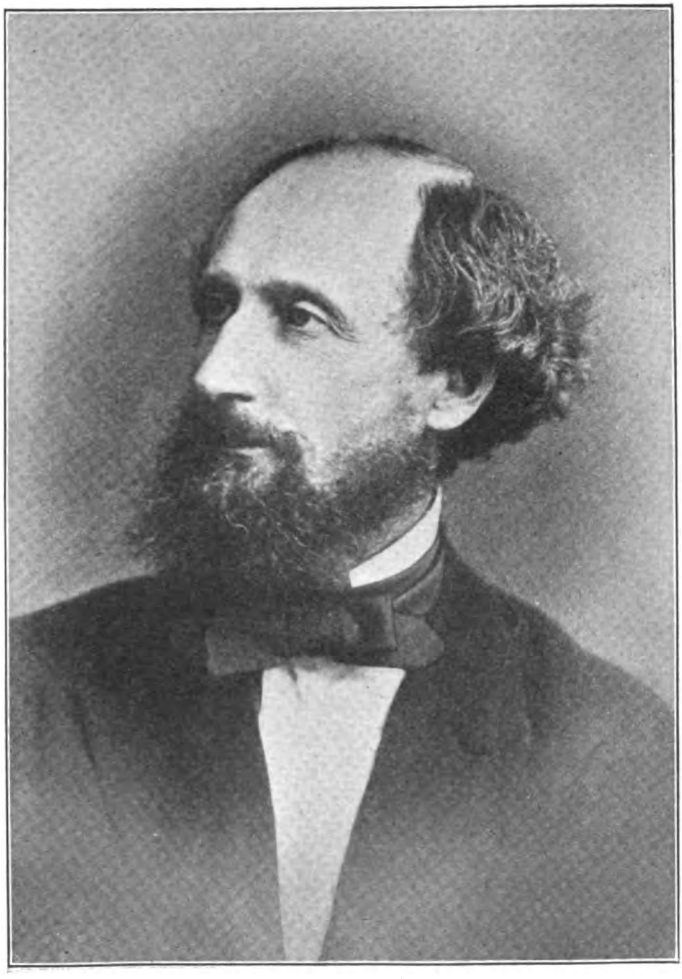
CYRUS WEST FIELD

After landing the cable safely at Newfoundland we had another task, to return to mid-ocean and recover that lost in the expedition of last year. This achievement had perhaps excited more surprise than the other.

[1] From an address at a banquet given in honor of Cyrus West Field by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, November 15, 1866, in commemoration of the final completion and success of the Atlantic cables.

Many even now "don't understand it"; and every day I am asked "how it was done." Well, it does seem rather difficult—to fish for a jewel at the bottom of the ocean two and a half miles deep, but it is not so very difficult—when you know how. You may be sure we did not go fishing at random, nor was our success mere "luck"—it was the triumph of the highest nautical and engineering skill. We had four ships and on board of them some of the best seamen in England, men who knew the ocean as a hunter knows every trail in the forest. There was Captain Moriarty, who was in the "Agamemnon" in 1857–58. He was in the "Great Eastern" last year and saw the cable when it broke; and he and Captain Anderson at once took their observations so exact that they could go right to the spot. After finding it, they marked the line of the cable by a row of buoys; for fogs would come down and shut out sun and stars so that no man could take an observation. These buoys were anchored a few miles apart. They were numbered, and each one had a flag staff on it, so that it could be seen by day, and a lantern by night.

Thus having taken our bearings we stood off three or four miles so as to come broadside on, and then casting over the grapnel we drifted slowly down upon it, dragging the bottom of the ocean as we went. At first it was a little awkward to fish in such deep water, but our men got used to it and soon could cast a grapnel almost as straight as an old whaler throws a harpoon. Our fishing-line was of formidable size. It was made of rope twisted with wires of steel so as to bear a strain of thirty tons. It took about two hours for the grapnel to reach the bottom, and we could tell when it struck. I often went to the bow and sat on the rope and could feel by the quiver that the grapnel was dragging on the bottom

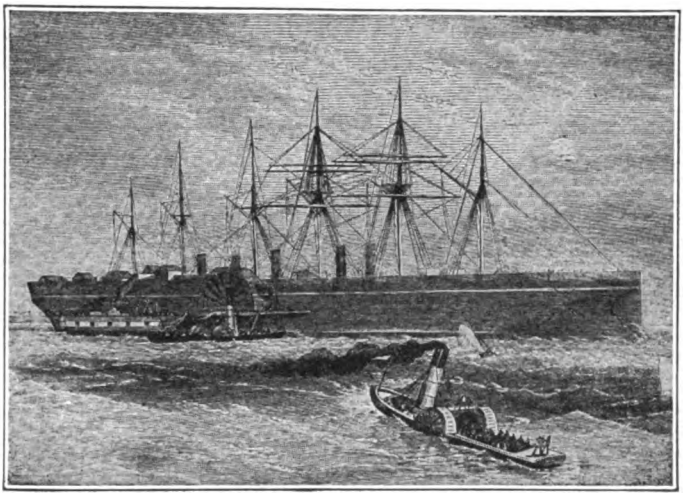


CYRUS WEST FIELD

two miles under us. But it was a very slow business. We had storms and calms and fogs and squalls. Still we worked on day after day. Once, on the 17th of August, we got the cable up, and had it in full sight for five minutes, a long slimy monster fresh from the ooze of the ocean's bed; but our men began to cheer so wildly that it seemed to be frightened, and suddenly broke away and went down into the sea. This accident kept us at work two weeks longer; but finally on the last night of August we caught it. We had cast the grapnel thirty times. It was a little before midnight on Friday night that we hooked the cable, and it was a little after midnight Sunday morning when we got it on board.

What was the anxiety of those twenty-six hours! The strain on every man's life was like the strain on the cable itself. When finally it appeared it was midnight; the lights of the ship and in the boats around our bows as they flashed in the faces of the men showed them eagerly watching for the cable to appear on the water. At length it was brought to the surface. All who were allowed to approach crowded forward to see it; yet not a word was spoken; only the voices of the officers in command were heard giving orders. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when it was brought over the bow and on to the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it, to feel of it to be sure it was there. Then we carried it along to the electricians' room to see if our long-sought treasure was living or dead. A few minutes of suspense and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Then did the feeling long pent up burst forth. Some turned away their heads and wept. Others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from man to man and was heard down in the engine-rooms deck below deck, and from

the boats on the water, and the other ships, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea. Then with thankful hearts we turned our faces again to the west. But soon the wind rose and for thirty-six hours we were exposed to all the dangers of a storm on the Atlantic. Yet in the very height and fury of the gale as I sat in the electricians'



THE "GREAT EASTERN" OFF SHEERNESS, ENGLAND, RECEIVING THE ATLANTIC CABLE ON BOARD

room a flash of light came up from the deep which, having crossed to Ireland, came back to me in mid-ocean telling that those so dear to me whom I had left on the banks of the Hudson were well and following us with their wishes and their prayers. This was like a whisper of God from the sea bidding me keep heart and hope. The "Great Eastern" bore herself proudly through the storm as if she knew that the vital chord which was to join two hemispheres hung at her stern; and so on Saturday, September 7th, we brought our second cable safely to the shore.

But the "Great Eastern" did not make her voyage alone. Three other ships attended her across the ocean —the "Albany," the "Medway," and the "Terrible,"— the officers of all of which exerted themselves to the utmost. The Queen of England has shown her appreciation of the services of some of those more prominent in the expedition, but if it had been possible to do justice to all, honors would have been bestowed upon many others; if this cannot be, at least let their names live in the history of this enterprise with which they will be forever associated. When I think of them all—not only of those on the "Great Eastern," but of Captain Commerill of the "Terrible," and his first officer Mr. Curtis (who with their ship came with us not only to Heart's Content but afterwards to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, to help in laying the new cable), and of the officers of the other ships, my heart is full. Better men never trod a deck. If I do not name them all it is because they are too many; their ranks are too full of glory. Even the sailors caught the enthusiasm of the enterprise and were eager to share in the honor of the achievement. Brave, stalwart men they were—at home on the ocean and in the storm—of that sort that have carried the flag of England around the globe. I see them now as they drag to shore the end by the beach at Heart's Content, hugging it in their brawny arms, as if it were a shipwrecked child whom they had rescued from the dangers of the sea. God bless them all.

THE SOUTHWEST AND THE PACIFIC COAST

THE ALAMO[1]

[1836]

[One of the most heroic letters in American historical documents is that of Travis announcing the opening of the siege.]

COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO—
BEJAR, F'by 24th 1836—

To the People of Texas & all Americans in the world.

FELLOW CITIZENS & COMPATRIOTS—I am besieged, by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual Bombardment & cannonade for 24 hours & have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, & our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat. Then*, I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism & everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all despatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily & will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible & die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor & that of his country.

VICTORY OR DEATH.

WILLIAM BARRET TRAVIS,
Lt. Col. Comdt.

[1] The original letter is on file in the Texas State Library.

P.S. The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight, we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses 80 or 90 bushels & got into the walls 20 or 30 head of Beeves.

TRAVIS

ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE[1]

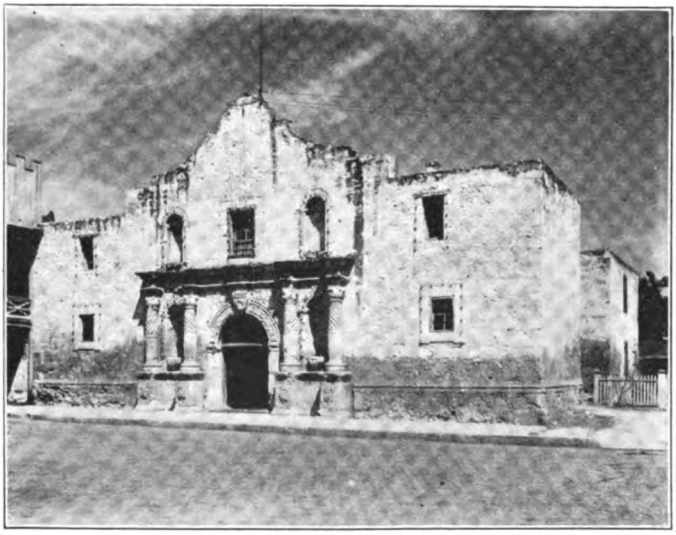
MARCIUS WILLSON

The cavalry formed a circle around the infantry for the double object of urging them on, and preventing the escape of the Texans; and amidst the discharge of musketry and cannon, the enemy advanced towards the Alamo. Twice repulsed in their attempts to scale the walls, they were again impelled to the assault by the exertions of their officers; and borne onward by the pressure from the rear, they mounted the walls, and, in the expressive language of an eye-witness, "tumbled over like sheep."

Then commenced the last struggle of the garrison. Travis received a shot as he stood on the walls cheering on his men; and, as he fell, a Mexican officer rushed forward to despatch him. Summoning up his powers for a final effort, Travis met his assailant with a thrust of his sword, and both expired together. The brave defenders of the fort, overborne by multitudes, and unable in the throng to load their fire-arms, continued the combat with the butt-end of their rifles, until only seven were left, and these were refused quarter. Of all the persons in the place [183], only two were spared — a Mrs. Dickerson, and a negro servant of the commandant.

[1] From *American History.*

Major Evans, of the artillery, was shot while in the act of firing the magazine by order of Travis. Colonel James Bowie, who had been confined several days by sickness, was butchered in his bed, and his remains savagely mutilated. Among the slain, surrounded by a heap of the enemy, who had fallen under his powerful arm, was the eccentric David Crockett, of Tennessee. The obstinate



THE ALAMO AT SAN ANTONIO

resistance of the garrison, and the heavy price which they exacted for the surrender of their lives, had exasperated the Mexicans to a pitch of rancorous fury, in which all considerations of decency and humanity were forgotten. . . . . No authenticated statement of the loss of the Mexicans has been obtained, although it has been variously estimated at from a thousand to fifteen hundred men.

EXTRACT FROM "THE OREGON TRAIL"[1]

[1843]

FRANCIS PARKMAN

In five or six days we began to see signs of the great western movement that was taking place. Parties of emigrants, with their tents and wagons, were encamped on open spots near the bank, on the way to the common rendezvous at Independence. On a rainy day, near sunset, we reached the landing of this place, which is some miles from the river, on the extreme frontier of Missouri. The scene was characteristic, for here were represented at one view the most remarkable features of this wild and enterprising region. On the muddy shore stood some thirty or forty dark slavish-looking Spaniards, gazing stupidly out from beneath their broad hats. They were attached to one of the Santa Fé companies, whose wagons were crowded together on the banks above. In the midst of these, crouching over a smouldering fire, was a group of Indians, belonging to a remote Mexican tribe. One or two French hunters from the mountains, with their long hair and buckskin dresses, were looking at the boat; and seated on a log close at hand were three men, with rifles lying across their knees. The foremost of these, a tall, strong figure, with a clear blue eye and an open, intelligent face, might very well represent that race of restless and intrepid pioneers whose axes and rifles have opened a path from the Alleghanies to the western prairies. He was on his way to Oregon, probably a more congenial field to him than any that now remained on this side of the great plains.

Early on the next morning we reached Kanzas, about five hundred miles from the mouth of the Missouri.

1 Copyright by Little, Brown, & Co.

Here we landed, and leaving our equipments in charge of Colonel Chick, whose log-house was the substitute for a tavern, we set out in a wagon for Westport, where we hoped to procure mules and horses for the journey. . . . .

Westport was full of Indians, whose little shaggy ponies were tied by dozens along the houses and fences. Sacs

From the painting by Emanuel Leutze

WESTWARD HO!

and Foxes, with shaved heads and painted faces, Shawanoes and Delawares, fluttering in calico frocks and turbans, Wyandots dressed like white men, and a few wretched Kanzas wrapped in old blankets, were strolling about the streets, or lounging in and out of the shops and houses.

As I stood at the door of the tavern, ... I recognized Captain C——, of the British army, who, with his brother, and Mr. R——, an English gentleman, was bound on a hunting expedition across the continent. . . . .

The Captain now urged it upon us that we should join forces and proceed to the mountains in company. . . . . We left them to complete their arrangements, while we pushed our own to all convenient speed. The emigrants, for whom our friends professed such contempt, were encamped on the prairie about eight or ten miles distant, to the number of a thousand or more, and new parties were constantly passing out from Independence to join them. They were in great confusion, holding meetings, passing resolutions, and drawing up regulations, but unable to unite in the choice of leaders to conduct them across the prairie. Being at leisure one day, I rode over to Independence. The town was crowded. A multitude of shops had sprung up to furnish the emigrants and Santa Fé traders with necessaries for their journey; and there was an incessant hammering and banging from a dozen blacksmiths' sheds, where the heavy wagons were being repaired, and the horses and oxen shod. The streets were thronged with men, horses, and mules. While I was in the town, a train of emigrant wagons from Illinois passed through, to join the camp on the prairie, and stopped in the principal street. A multitude of healthy children's faces were peeping out from under the covers of the wagons. Here and there a buxom damsel was seated on horseback, holding over her sunburnt face an old umbrella or a parasol, once gaudy enough, but now miserably faded. The men, very sober-looking countrymen, stood about their oxen; and as I passed I noticed three old fellows, who, with their long whips in their hands, were zealously discussing the doctrine of regeneration. The emigrants, however, are not all of this stamp. Among them are some of the vilest outcasts in the country. I have often perplexed myself to divine the various motives that give impulse to this migration;

but whatever they may be, whether an insane hope of a better condition in life, or a desire of shaking off restraints of law and society, or mere restlessness, certain it is, that multitudes bitterly repent the journey, and, after they have reached the land of promise, are happy enough to escape from it.

FIFTY-FOUR FORTY, OR FIGHT[1]

[1846]

WILLIAM BARROWS

More and more daily, as the weeks of this great debate went by, the claims and the hopes of peaceable conclusions gained ground. Calhoun rose to the dignity of the occasion and to the solemnity of the issue, while he urged delay and peaceful steps, saying: "A question of greater moment never has been presented to Congress from the days of the Revolution to the present.". . . .

When the debate had well progressed, Mr. Evans boldly foreshadowed a limitation of the claims of the extremists, and so narrowed the discussion and drew it toward the close: "I will not sit here and be told, over and over again, that our title to 54° 40′ is so clear, so beyond all possibility of doubt or hesitation that he who falters in maintaining it at once by the sword is recreant to the love of his country."

The United States had offered 49° from the mountains to the sea, and Great Britain had offered 49° from the mountains to the Columbia, and by it to the sea. Hence these incisive words of Mr. Evans cut off much verbiage and moved the controversy far along from rhetorical and political harangue toward an intelligent and equitable conclusion. "What, then, is the actual matter in dispute?

[1] From *Oregon*.

It is only that strip of land lying between the Columbia River and the latitude of forty-nine, being a triangle, extending along the Pacific two hundred miles and from the river to the ocean three hundred and fifty, containing in all, according to my computation, about 58,000 square miles."

Mr. Calhoun braced these views and hastened the conclusion by compromise in one of his best speeches, and Mr. Webster added impetus again in the same direction: "One who has observed attentively," he said, "what has transpired here and in England within the last three months, must, I think, perceive that public opinion, in both countries, is coming to a conclusion that this controversy ought to be settled, and is not very diverse, in the one country or the other, as to the general basis of such settlement. That basis is the offer made by the United States to England in 1826."

. . . .

As the debate went on over the resolution of notice to quit joint occupation, the tendency to compromise on 49° grew more and more evident, and finally this appeared inevitable. . . . .

The resolution of notice had passed the House February ninth, and came at once to the Senate. . . . . It was passed April 23, 1846, by a vote of forty-two to ten, with two important amendments: a strong suggestion to both governments that the differences between them be adjusted amicably and speedily, and that the President take his own time to serve the notice, and give it "at his discretion."

The notice was thus relieved of its war features, and Congress and the people of anxiety about war. . . . . The great debate over "Fifty-four Forty, or Fight" ended in a peaceful and mutually satisfactory manner.

THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA[1]

[1846]

THOMAS HART BENTON

It was the beginning of June. War had broken out between the United States and Mexico, but that was unknown in California. Mr. Frémont had left the two countries at peace when he set out upon his expedition, and was determined to do nothing to disturb their relations; he had even left California to avoid giving offence; and to return and take up arms in so short a time was apparently to discredit his own previous conduct, as well as to implicate his government. He felt all the responsibilities of his position; but the actual approach of Castro,[2] and the immediate danger of the settlers, left him no alternative. He determined to put himself at the head of the people, and to save the country. To repulse Castro was not sufficient: to overturn the Mexican government in California, and to establish Californian Independence, was the bold resolve, and the only measure adequate to the emergency. That resolve was taken, and executed with a celerity that gave it a romantic success. The American settlers rushed to his camp — brought their arms, horses and ammunition — were formed into a battalion; and obeyed with zeal and alacrity the orders they received. In thirty days all the northern part of California was freed from Mexican authority — Independence proclaimed — the flag of Independence raised — Castro flying to the south — the American settlers saved from destruction; and the British party in California counteracted and broken up in all their schemes.

This movement for independence was the salvation of California, and snatched it out of the hands of the British at the moment they were ready to clutch it.

[1] From *A Thirty Years View.*
[2] Commandant general of Monterey.

For two hundred years—from the time of the navigator Drake, who almost claimed it as a discovery and placed the English name of New Albion upon it—the eye of England has been upon California; and the magnificent bay of San Francisco, the great seaport of the North Pacific Ocean, has been surveyed as her own.

EXTRACT FROM "THE BIGLOW PAPERS"

[1846]

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

Ez for war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment aint to answer for it,
God'll send the bill to you.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
Trainin' round in bobtail coats,—
But it's curus Christian dooty
This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

They may talk o' Freedom's airy
Tell they're pupple in the face,—
It's a grand gret cemetary
Fer the barthrights of our race;
They jest want this Californy
So's to lug new slave-states in
To abuse ye, an' to scorn ye,
An' to plunder ye like sin.

Aint it cute to see a Yankee
Take sech everlastin' pains,
All to get the Devil's thankee
Helpin' on 'em weld their chains?
Wy, it's jest ez clear ez figgers,
Clear ez one an' one make two,
Chaps thet make black slaves o' niggers
Want to make wite slaves o' you.

Tell ye jest the eend I've come to
Arter cipherin' plaguy smart,
An' it makes a handy sum, tu,
Any gump could larn by heart;
Laborin' man an' laborin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame.
Ev'y thin' thet's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same.

'Taint by turnin' out to hack folks
You're agoin' to git your right,
Nor by lookin' down on black folks
Coz you're put upon by wite;
Slavery aint o' nary color,
'Taint the hide thet makes it wus,
All it keers fer in a feller
'S jest to make him fill its pus.

Want to tackle *me* in, du ye?
I expect you'll hev to wait;
Wen cold lead puts daylight thru ye
You'll begin to kal'late;
S'pose the crows wun't fall to pickin'
All the carkiss from your bones,
Coz you helped to give a lickin'
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Jest go home an' ask our Nancy
Wether I'd be sech a goose
Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy
The etarnal bung wuz loose!
She wants me fer home consumption,
Let alone the hay's to mow,—
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors thet's crowin'
Like a cockerel three months old,—
Don't ketch any on 'em goin',
Though they *be* so blasted bold;
Aint they a prime lot o' fellers?
'Fore they think on't guess they'll sprout
(Like a peach thet's got the yellers),
With the meanness bustin' out.

Wal, go 'long to help 'em stealin'
Bigger pens to cram with slaves,
Help the men thet's ollers dealin'
Insults on your fathers' graves;
Help the strong to grind the feeble,
Help the many agin the few,
Help the men thet call your people
Witewashed slaves an' peddlin' crew!

THE CAPTURE OF THE CITY OF MEXICO[1]

[1846]

WINFIELD SCOTT

The signal I had appointed for the attack was the momentary cessation of fire on the part of our heavy batteries. About eight o'clock in the morning of the 13th, judging that the time had arrived, by the effect of the missiles we had thrown, I sent an aide-de-camp to Pillow, and another to Quitman, with notice that the concerted signal was about to be given. Both columns now advanced with an alacrity that gave assurance of prompt success. The batteries, seizing opportunities, threw shots and shells upon the enemy over the heads of our men with good effect, particularly at every attempt to reënforce the works from without to meet our assault.

Major-General Pillow's approach on the west side, lay through an open grove filled with sharpshooters, who were speedily dislodged: when, being up with the front of the attack, and emerging into open space at the foot of a rocky acclivity, that gallant leader was struck down by an agonizing wound. . . . .

The broken acclivity was still to be ascended, and a strong redoubt, midway, to be carried, before reaching the castle on the heights. The advance of our brave men, led by brave officers, though necessarily slow, was unwavering, over rocks, chasms, and mines, and under the hottest fire of cannon and musketry. The redoubt now yielded to resistless valor, and the shouts that followed announced to the castle the fate that impended. The enemy were steadily driven from shelter to shelter. The retreat allowed not time to fire a single mine, without the certainty of blowing up friend and foe. Those who, at a distance, attempted to apply matches to the long

[1] From *Memoirs of Lieutenant General Winfield Scott.*

trains, were shot down by our men. There was death below, as well as above ground. At length the ditch and wall of the main work were reached; the scaling ladders were brought up and planted by the storming parties; some of the daring spirits, first in the assault, were cast down—killed or wounded; but a lodgment was soon made; streams of heroes followed; all opposition was overcome, and several of our regimental colors flung out from the upper walls, amidst long-continued shouts and cheers, which sent dismay into the capital. No scene could have been more animating or glorious. . . . .

The capital, however, was not taken by any one or two corps, but by the talent, the science, the gallantry, the vigor of this entire army. In the glorious conquest, *all* had contributed—early and powerfully—the killed, the wounded, and *the fit for duty* at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco (three battles), the Molinos del Rey, and Chapultepec—as much as those who fought at the gates of Belén and San Cosme.

. . . . We took possession (September 14) of this great capital with less than six thousand men! And I reassert, upon accumulated and unquestionable evidence, that, in not one of these conflicts, was this army opposed by fewer than three and a half times its numbers—in several of them by a yet greater excess.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA[1]*

[1848]

REV. WALTER COLTON

TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1848. My messenger sent to the mines, has returned with specimens of the gold; he dismounted in a sea of upturned faces. As he drew forth the yellow lumps from his pockets, and passed them

[1] From *Three Years in California.*

around among the eager crowd, the doubts, which had lingered till now, fled. All admitted they were gold, except one old man, who still persisted they were some Yankee invention, got up to reconcile the people to the change of flag. The excitement produced was intense; and many were soon busy in their hasty preparations for a departure to the mines. The family who had kept house for me caught the moving infection. Husband and wife were both packing up; the blacksmith dropped his hammer, the carpenter his plane, the mason his trowel, the farmer his sickle, the baker his loaf, and the tapster his bottle. All were off for the mines, some on horses, some on carts, and some on crutches, and one went in a litter. An American woman, who had recently established a boarding-house here, pulled up stakes, and was off before her lodgers had even time to pay their bills. Debtors ran, of course. I have only a community of women left, and a gang of prisoners, with here and there a soldier, who will give his captain the slip at the first chance. I don't blame the fellow a whit; seven dollars a month, while others are making two or three hundred a day! that is too much for human nature to stand.

SATURDAY, JULY 15. The gold fever has reached every servant in Monterey; none are to be trusted in their engagement beyond a week, and as for compulsion, it is like attempting to drive fish into a net with the ocean before them. Gen. Mason, Lieut. Lanman, and myself, form a mess; we have a house, and all the table furniture and culinary apparatus requisite; but our servants have run, one after another, till we are almost in despair; . . . . this morning, for the fortieth time, we had to take to the kitchen, and cook our own breakfast. A general of the United States Army, the commander of a man-of-war, and the Alcalde of Monterey, in a smoking kitchen, grinding coffee, toasting a herring, and pealing

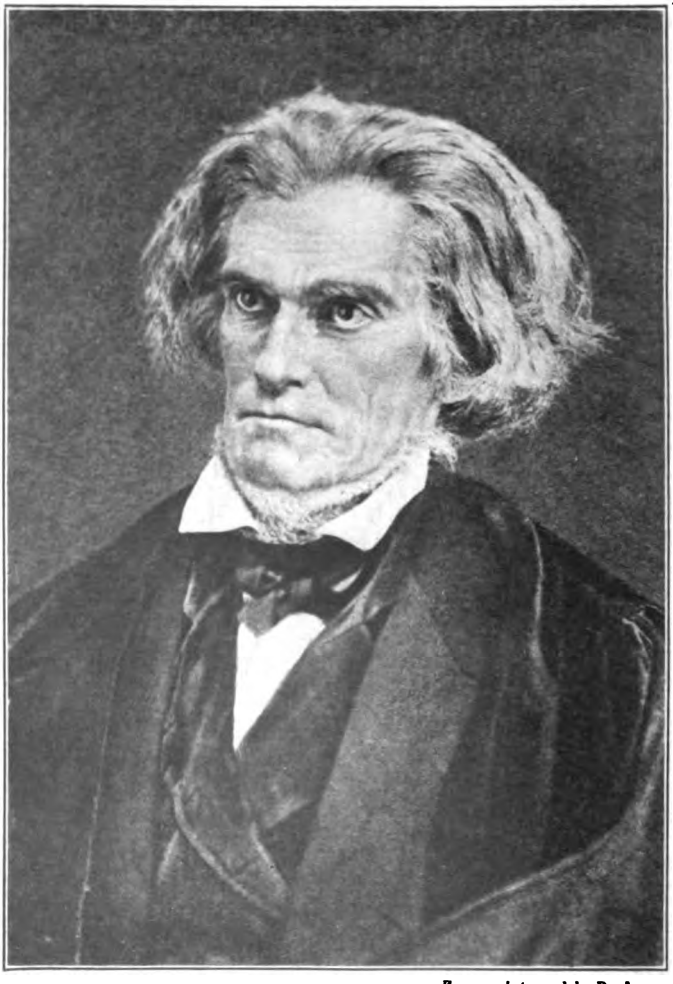
onions! These gold mines are going to upset all the domestic arrangements of society, turning the head to the tail, and the tail to the head. . . . .

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 29. . . . . We met a company of Californians about mid-day, on their return from the mines, and a more forlorn looking group never knocked at the gate of a pauper asylum. . . . . They inquired for bread and meat: we had but little of either, but shared it

Brown Bros.

PANNING FOR GOLD

with them. They took from one of their packs a large bag of gold, and began to shell out a pound or two in payment. We told them they were welcome; still they seemed anxious to pay, and we were obliged to be positive in our refusal. This company, as I afterwards ascertained, had with them over a hundred thousand dollars in grain gold. One of them had the largest lump that had yet been found; it weighed over twenty pounds; and he seemed almost ready to part with it for a mess of pottage. What is gold where there is nothing to eat? — the gilded fly of the angler in a troutless stream.



From a photograph by Brady

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

THE BEGINNING OF DIVISION

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH[1]

[1850–1860]

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN

. . . . There is a question of vital importance to the Southern section, in reference to which the views and feelings of the two sections are opposite and hostile as they can possibly be.

I refer to the relations between the two races in the Southern section, which constitutes a vital portion of her social organization. Every portion of the North entertains views and feelings more or less hostile to it. Those most opposed and hostile regard it as a sin, and consider themselves under the most sacred obligation to use every effort to destroy it. Indeed, to the extent that they conceive they have power, they regard themselves as implicated in the sin, and responsible for suppressing it, by the use of all and every means. Those less opposed and hostile regard it as a crime — an offense against humanity, as they call it, and, although not so fanatical, feel themselves bound to use all efforts to effect the same object. While those who are least opposed and hostile regard it as a blot and a stain on the character of what they call a nation, and feel themselves accordingly bound to give it no countenance or support. On the contrary, the Southern section regards the relation as one which cannot be destroyed without subjecting the two races to

[1] From Calhoun's last speech, delivered in the Senate, 1850.

the greatest calamity, and the section to poverty, desolation, and wretchedness, and accordingly feels bound, by every consideration of interest, safety, and duty, to defend it.

This hostile feeling on the part of the North toward the social organization of the South long lay dormant; but it only required some cause, which would make the impression on those who felt most intensely that they were responsible for its continuance, to call it into action. The increasing power of this government, and of the control of the Northern section over all of it, furnished the cause. It was they made an impression on the minds of many that there was little or no restraint to prevent the government to do whatever it might choose to do. This was sufficient of itself to put the most fanatical portion of the North in action, for the purpose of destroying the existing relation between the two races in the South.

THE SLAVE QUESTION[1]

[1816–1824]

JAMES WILFORD GARNER AND HENRY CABOT LODGE

As regards the slavery question, the situation was as follows: Of the thirteen original States seven had abolished slavery, while six still retained it. The free States had been increased by the addition of four others—Vermont, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. The slave States had been increased by the addition of five others—Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, making the number of each equal, eleven slave States and eleven free States. The balance between the slave and free States had been preserved by the alternate

[1] From *History of the United States.* Published by permission of the Howard-Severance Company, owners of the copyright.

admission of Northern and Southern States, and so the controversy was thus kept down until now.

A strong sentiment against slavery had been rapidly developing in the North, however, and the national government had gone to the limit of its powers in attacking the evil. It had abolished the foreign slave trade at the beginning of the year 1808, the earliest date that the Constitution permitted, and in 1819 offenses against this act were declared to be piracy, and consequently punishable with death. Over slavery in the States, however, it was admitted by all that the Constitution gave the national government no powers of interference. Before any restrictions could be placed upon it the Constitution would have to be amended, and it was well known that an amendment could not be secured until more States hostile to slavery could be created. The friends of freedom, therefore, bestirred themselves to secure the admission of free States.

At this time it was generally admitted by Southern statesmen, as well as Northern, that Congress had plenary powers in the Territories, and could, therefore, prohibit slavery in them. By this means these parts of the country might be settled by a free population, which would in time organize States from which slavery would be excluded, and when a sufficient number of these were created the Constitution could be amended so as to empower Congress to abolish slavery in the States where it already existed. On account of the extraordinary majority required to adopt an amendment, it was evident that this would be a slow and tedious process, all the more so if the South should continue to insist upon the maintenance of the equilibrium by the alternate admission of slave and free States. Moreover, Congress had already lost an opportunity by admitting the southern portion

of the vast domain acquired from France as a slave State, and it would, therefore, be difficult to prohibit slavery in the adjoining portions of the Territory.

The only other possible means which the Constitution seemed to afford was the power conferred upon Congress to admit new States to the Union from time to time. According to the language of the Constitution this power is both general and discretionary, and it was asserted by many that Congress might, in admitting a State, impose the condition upon it that it should have a constitution forbidding slavery. Congress had, in fact, imposed conditions, and the opportunity was now offered for testing its power in the case of slavery. The question was raised by the application in 1818 of the Territory of Missouri for admission to the Union as a State, but no action was taken upon the application at this session. In the same year a bill was brought in for the organization of a territorial government for Arkansas, embracing the territory lying between Louisiana and the proposed State of Missouri. The question of slavery in the remaining territory of Louisiana was now seriously raised. A New York member moved that slavery be prohibited in the Territory of Arkansas, and the resolution was lost only by the casting vote of the speaker, Henry Clay. In the next year the Territory was organized with no mention of slavery.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD[1]

HENRIETTA ELIZABETH MARSHALL

This Underground Railroad was not a railroad, and it was not underground. It was simply a chain of houses about twenty miles or so apart where escaped slaves might be sure of a kindly welcome. The railroad was managed by men who felt pity for the slaves and helped them to escape. It went in direct roads across the States to Canada. The escaping slaves moved so secretly from one house to another that it almost seemed as if they must have gone underground. So the system came to be called the Underground Railroad, and the friendly houses were the stations.

Once a runaway slave reached one of these friendly houses or stations he would be hidden in the attic or cellar or some safe place. There he would be fed and cared for until night came again. Then the password would be given to him, and directions how to reach the next underground station. And with the pole star for his guide he would set out.

Arriving at the house in the dusk of early morning, before anyone was astir he would knock softly at the door.

"Who's there?" would be asked.

Then the runaway would give the password in answer. Perhaps it would be "William Penn," or "a friend of friends," or sometimes the signal would be the hoot of an owl. And hearing it the master of the underground station would rise and let the "passenger" in.

[1] From *This Country of Ours*. Copyright by George H. Doran Co.

Sometimes the slaves came alone, sometimes in twos and threes or even more. As many as seventeen were hidden one day at one of the stations.

Thousands of slaves were in this way helped to escape every year. It was a dangerous employment for the station-masters, and many were found out and fined. They paid the fines, they did not care for that; and went on helping the poor slaves.

Most of the people connected with the underground railway were white, but some were coloured. One of the most daring of these was Harriet Tubman. She helped so many of her countrymen to escape that they called her "Moses" because she had led them out of the land of bondage. She was nearly white, but had been a slave herself. And having escaped from that fearful bondage she now spent her life in trying to free others.

Again and again, in spite of the danger in being caught, she ventured into the Southern States to bring back a band of runaway slaves. And she was so clever and so full of resource that she always brought them safely away. More than once when she saw she was being tracked she put herself and her little company into a train, taking tickets for them southwards. For she knew that no one would suspect them to be runaway slaves if they were travelling south. Then when their track was covered, and danger of pursuit over, they all turned north again.

Harriet was both brave and clever, and when the Civil War broke out she served as a scout for the Northern Army, earning the praise of those who employed her. She lived to be very old, and died not many years ago, happy to know that all her countrymen were free.

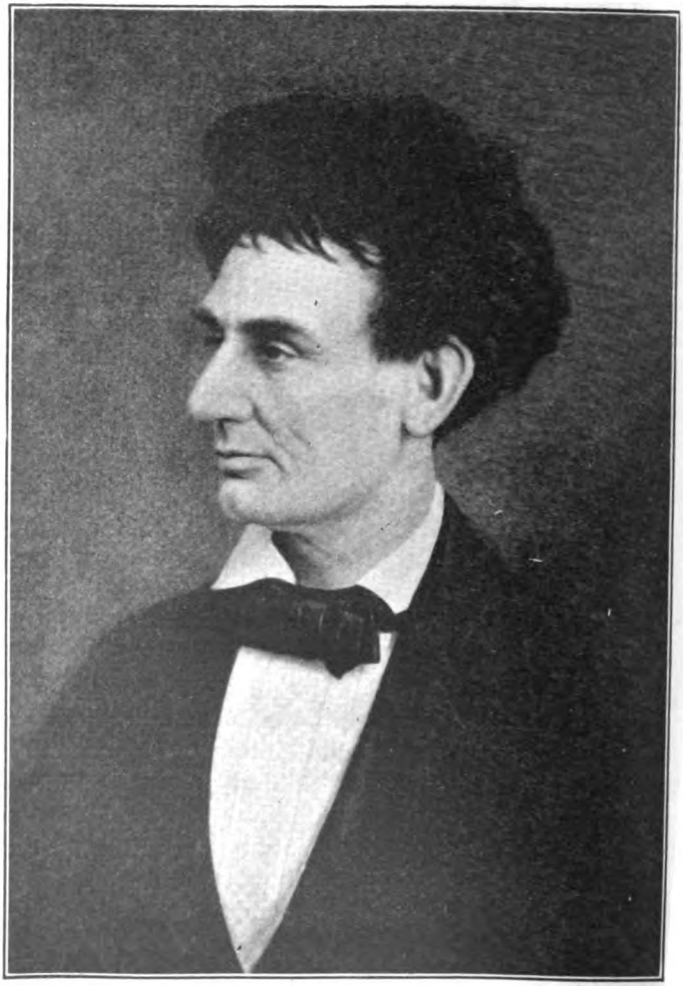
LINCOLN'S HATRED OF SLAVERY BUT SYMPATHY WITH SLAVE-HOLDERS[1]

. . . . I hate it [slavery] because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives our republican example of its just influence in the world; enables the enemies of free institutions with plausibility to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity; and especially because it forces so many good men among ourselves into an open war with the very fundamental principles of civil liberty, criticizing the Declaration of Independence, and insisting that there is no right principle of action but self-interest.

Before proceeding let me say that I think I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them, they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we should not instantly give it up. This I believe of the masses North and South. Doubtless there are individuals on both sides who would not hold slaves under any circumstances, and others who would gladly introduce slavery anew if it were out of existence. . . . .

When Southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we are, I acknowledge the fact. When it is said that the institution exists, and that it is very difficult to get rid of it in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. I surely will not blame them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself. If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do as to the existing institution. My first impulse would be to free all the slaves, and send them to Liberia, to their own native land. But a moment's reflection would

[1] From speech made by Lincoln at Peoria, October 16, 1854.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS A YOUNG MAN

convince me that whatever of high hope (as I think there is) there may be in this in the long run, its sudden execution is impossible. If they were all landed there in a day, they would all perish in the next ten days; and there are not surplus shipping and surplus money enough to carry them there in many times ten days. What then? Free them all, and keep them among us as underlings? Is it quite certain that this betters their condition? I think I would not hold one in slavery at any rate, yet the point is not clear enough for me to denounce people upon. What next? Free them, and make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this, and if mine would, we well know that those of the great mass of whites will not. Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgment is not the sole question, if indeed it is any part of it. A universal feeling, whether well or ill founded, cannot be safely disregarded. We cannot then make them equals. It does seem to me that systems of gradual emancipation might be adopted, but for their tardiness in this I will not undertake to judge our brethren of the South.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION[1]*

[1857]

JUSTICE JOHN Mc LEAN

If the great and fundamental principles of our government are never to be settled, there can be no lasting prosperity. The Constitution will become a floating waif on the billows of popular excitement.

The prohibition of slavery north of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes, and of the State of Missouri, contained

[1] Benjamin C. Howard, Report of Decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

in the act admitting that State into the Union, was passed by a vote of 134, in the House of Representatives, to 42. Before Mr. Monroe signed the Act, it was submitted by him to his Cabinet, and they held the restriction of slavery in a territory to be within the constitutional powers of Congress. It would be singular, if in 1804, Congress had power to prohibit the introduction of slaves in Orleans territory from any other part of the Union, under the penalty of freedom to the slave, if the same power, embodied in the Missouri Compromise, could not be exercised in 1820.

But this law of Congress, which prohibits slavery north of Missouri and of thirty-six degrees, thirty minutes, is declared to have been null and void by my brethren. And this opinion is founded mainly, as I understand, on the distinction drawn between the ordinance of 1787 and the Missouri Compromise line. In what does the distinction consist? The Ordinance, it is said, was a compact entered into by the confederated States before the adoption of the Constitution; and that in the cession of territory authority was given to establish a territorial government. . . . .

It is said the territories are common property of the States and that every man has a right to go there with his property. This is not controverted. But the Court says a slave is not property beyond the operation of the local law which makes him such. Never was a truth more authoritatively and justly uttered by man. Suppose a master of a slave in a British island owned a million of property in England; would that authorize him to take his slaves with him to England? The Constitution, in express terms, recognizes the *status* of slavery as founded on the municipal law: "No person held to service or labor in one State, ***under the laws***

thereof, escaping into another, shall," etc. Now, unless the fugitive escape from a place where, by the municipal law, he is held to labor, this provision affords no remedy to the master. What can be more conclusive than this? Suppose a slave escape from a territory where slavery is not authorized by law, can he be reclaimed?

In this case, a majority of the Court have said that a slave may be taken by his master into a territory of the United States, the same as a horse, or any other kind of property. It is true this was said by the Court, as also many other things, which are of no authority. Nothing that has been said by them, which has not a direct bearing on the jurisdiction of the Court, against which they decided, can be considered as authority. I shall certainly not regard it as such. The question of jurisdiction, being before the Court, was decided by them authoritatively, but nothing beyond that question. A slave is not a mere chattel. He bears the impress of his Maker, and is amenable to the laws of God and man; and he is destined to an endless existence. . . . .

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF[1]

[1858]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been

[1] From Lincoln's speech at Springfield, Illinois, June 17, 1858, at the close of the Republican state convention which had named him for United States senator.

reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.

The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkeys have to part:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady, etc.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,—
No matter, 't will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road:—
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Weep no more, my lady, etc.

THE ORIGINAL "DIXIE"

[1859]

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten;
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land, whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! look away! look away! Dixie Land.

Chorus.—Den I wish I was in Dixie! Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's Land we'll take our stand, to lib an' die in Dixie.
Away! away! away down South in Dixie.
Away! away! away down South in Dixie.

In Dixie Land de darkies grow,
If white folks only plant dar toe;
Look away! etc.
Dey wet de groun' wid 'bakker smoke,
Den up de darkies' head will poke,
Look away! etc.

CHORUS.

Missus married Will de weaber,
Will, he was a gay deceaber;
Look away! etc.
When he put his arms around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty pounder,
Look away! etc.

CHORUS.

Old missus die,—she took a decline,
Her face was de color ob bacon-rhine;
Look away! etc.
How could she act de foolish part,
An' marry a man to broke her heart,
Look away! etc.

CHORUS.

Den here's a health to de next ole missus
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us;
Look away! etc.
Den hoe it down an' scratch yoa grabble,
To Dixie Land I'm boun' to trabble,
Look away! etc.

CHORUS.

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT

FAREWELL TO HOME FOLKS[1]

[1861]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here

Photograph by Eugene J. Hall

MARRIAGE BOND OF LINCOLN'S PARENTS

I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended

[1] Remarks to Springfield neighbors on leaving for Washington, February 11, 1861.

him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

SPEECH IN INDEPENDENCE HALL

[February 22, 1861]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprang the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated in and were given to the world from this hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and framed and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but hope to all

the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved on that basis? If it can, I will consider myself one of the happiest men in the world if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed and war. There is no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course; and I may say in advance that there will be no bloodshed unless it be forced upon the government. The government will not use force, unless force is used against it.

My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called on to say a word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something toward raising a flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. [Cries of "No! No!"] But I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and, if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by.

THE SECESSION OF SOUTH CAROLINA[1]

[1861]

[December 19, 1861] the first committee appointed to draft an ordinance of secession made their formal report, submitting with it for the consideration of the convention the following measure:

[1] From *Confederate Military History.* Edited by General Clement A. Evans.

"An ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled, 'The Constitution of the United States of America.'

"We, the people of the State of South Carolina, in convention assembled, do declare and ordain and it is hereby declared and ordained that the ordinance adopted by us in convention on the twenty-third day of May in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States was ratified, and also all acts and all parts of acts of the General Assembly of the State ratifying amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States under the name of the United States of America is hereby dissolved."

The convention was fully prepared to vote and the ordinance was passed unanimously. Thus South Carolina was placed in political relations where the State stood on the date of the Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776. The passage of the act was followed by a ceremonial signing, which was done in the presence of the governor and both branches of the legislature, after which President Jamison announced, "The Ordinance of Secession has been signed and ratified, and I proclaim the State of South Carolina an independent commonwealth." On the 24th Governor Pickens issued his formal proclamation, announcing the same event and declaring to the world that South Carolina "is, as she has a right to be, a separate, sovereign, free and independent State."

The "Address of the convention to the Southern States" and the "Declaration of the causes which justify the secession of South Carolina from the Union" were read and adopted after full debate. The committee on relations

with Southern States advised the appointment of a commissioner to each State convention as the bearer of our invitation to unite in forming a Southern Confederacy under a Constitution similar to that of the United States. The Convention passed provisional regulations for continuing commerce and administering State government in all departments, thus securing the people against anarchy.

THE CONFLICT

ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC[1]

ETHEL LYNN BEERS

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

[1] First appeared as "The Picket Guard" in *Harper's Weekly*, November 30, 1861.

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—"Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER[1]

[1861–1865]

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

Our ideas of the life and business of a soldier were drawn chiefly from the adventures of Ivanhoe and Charles O'Malley, two worthies with whose personal history almost every man in the army was familiar. The men who volunteered went to war of their own accord, and

[1] From *A Rebel's Recollections*. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

were wholly unaccustomed to acting on any other than their own motion. They were hardy lovers of field sports, accustomed to outdoor life, and in all physical respects excellent material of which to make an army. But they were not used to control of any sort, and were not disposed to obey anybody for good and sufficient reason given. While actually on drill they obeyed the word of command, not so much by reason of its being proper to obey a command, as because obedience was in that case necessary to the successful issue of a pretty performance in which they were interested. Off drill they did as they pleased, holding themselves gentlemen, and as such bound to consult only their own wills. Their officers were of themselves, chosen by election, and subject, by custom, to enforced resignation upon petition of the men. . . . .

In the camp of instruction at Ashland, where the various cavalry companies existing in Virginia were sent to be made into soldiers, it was a very common thing indeed for men who grew tired of camp fare to take their meals at the hotel, and one or two of them rented cottages and brought their families there, excusing themselves from attendance upon unreasonably early roll-calls, by pleading the distance from their cottages to the parade ground. Whenever a detail was made for the purpose of cleaning the camp-ground, the men detailed regarded themselves as responsible for the proper performance of the task by their servants, and uncomplainingly took upon themselves the duty of sitting on the fence and superintending the work. . . . .

It was in this undisciplined state that the men who afterwards made up the army under Lee were sent to the field to meet the enemy at Bull Run and elsewhere, and the only wonder is that they were ever able to fight at all. They were certainly not soldiers. They were as

ignorant of the alphabet of obedience as their officers were of the art of commanding. And yet they acquitted themselves reasonably well, a fact which can be explained only by reference to the causes of their insubordination in camp. These men were the people of the South, and the war was their own; wherefore they fought to win it of their own accord, and not at all because their officers commanded them to do so. Their personal spirit and their intelligence were their sole elements of strength. Death has few terrors for such men, as compared with dishonor, and so they needed no officers at all, and no discipline, to insure their personal good conduct on the field of battle. The same elements of character, too, made them accept hardship with the utmost cheerfulness, as soon as hardship became a necessary condition to the successful prosecution of a war that every man of them regarded as his own. In camp, at Richmond or Ashland, they had shunned all unnecessary privation and all distasteful duty, because they then saw no occasion to endure avoidable discomfort. But in the field they showed themselves great, stalwart men in spirit as well as in bodily frame, and endured cheerfully the hardships of campaigning precisely as they would have borne the fatigues of a hunt, as incidents encountered in the prosecution of their purposes.

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

[1861]

JAMES RYDER RANDALL

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His touch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!

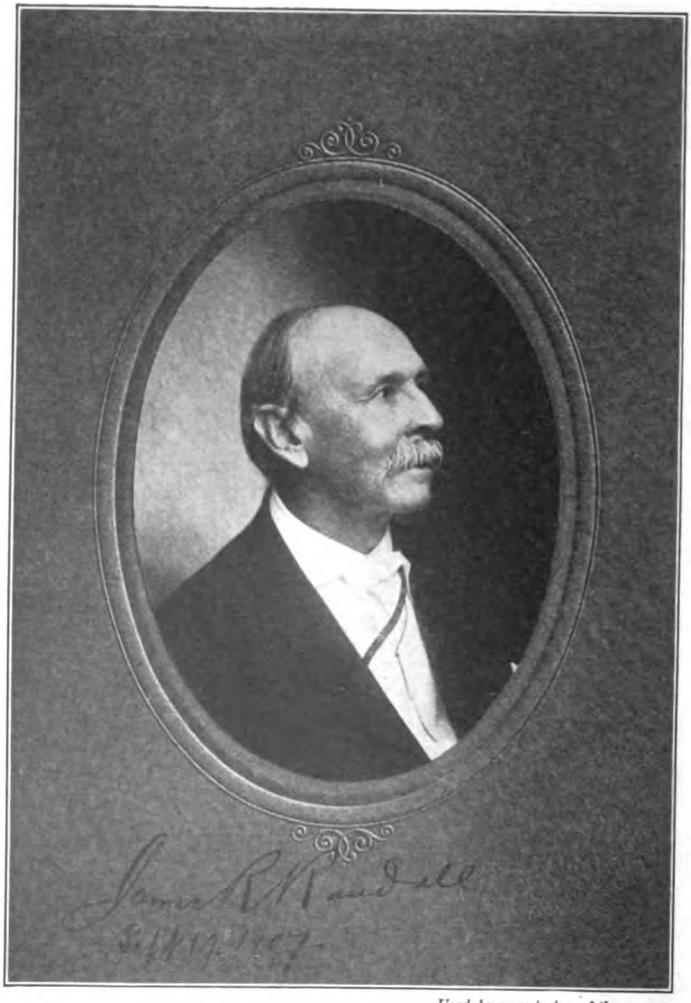
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to a wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,—
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!



Used by permission of the Maryland Historical Society

Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with liberty along,
And gives a new *Key* to thy song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother! burst thy tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain—
"*Sic semper!*" 'tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek—
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb—
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! she burns! she'll come! she'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

LINCOLN'S LETTER TO HORACE GREELEY*

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
August 22, 1862

HON. HORACE GREELEY:

Dear Sir: I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York "Tribune." If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be

those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less, whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men, everywhere, could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN

JULIA WARD HOWE[1]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

. . . . To the memory of Julia Ward Howe because in the vital matters fundamentally affecting the life of the Republic, she was as good a citizen of the Republic as Washington and Lincoln themselves. She was in the highest sense a good wife and a good mother; and therefore she fulfilled the primary law of our being. She

[1] Dedication from *Fear God and Take Your Own Part.*

brought up with devoted care and wisdom her sons and her daughters. At the same time she fulfilled her full duty to the commonwealth from the public standpoint. She preached righteousness and she practised righteousness. She sought the peace that comes as the handmaiden of well doing. She preached that stern and lofty courage of soul which shrinks neither from war nor from any other form of suffering and hardship and danger if it is only thereby that justice can be served. She embodied that trait more essential than any other in the make-up of the men and women of this Republic — the valor of righteousness.

THE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION[1]

[1862]

FRANCIS BICKNELL CARPENTER

The appointed hour found me at the well-remembered door of the official chamber,— that door watched daily, with so many conflicting emotions of hope and fear, by the anxious throng regularly gathered there. The President had preceded me, and was already deep in Acts of Congress, with which the writing-desk was strewed, awaiting his signature. He received me pleasantly, giving me a seat near his own arm-chair; and . . . . proceeded to give me a detailed account of the history and issue of the great proclamation.

"It had got to be," said he, "midsummer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics, or lose the game! I now determined upon the adoption of the

[1] From *Six Months in the White House with Abraham Lincoln.*

emancipation policy; and, without consultation with, or the knowledge of the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and, after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July, or the first part of the month of August, 1862." (The exact date he did not remember.) "This Cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present, excepting Mr. Blair, the

From the painting by Carpenter

THE FIRST READING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

Postmaster-General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them; suggestions as to which would be in order, after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy," said he, "was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment, excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger

in reference to the arming of the blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that it would cost the Administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance: 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government.' His idea," said the President, "was that it would be considered our last *shriek*, on the retreat." (This was his *precise* expression.) "'Now,' continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!'" Mr. Lincoln continued: "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watching the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster, at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally, came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our

side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home (three miles out of Washington). Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation; came up on Saturday; called the Cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday."

THE BONNIE BLUE FLAG*

HARRY MCCARTHY

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,
Fighting for our liberty, with treasure, blood and toil;
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far,
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag, that bears a single star!

CHORUS —Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Southern Rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star!

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,
Like friends and like brethren, kind were we and just;
But now when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar,
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS

First, gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand,
Then came proud Alabama, who took her by the hand;
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia and Florida,
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS

Ye men of valor, gather round the banner of the right;
Texas and fair Louisiana, join us in the fight;

Davis, our loved President, and Stephens, statesmen rare,
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS

And here's to brave Virginia! the Old Dominion State,
With the young Confed'racy at length has linked her fate;
Impelled by her example, now other states prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS

Then cheer, boys, raise the joyous shout,
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given,
The Single Star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be Eleven.

CHORUS

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old, we'll fight, our heritage to save;
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer;
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a Single Star.

CHORUS — Hurrah! Hurrah! for the Southern Rights, Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Bonnie Blue Flag has gained the Eleventh Star!

HOW MOSES WAS EMANCIPATED[1]

A TRUE STORY OF THE CIVIL WAR

SUSAN HUNTINGTON HOOKER

You all have heard that the siege of Vicksburg lasted many months. During the first part of the siege our regiment was engaged in a very important and sometimes very dangerous work in front of Vicksburg. We had a number

[1] From *Civil War Stories* retold from *St. Nicholas.*

of times to run the blockade, and our work on the fortifications was often directly under the enemy's guns. One day orders came for us to join the forces in the rear of the city. We crossed the river, and reached the other side after a roundabout march. Our regiment was placed in front of one of the enemy's most formidable fortifications. At first we were some distance away, but we gradually worked up with our approaches until we were within speaking distance. We came so near that we could "pass the time o' day" and talk in as friendly a way as you please. Occasionally our men would throw the poor, hungry fellows opposite a bit of bacon or a bite of hard-tack.

We were fairly starving them out, and when they surrendered there was not a bit of flour or fresh beef in the city. They had long been living on mule and horse meat and corn meal. An order came at this time for a secret and dangerous service, and we learned that we were to undermine a part of the fort and blow it up. The entrance to the tunnel was covered with a thick growth of underbrush, and secretly and silently our brave sappers and miners did their work.

We made a long tunnel, with a gradual descent, flat at the bottom and arched overhead. The men passed the dirt out one to the other in pails and baskets, and it was carefully distributed inside of our earthworks so as not to attract attention. The work progressed slowly but surely, until finally the day came when it was ready for the mine. Our men carried in keg after keg of powder until there were about three thousand pounds in the end of the mine. Then fuses were so placed as to connect the kegs, to make sure of an instantaneous explosion. When the mine was finished the tunnel was packed solidly with earth for some distance, the fuse being carried through the barrier by means of a tube.

When everything was ready our men came out, leaving one man, a plucky fellow with nerves like steel and a sure hand, to light the fuse. It was a critical moment when the men lying in the intrenchments awaited the result. Our brave comrade had scarcely joined us when the explosion took place.

We saw what looked like a volcano before us. Stones, camp equipage, and clouds of dirt were blown into the air, and one nondescript black mass was thrown directly into our camp. Imagine our surprise, when this bit of wreck unrolled itself, at seeing the blackest and most scared darky we ever beheld!—his eyes fairly protruded from their sockets. As he came plump down on a pile of soft earth, and a moment later rolled off on the ground, we were about as much amazed as he was. Marvelous as it may seem, the man was as sound as a dollar, not a bone broken. As soon as he [Moses] could articulate he said:

"Wha—wha—whar is I?"

"Safe, safe in the Promised Land!" said our adjutant.

"Good Lawd, how'd I get here?"

"I 'spect you came in a 'chariot of fire'!" replied the adjutant, who was never at a loss.

The bewildered darky looked around him in a dazed sort of way, utterly unable to locate himself; but the blue coats of our soldiers and the practical character of the camp seemed to convince him that he was yet in the world. It took him several days to pull himself together, and after that we had great sport with him in the camp, where he was a prime favorite. He used to say:

"Gen'lemen, I admiah to stay heah; but if ye gwine send me back, I pray de Lawd ye won't do it de way I come."

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

In Memory of General Philip Kearny
Killed September 1, 1862

GEORGE HENRY BOKER

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.

Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

LINCOLN'S LOVE FOR THE SOLDIER IN BLUE AND IN GRAY[1]

WILLIAM H. MACE

One of Lincoln's duties was to visit the sick and wounded in the hospitals near by. He went down the long rows of cots, laying his great hands upon the fevered brows of the men and speaking words of hope and cheer.

A touching story is told which shows Lincoln's generous soul. A boy of nineteen, a soldier, was ordered to escort Lincoln through the hospital at City Point, Virginia. "I could not but note his gentleness, his friendly greetings to the sick and wounded." Finally they came to three wards of sick and wounded Southern soldiers. The young man said to Lincoln: "Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only *rebels*." "I will never forget," said the young soldier, "how he stopped and gently laid his large hand upon my shoulder and quietly answered, 'You mean *Confederates*.' And I have meant Confederates ever since.

"I could not see but that he was just as kind, his handshakings just as hearty, his interest just as real for the welfare of the men, as when he was among our own soldiers."

When Stonewall Jackson was slain at the battle of Chancellorsville a Washington paper published an article

[1] From *Lincoln: The Man of the People.*

giving high praise to that noble defender of the Confederate cause. Lincoln wrote a personal letter to the editor, praising him for the stand he had taken.

As he was going to a hospital one day the driver came near running over a young blind man. Lincoln got out and saw that both eyes had been shot out. He took him by the hand, asked for his name, the time of his service, and where he was wounded. He then told the young man that Abraham Lincoln was speaking. The soldier's face lighted with joy. He thanked the President for his kindness. The next day a commission as first lieutenant was put into the soldier's hands. It carried with it three-fourths pay for life.

One day, for good reasons it seemed, Stanton refused a soldier's request. Early on the following morning Lincoln hastened to the man's home and asked his forgiveness. He took the soldier in his carriage and helped him to get what he wanted. Secretary Stanton apologized for having refused the soldier's request. "No, no! You did right," said Lincoln. "If we had such a soft-headed old fool as I am in your place, there would be no rules that army or country could depend upon."

One time he said to General Butler: "I should like to ride along the lines and see the boys." So along the lines of soldiers he went until within three hundred yards of the Confederate pickets. "You are a fair rifle shot. They may open fire on you," said Butler. "The commander in chief must show no cowardice in the presence of his soldiers, whatever he may feel," replied Lincoln.

Every soldier who carried a musket was a son of Lincoln's. All soldiers were his children, and hardly more than children were the defenders of the Union. Of the two and a half million that enlisted for the war, more than two million were boys under twenty-one.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY[1]*

JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails;
  Stir up the camp-fire bright!
No growling if the canteen fails;
  We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the Brigade's rousing song
  Of Stonewall Jackson's Way.

We see him now — the queer slouched hat
  Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
  So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue-Light Elder" knows 'em well.
Says he: "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul! we'll give him" — Well,
  That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

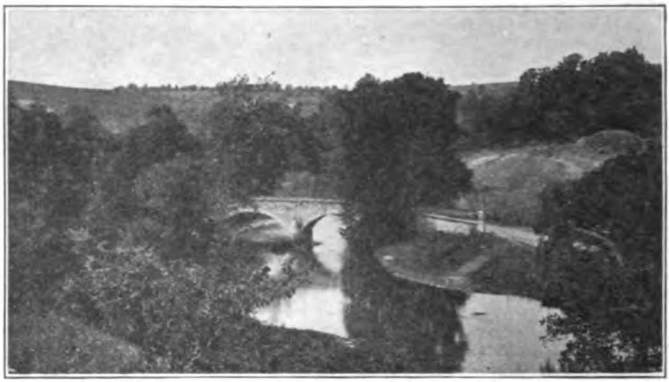
Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
  Old Marster's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff.
  Attention! — it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In *forma pauperis* to God,
"Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod!
  Amen!" — That's Stonewall's Way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
  Steady! the whole Brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
  His way out, ball and blade.

[1] Written September 17, 1862, within sound of the battle of Antietam.

From the engraving by Fabronius

"STONEWALL" JACKSON



ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD TODAY
Here Stonewall Jackson commanded the Confederate left wing

What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before morn!
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and, By George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen! whipped before.
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score
In Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Ah, Maiden! wait and watch and yearn,
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah, Widow! read with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah, Wife! sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's Way.

THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG

WILL HENRY THOMPSON

[July 3, 1863]

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield:
  Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
  And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then, at the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry,
  With Pickett leading grandly down,
  To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far ahead above the angry guns,
A cry of tumult runs:
  The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods,
  And Chickamauga's solitudes:
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
  A Khamsin wind that scorched and singed,
  Like an infernal flame that fringed
The British squares of Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled;
  In blinding flame and strangling smoke,
  The remnant through the batteries broke,
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon those works to-day!"
The reddest day in history.

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the bayonet:
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace;
Then only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
  They smote and fell, who set the bars
  Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland.

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium;
  They smote and stood, who held the hope
  Of nations on that slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He gorged the iron will,
That clutched and held that trembling hill!
  God lives and reigns! He built and lent
  The heights for Freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
  A mighty mother turns in tears,
  The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

SOMEBODY'S DARLING

MARIE RAVANEL DE LA CONTE

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
  Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
  Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
  Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
  The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined brow
Brush the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were Somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was Somebody's love
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand;—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"*Somebody's darling slumbers here!*"

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

[November 19th, 1863]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE WAR AND SLAVERY[1]

[1864]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

I am naturally anti-slavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel, and yet I have never understood that the presidency conferred upon me an unrestricted right to act officially upon this judgment and feeling. It was in the oath I took that I would, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States. I could not take the office without taking the oath. Nor was it my view that I might take an oath to get power, and break the oath in using the power. I understood, too, that in ordinary civil administration this oath even forbade me to practically indulge my primary abstract judgment on the moral question of slavery. . . . . Was it possible to lose the nation and yet preserve the Constitution? By general law, life and limb must be protected, yet often a limb must be amputated to save a life; but a life is never wisely given to save a limb. I felt that measures otherwise unconstitutional might become lawful by becoming indispensable to the preservation of the Constitution through the preservation of the nation. Right or wrong, I assumed this ground, and now avow it. I could not feel that, to the best of my ability, I had even tried to preserve the Constitution, if, to save slavery or any minor matter, I should permit the wreck of government, country, and Constitution all together. When, early in the war, General Frémont attempted military emancipation, I forbade it, because I did not then think it an indispensable necessity. When, a little later, General Cameron, then Secretary of War, suggested the arming of the blacks,

[1] From a letter to A. G. Hodges, April 4, 1864.

I objected because I did not yet think it an indispensable necessity. When, still later, General Hunter attempted military emancipation, I again forbade it, because I did not yet think the indispensable necessity had come. When in March and May and July, 1862, I made earnest and successive appeals to the border States to favor compensated emancipation, I believed the indispensable necessity for military emancipation and arming the blacks would come unless averted by that measure. They declined the proposition, and I was, in my best judgment, driven to the alternative of either surrendering the Union, and with it the Constitution, or of laying strong hand upon the colored element. I chose the latter. In choosing it, I hoped for greater gain than loss; but of this, I was not entirely confident. More than a year of trial now shows no loss by it in our foreign relations, none in our home popular sentiment, none of our white military force — no loss by it anyhow or anywhere. On the contrary it shows a gain of quite a hundred and thirty thousand soldiers, seamen, and laborers. These are palpable facts, about which, as facts, there can be no caviling. We have the men; and we could not have had them without the measure.

And now let any Union man who complains of the measure test himself by writing down in one line that he is for subduing the rebellion by force of arms; and in the next, that he is for taking these hundred and thirty thousand men from the Union side, and placing them where they would be but for the measure he condemns. If he cannot face his case so stated, it is only because he cannot face the truth.

. . . . In telling this tale, I attempt no compliment to my own sagacity. I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled

me. Now, at the end of three years' struggle, the nation's condition is not what either party, or any man, devised or expected. God alone can claim it. Whither it is tending seems plain. If God now wills the removal of a great wrong, and wills also that we of the North, as well as you of the South, shall pay fairly for our complicity in that wrong, impartial history will find therein new cause to attest and revere the justice and goodness of God.

LINCOLN'S LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov 21, 1864

To Mrs Bixby, Boston, Mass,

Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom

Yours very sincerely and respectfully

A. Lincoln

REPRODUCTION OF THE ORIGINAL LETTER

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

WALTER KITTREDGE

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of Peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-bye!"

We are tired of the war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

LITTLE GIFFEN*

FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!)

Spectre! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said:
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated breath,
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
"Dear Mother," at first, of course, and then,
"Dear Captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen. He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,

With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For "Little Giffen," of Tennessee.

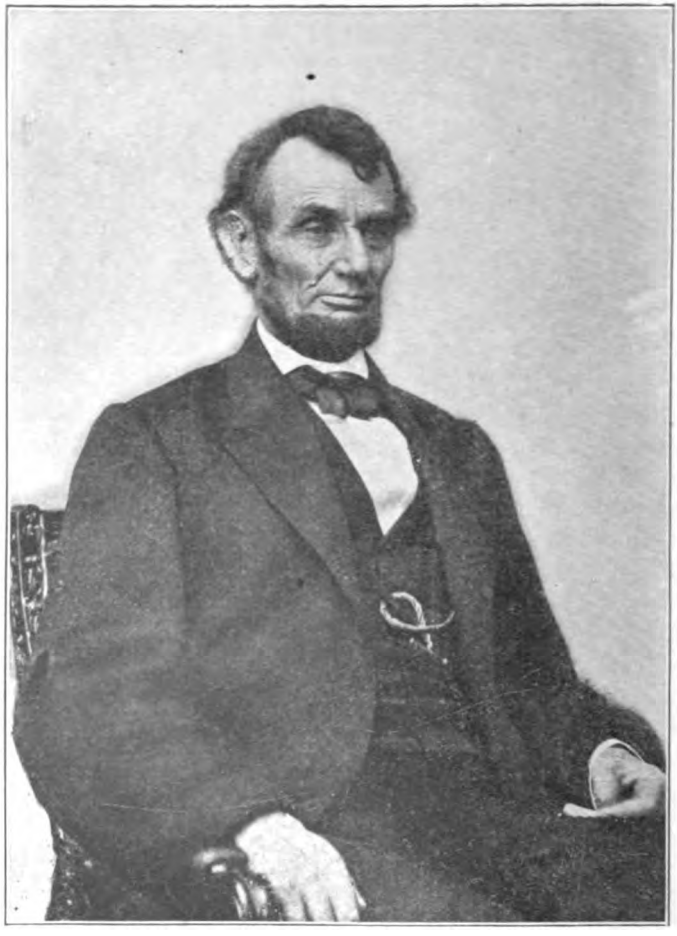
THE SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

[March 4, 1865]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Fellow-countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation



Courtesy of Robert Todd Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!" If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him?

Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

MUSIC IN CAMP

JOHN RANDOLPH THOMPSON

Two armies covered hill and plain
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver;
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now, where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted;

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks;
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movements light and tricksy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpets pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles —
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugles rang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang —
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream, its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home" had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue or Gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But Memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart—
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines—
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still, 'mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch of Nature.

GRANT'S LETTER TO LEE

APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, VA., April 9, 1865.

GENERAL,— In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander to sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be packed and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

GENERAL R. E. LEE.

LEE'S FAREWELL

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but, feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, officers and men can return to their homes, and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed; and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE,
General.

ROBERT E. LEE: MAN AND SOLDIER[1]

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

History may be searched in vain to find Lee's superior, and only once or twice in its long course will be found his equal. To find his prototype, we must go

[1] *From Robert E. Lee: Man and Soldier.* Copyright, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

back to ancient times, to the antique heroes who have been handed down to us by Plutarch's matchless portraiture; yet, as we read their story, we see that we have been given but one side of their character. Their weaknesses have mainly been lost in the lapse of centuries, and their virtues are magnified in the enhaloing atmosphere of time. But, as to Lee, we know his every act.

There was no act nor incident of his life on which a light as fierce as that which beats upon a throne did not fall. He was investigated by high commissions; his every act was examined by hostile prosecutors. His conduct was inquired into by those who had every incentive of hostility to secure his downfall and his degradation. Yet, amid these fierce assaults, he remained as unmoved as he had stood when he had held the heights of Fredericksburg against the furious attacks of Burnside's intrepid infantry. From this inquisition he came forth as unsoiled as the mystic White Knight of the Round Table. In that vivid glare he stood revealed in the full measure of nobility—the closest scrutiny but brought forth new virtues and disclosed a more rounded character: "Like Launcelot brave, like Galahad clean."

. . . .

So, to get his character as it is known to thousands, we must take the best that was in the best that the history of men has preserved. Something of Plato's calm there was; all of Sidney's high-mindedness; of Bayard's fearless and blameless life; of the constancy of William the Silent, *tranquillus in arduis*. [It has been finely said of him that "he was Caesar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napoleon without his selfishness and Washington without his reward."]

But, most of all, he was like Washington. Here—in that great Virginian—and here only, do we find what appears to be an absolute parallel.

. . . . As Washington was the consummate flower of the life of Colonial Virginia, so Lee, clinging close to "his precious example," became the perfect fruit of her later civilization.

LEE'S CENTENNIAL[1]

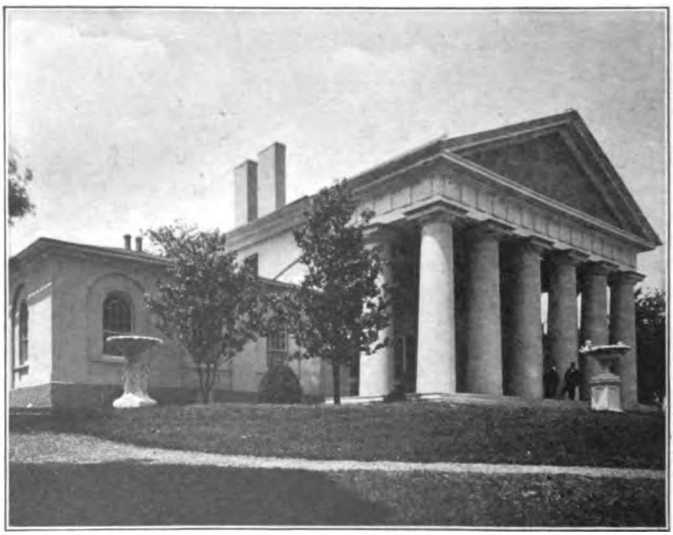
CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

Coming directly to my subject, my own observation tells me that the charge still most commonly made against Lee in that section of the common country to which I belong and with which I sympathize is that, in plain language, he was false to his flag,—educated at the national academy, an officer of the United States Army, he abjured his allegiance and bore arms against the government he had sworn to uphold. In other words he was a military traitor. I state the charge in the tersest language possible; and the facts are as stated. Having done so, and admitting the facts, I add as the result of much patient study and most mature reflection, that under similar condition I would myself have done exactly what Lee did. In fact, I do not see how I, placed as he was placed, could have done otherwise.

. . . . Coming directly to the point, I maintain that every man in the eleven States seceding from the Union had in 1861, whether he would or no, to decide for himself whether to adhere to his State or to the Nation; and I finally assert that, whichever way he decided, if only he decided honestly, putting self-interest behind him, he decided right.

[1] From an address delivered at the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, January 19, 1907.

Paradoxical as it sounds, I contend, moreover, that this was indisputably so. It was a question of Sovereignty — State or National; and from a decision of that question there was in a seceded State escape for no man. Yet when the national Constitution was framed and adopted that question was confessedly left undecided; and intentionally so left. More than this, even: the



ARLINGTON, THE HOME OF THE LEES

Federal Constitution was theoretically and avowedly based on the idea of a divided sovereignty, in utter disregard of the fact that, when a final issue is presented, sovereignty does not admit of division.

. . . . I think it not unsafe to assert that nowhere did the original spirit of State Sovereignty and allegiance to the State then survive in greater intensity and more unquestioning form than in Virginia, the "Old Dominion," — the mother of States and of Presidents.

. . . . Born in this environment, nurtured in these traditions, to ask Lee to raise his hand against Virginia was like asking Montrose or the MacCallum More to head a force designed for the subjection of the Highlands and the destruction of the clans. . . . . [He] may have been technically a renegade to his flag,—if you please, false to his allegiance; but he stands awaiting sentence at the bar of history in very respectable company. Associated with him are, for instance, William of Orange, known as The Silent, John Hampden, the original *Pater Patriae*, Oliver Cromwell, the Protector of the English Commonwealth, Sir Harry Vane, once a governor of Massachusetts, and George Washington, a Virginian of note.

A NATIONAL HERO[1]

BISHOP JOHN PHILIP NEWMAN

. . . . But whence the secret of the power of this one life on the thought of the world and the love of mankind? . . . .

. . . . His individuality was most intense. This was the source of his strength, the power of his action, the glory of his achievements. He was never other than himself. He acted with a spontaneity all his own.

And what were the elements of that character, so unique, symmetrical and now immortal? God had endowed him with an extraordinary intellect. For forty years he was hidden in comparative obscurity, giving no indications of his wondrous capacity; but in those four decades he was maturing, and at the appointed time God lifted the veil of obscurity, called upon him

[1] From the eulogy on Ulysses S. Grant delivered at Mount McGregor, New York, August 4, 1885. Taken from *Book of Patriotism*, Young Folks Library Series.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT

to save a nation, and give a new direction to the civilization of the world. How calm his judgment, how clean and quick and accurate his imagination, how vast and tenacious his memory! Reason was his dominant faculty. He was a natural logician. He could descend to the smallest details and rise to the highest generalizations. . . . .

For his clear and certain imagination, the future loomed before him clothed with the actuality of the present. Read his military orders, and they prophesy the history of the battles he fought. He foresaw the enemy's plans as though he had assisted at their councils of war. He was one of those extraordinary men who, by the supremacy of their wills, force all obstacles to do their bidding. By the promptitude of his action he left no time for its contravention. . . . .

His soul was the home of hope, sustained and cheered by the certainties of his mind and the power of his faith. His was the mathematical genius of a great General rather than of a great soldier. By this endowment he proved himself equal to the unexpected, and that with the precision of a seer. . . . . But he appeared greatest in the presence of the unforeseen. Then came an inspiration as resistless as the march of a whirlwind, as when on the second night of the Battle of the Wilderness, when he changed the entire front of the line of battle, and quietly said in response to a messenger, "If Lee is in my rear, I am in his." . . . .

His latent resources seemed inexhaustible. Was Fort Donelson esteemed impregnable? It yielded to his command for an immediate and "unconditional surrender." Did Vicksburg defy his sixth plan of capture? His seventh plan was a success. Did Richmond hurl defiance at all previous attempts? His final effort was a triumph,

and over the doomed capital of the Confederacy triumphantly floated the flag of the Union. . . . .

When he rose to supreme command, the nation demanded one dominant spirit, mighty to grasp, strong to execute, powerful to inspire. The country was one, the Rebellion was one, and the armies of the Union should be one; and the General who could mould, control, inspire an army a million strong, and make them think, feel, and fight as one man, was the desire of the Republic. Such a one was he. . . . .

He hated war. He looked upon it as a ghastly monster whose march is to the music of the widow's sigh and the orphan's cry. He loved peace and pursued it. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," was his beatitude. In his London speech, in 1877, he said: "Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and I have never advocated it except as a means of peace." This was the energy of his courage.

Doubtless he will be best known in coming ages as the foremost soldier of the Republic. . . . .

Among the ancient or modern warriors where shall we find his superior in moral elevation? Given to no excess himself, he sternly rebuked it in others.

His sense of justice was equalled only by his love of truth. He preferred honor to wealth, and poverty to riches not his own. . . . . He loved life and enjoyed it; he loved children and caressed them; he loved his family and found therein his chief delight. . . . .

Duty to his conscience, his country, and his God, was his standard of successful manhood. With him true greatness was that in great actions our only care should be to perform well our part and let glory follow virtue. He placed his fame in the service of the State. He was

never tempted by false glory. He never acted for effect. He acted because he could not help it. . . . .

Some heroes have been men of singular virtue in particular lines of conduct. . . . .

But this foremost American possessed all these and other virtues in happy combination, not like single gems, brilliant by isolation, but like jewels in a crown of glory, united by the golden band of a completer character. What humility amid such admiration; what meekness amid such provocation; what fidelity amid such temptation; what contentment amid such adversity; what sincerity amid such deception; what "faith, hope and charity" amid such suffering! Temperate without austerity, cautious without fear, brave without rashness, serious without melancholy, he was cheerful without frivolity. His constancy was not obstinacy; his adaptation was not fickleness. His hopefulness was not Utopian. His love of justice was equalled only by his delight in compassion, and neither was sacrificed to the other. His self-advancement was subordinated to the public good. His integrity was never questioned; his honesty was above suspicion; his private life and public career were at once reputable to himself and honorable to his country.

"PUNCH'S" APOLOGY FOR ILL-TREATMENT OF LINCOLN

[Published May 6, 1865]

TOM TAYLOR

You lay a wreath on murdered LINCOLN'S bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

St. Gaudens, sculptor

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
  His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
  Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
  Judging each step, as though the way were plain:
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
  Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain,

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
  The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
  Say, scurril-jester, is there room for *you?*

Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
  To lame my pencil, and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
  This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learnt to rue,
  Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
  How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble yet how hopeful he could be:
  How in good fortune and in ill the same:
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
  Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
  Ever had laid on head and heart and hand—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
  Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights—

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's axe,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear—
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train:
Rough culture—but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years'
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood:
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,—
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-labouring limbs were laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
  Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
  To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
  Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high,
  Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came.

A deed accurst! Strokes have been struck before
  By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
  But thy foul crime, like CAIN'S, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
  Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
  With much to praise, little to be forgiven!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

By the flow of the inland river,
  Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
  Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
    Under the sod and the dew,
      Waiting the Judgment Day:—
    Under the one, the Blue;
      Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
  Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
  In the dusk of eternity meet:—

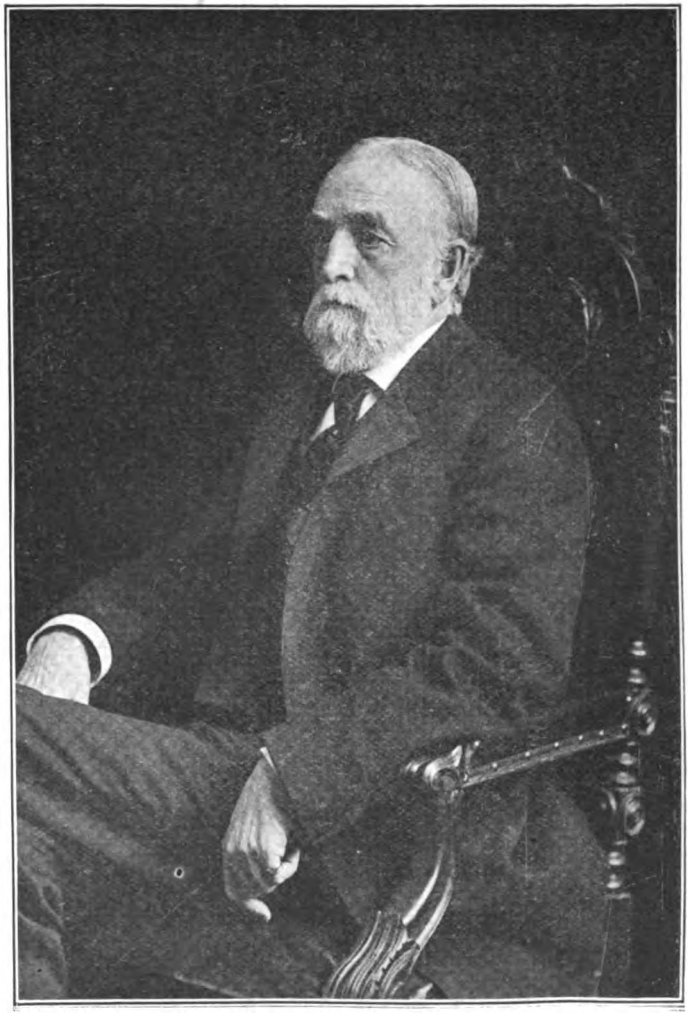
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done.
In the storms of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:—



Courtesy of Mary Sibley Finch

FRANCIS MILES PINCH

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

THE PERIOD OF RECONSTRUCTION

RECONSTRUCTION[1]

ROBERT EDWARD LEE

The war being at an end, the Southern States having laid down their arms, and the questions at issue between them and the Northern States having been decided, I believe it to be the duty of every one to unite in the restoration of the country, and the reëstablishment of peace and harmony. These considerations governed me in the counsels I gave to others, and induced me on the 13th of June to make application to be included in the terms of the amnesty proclamation. I have not received an answer, and cannot inform you what has been the decision of the President. But, whatever that may be, I do not see how the course I have recommended and practised can prove detrimental to the former President of the Confederate States. It appears to me that the allayment of passion, the dissipation of prejudice, and the restoration of reason, will alone enable the people of the country to acquire a true knowledge and form a correct judgment of the events of the past four years. It will, I think, be admitted that Mr. Davis has done nothing more than all the citizens of the Southern States, and should not be held accountable for acts performed by them in the exercise of what had been considered by them unquestionable right. I have too exalted an opinion of the American people to believe that they will consent to injustice; and

[1] From *Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of General Robert E. Lee.* By Rev. J. William Jones.

it is only necessary, in my opinion, that truth should be known, for the rights of every one to be secured. I know of no surer way of eliciting the truth than by burying contention with the war. . . . .

ODE

SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF DECORATING THE GRAVES OF THE CONFEDERATE DEAD, AT MAGNOLIA CEMETERY, CHARLESTON, S. C., 1867

HENRY TIMROD

I

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause!
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

II

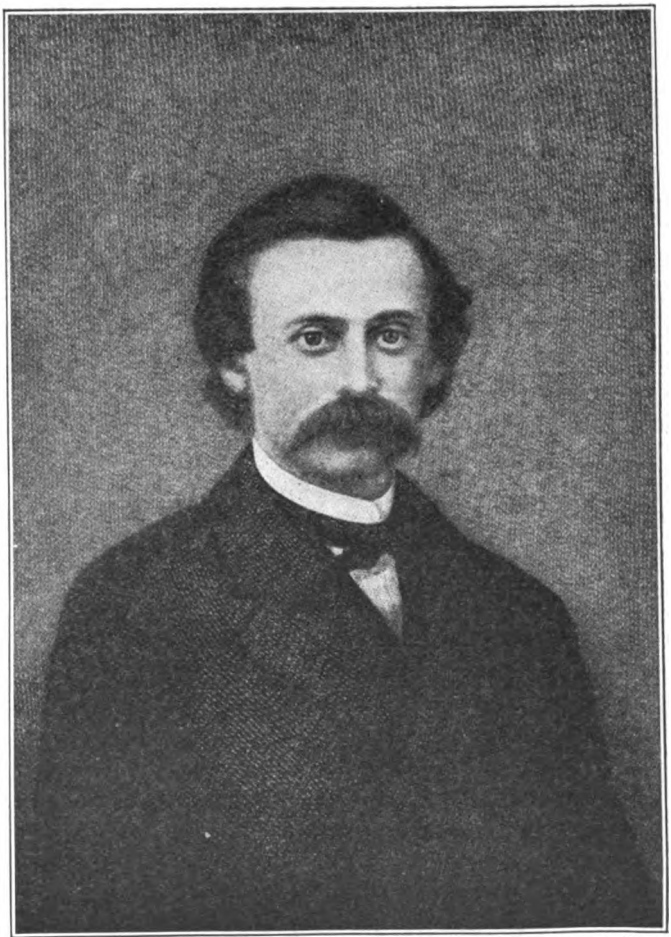
In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

III

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

IV

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.



From a portrait in the possession of the Charleston Library Society. Courtesy of the trustees

HENRY TIMROD

V

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER[1]

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

[You of the North have had] drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. [You have heard] how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory — in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home!

Let me picture to you the foot-sore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find — let me ask you who went to your homes

1 From *The New South.*

From a photograph. Courtesy of Clark Howell

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves. What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. . . . .

Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

EXPANSION

THE HOMESTEAD ACT[1]*

CHARLES RICHARD VAN HISE

In 1862 was passed *the homestead act*, the most important of all the land laws, which really resulted in the occupying of the land by bona-fide settlers. The homestead act was extended to include Alaska in 1898. Under the homestead law in the United States only 160 acres of land may be entered; in Alaska until 1903 the homestead entry was limited to 80 acres, but at that time was extended to 320 acres.

Under the homestead law, land taken up, after five years of residence, improvements, and cultivation, is patented without cost, except for the fees. Two years additional beyond the five years may be taken before "proving up" and securing patent. So far as this act was used by the genuine homesteaders, this additional time has been frequently taken.

The homestead law has a so-called commutation clause in it, under which, after six months' residence, by the payment of $1.25 per acre the land could be secured. In 1891 this was changed to fourteen months' residence, and it was the clear intent of the law that this should be the minimum residence required to secure land. But the land office construed that, as a man had six months to settle after he had filed his claim, these six months might be accepted as a part of the fourteen months; and therefore only eight months of actual residence were required.

[1] From *The Conservation of Natural Resources.*

This practice was continued until a year or two ago, when the land office gave orders that the full fourteen months' residence was necessary.

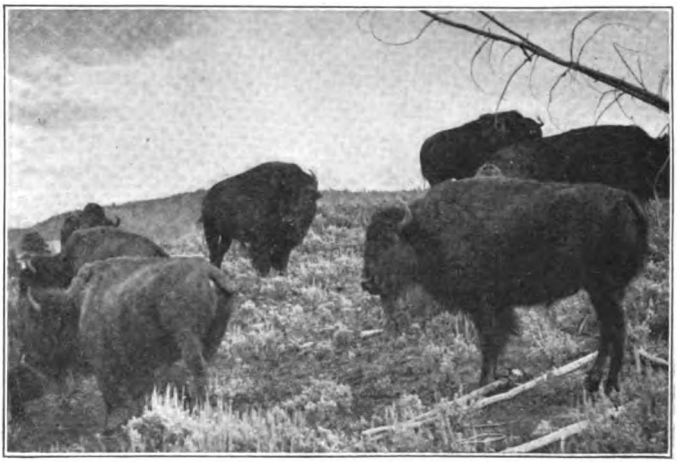
Because of the commutation clause, so far as speculation was concerned, the homestead act was not a great improvement upon the preëmption law. Final payment could be made in either case after six months' residence, or later, in the case of the homestead act, after eight months' actual residence. While the homestead law resulted in hundreds of thousands of homes, it gave the same opportunity for fraud as the preëmption law, in that the commutation clause allowed the taking up of numerous areas of land through dummy entrymen for individuals or corporations desiring large holdings. The great estates which exist in the prairie plains and in the great plains are in large measure the results of the preemption law and the commutation clause of the homestead act, although it is true that some of these have been produced by the purchase of adjacent holdings.

THE GREAT WEST

PIERRE JEAN DE SMET

On the fourth day of our march [August 7, 1851] we descried thousands of bison; the whole space between the Missouri and the Yellowstone was covered as far as the eye could reach. Hitherto the musquitoes had greatly tormented us, but now they entirely vanished. We sought the cause of this phenomenon. The Indians told us that the absence of our winged enemies was owing to the prodigious number of buffaloes which were grazing in the neighboring plains, and which attracted these insects. In fact, we saw these noble animals throwing

the earth on their bodies by means of their horns and feet, or rolling themselves in the sand and dust, and thus filling the air with clouds, in the endeavor to rid themselves of their vexatious followers. The lot of these animals appeared bad enough, for they were pursued day and night. During a whole week we heard their bellowings



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BUFFALO ON THE RANGE

like the noise of distant thunder, or like the murmurs of the ocean-waves beating against the shore. It may be said that it is the country in which the buffalo and herds of deer are generally found in the greatest abundance. A good hunter might easily kill here, in the course of a day, several cows, deer, a mountain-goat, a red-tailed and a black-tailed buck, an antelope, hares, and rabbits. He might fire twice upon a grizzly bear, and perhaps meet a gray and a silver fox. To this list of animals we may add the beaver, otter, badger, prairie-dog, and several kinds of wild fowl, principally pheasants and grouse.[1]

[1] From *Western Missions and Missionaries.*

We traversed waving forests of pine and cedar, in which daylight scarcely penetrated. Ere long we entered sombre forests in which we were obliged to clear a road, axe in hand, in order to avoid those collections of trees overthrown and piled up by the tempests of autumn. Some of these forests are so dense, that in the distance of twelve feet I was unable to distinguish my guide. The safest means of extricating one's self from these labyrinths, is for the rider to trust to the sagacity of his horse. If the reins are abandoned to him, he will follow the foot-prints of other beasts of burden. This expedient has served me a hundred times.

Whatever the imagination can depict as frightful, appears to be aggregated here, to inspire dread. Precipices and ravines ready to swallow the traveller; gigantic summits and elevations of different hues; inaccessible peaks; fearful and impenetrable depths, in which noisy waters are continually precipitating; oblique and narrow paths, by which it becomes necessary to ascend; several times, indeed, I was obliged to take the attitude of a quadruped and walk on my hands.

The natural pyramids of the Rocky Mountains, seem to challenge the efforts of human invention. They serve as a resting place for the clouds which, descending, surround their gigantic summits in sublime repose.[1]

THE ROUND-UP[2]*

EMERSON HOUGH

Sometime toward the middle of May, let us say, all these different outfits leave their home ranches and head

[1] From *Oregon Missions.*

[2] From *The Story of the Cowboy.*

for the rendezvous of the round-up. The opening date of the round-up is known, and the different outfits, big and little, move in so as to be on hand a few days before the beginning of the work. It may be imagined what a scene must be this general gathering of the cow clans, how picturesque this assemblage of hardy, rugged men fresh from their wild life and ready for the still wilder scenes of activity which are before them! There may be fifty men, perhaps five hundred horses at the main camp, and of the total there is not one animal which does not boil over with the energy of full-blooded life. The men rejoice as those should rejoice who go forth to the harvest, the horses exult because spring has come, with its mysterious stirring airs. . . . .

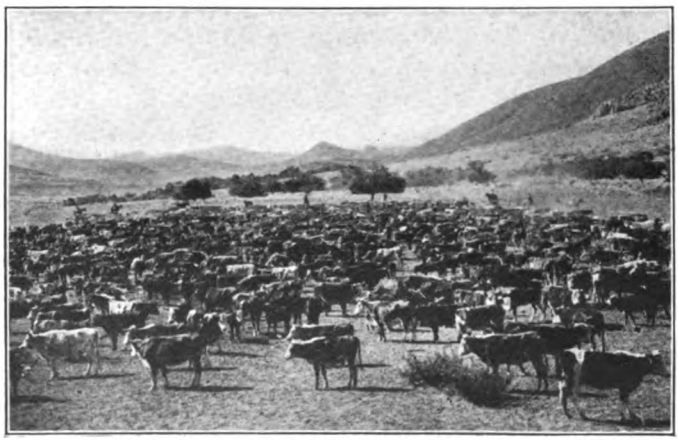
The total country to be covered by the round-up is perhaps a strip forty by one hundred miles in extent. . . . .

On the day before the start the little army of the plains has its campaign all planned and lying out before it, and each man knows about what he is to do. On the night before the opening day the cowpuncher, if he be wise, goes to bed early and gets a full night's sleep, for not another will he have for many a night to come. . . . . His sleep is deep and untroubled, and to him it seems scarce begun when it is suddenly ended amid the chorus of calls, groans, and shoutings of his companions answering at the gray of dawn the call of the uneasy round-up boss, who sings out his long cry of "Roll out! roll out!" followed by the shrill call of the cook, "Grub pi-i-i-le!" The cook has been up for an hour, and has made his fire perhaps of cottonwood limbs, perhaps of the *bois des vaches*—natural fuel, of the buffalo on the cattle range. This early morning summons the cowpuncher dare not disobey, for the etiquette of the round-up is

strict enough in its way. It is but dim daylight at best when the camp has kicked off its blankets and risen up shoutingly. In a few moments it has broken into a scene of wild but methodical activity. In much less than an hour after the first call for boots and saddles the whole strange cavalcade is under way, and behind it the cooks are breaking camp and pitching the plunder into the wagons for the move. . . . .

After the handling of the horse herd and the saddling up, the little army swiftly gets into motion and wings out widely over the plains, the men sometimes shouting and running their horses in prodigal waste of energy, for all is exuberance and abounding vigour on these opening days in spring. Each little party spreads out under its commander until each man becomes a commander for himself, imposing upon himself the duty of driving before him to the agreed meeting place ahead all the cattle that may come in his line of march. As the cowpuncher thus rides out into his great gray harvest field he sees no great wealth of horned herds about or before him. It is a big country, and the many thousands of cattle make but a small showing upon it. . . . . All these, one by one, by twos and threes, and finally in fifties and hundreds, the keen-eyed and hard-riding cowpuncher starts out and away from their feeding ground and drives on ahead of him toward the meeting place. The string of other animals running ahead, perhaps half a mile to one side, where some other cowpuncher is driving, is sure to be noted by the cattle near to him. He gives a shout and starts toward them, and, true to their gregarious habits, they start on the run for their companions on ahead, this being just what it is wished they should do. This herding habit of the

range cattle is the basis of many of the operations of handling them. Thus each little *coulee* and draw, each ridge and little flat is swept of its inhabitants, which all go on forward toward where the long lines of dust are beginning to converge and mingle. As a matter of course, all the cattle, big and little, cows, calves, and steers, are included in the assembling, and are driven in together.



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A CATTLE ROUND-UP

The driving is not the work of a novice, but yet is not so difficult, for most of the cattle are so wild that they run at the sight of a horseman, more especially if they be of the longhorn breed, and all the cowboy needs to do is to ride hard to one side and so direct their flight. Other cattle join those running, so that the whole horned populace goes in and along, but a small per cent being missed in the round-up, though of course it is not possible to gather up every individual that may be ranging wild and unobserved in the vast expanses of the open plains.

TRAVELING BY STAGE COACH[1]

[1834]

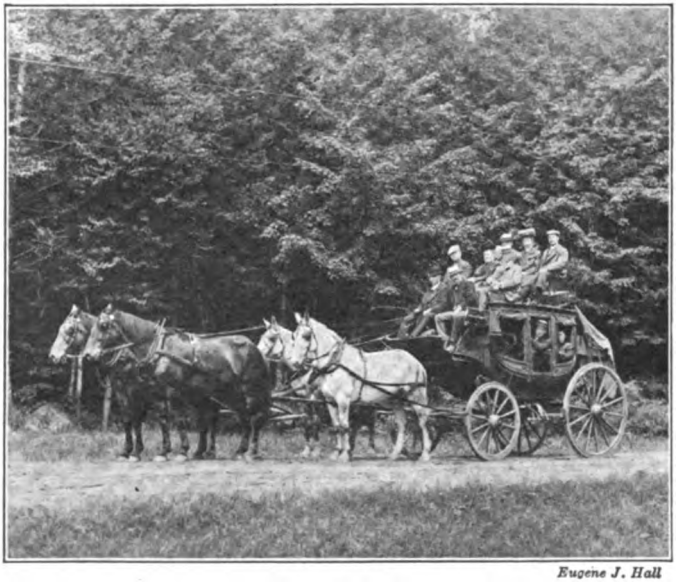
CARL DAVID ARFWEDSON

The stage coach had shortly before broken down, and another of a very doubtful character been submitted in its place at the first relay of horses. Every one found some fault with it, even before the animals were harnessed; but the driver assured us that there was not a better coach in the United States. In contradiction to this statement, we showed him several objectionable parts, and unanimously protested against continuing our journey in a carriage, the wheels and springs of which were in so crazy a condition. The driver, however, renewed the assurance that the coach was as strong as if it had come from the hands of the builder the day before; adding, by way of *finale*, that, "strong or weak, we must be satisfied with it, as no other was to be had within the distance of fifteen miles." We started accordingly, and proceeded tolerably well for a distance of about eight miles.

The travellers already began to dismiss the idea of danger, and were going to indulge in an afternoon nap, when, in the middle of a steep hill, down which the imprudent coachman drove full gallop, both hind springs gave way. The shock which the body of the coach received from the lower part of the vehicle was so violent, that the bottom broke out; and, before the travellers had had time to recover from their consternation, their feet were dangling through the opening. To call out lustily "Stop!" was infinitely more easy than for the driver to check four galloping horses. Some of the ill-fated passengers, confined in this shattered coach, had in the mean

[1] From *The United States and Canada in 1832, 1833, and 1834*, Vol. II.

time, by the violent shaking, fallen from their seats, so that their feet trailed upon the ground. They had no other alternative but to run as fast as the wheels rolled. Fortunately, none were hurt, although the road was full of stones and holes; a few bruises, similar to those which follow a severe boxing-match, were the only result of this catastrophe. The horses were at length stopped at the



Eugene J. Hall

THE OLD CONCORD STAGE COACH

foot of the hill, and the passengers crept out one by one, some through the windows, others through the hole at the bottom. The driver, stupefied on beholding the state of the vehicle, exclaimed, "What, in the name of God, has become of the bottom?"

The journey was continued, partly on foot, partly in an open cart, until we came near a place called Hagerstown

[Maryland], where a new coach was procured. None of us, however, ventured to enter it without first examining the bottom; and, having found it firm, we started afresh, and arrived early in the morning at Frederick.

A TRIP ON A CANAL BOAT[1]

[1834]

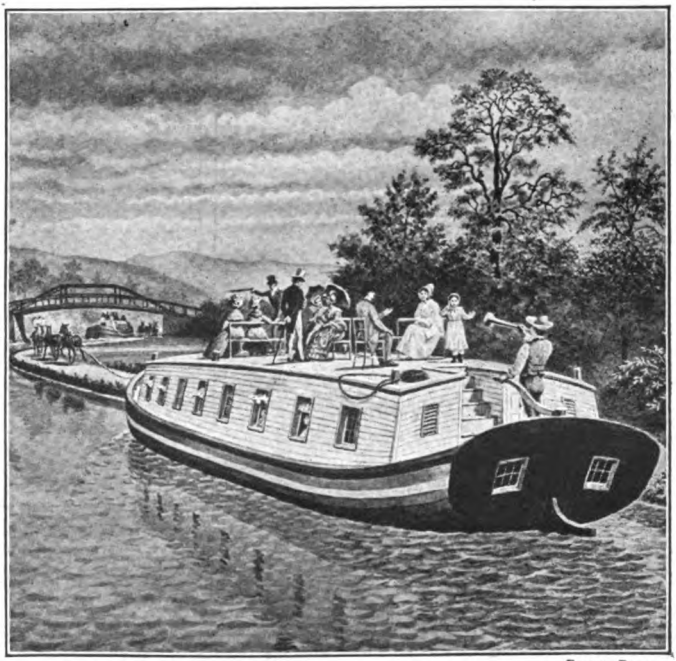
CARL DAVID ARFWEDSON

On returning to Schenectady, I availed myself of a canal-boat on the point of starting for Utica. These boats are generally very long, but low, in consequence of the many bridges thrown across the canal, beneath which they must pass. They are fitted up with two rooms, one inside the other, taking up the whole length of the boat, with small windows on the sides. The inner room belonged exclusively to the ladies, and was considered as a sanctuary into which the profane dared not set foot; the outer one again was used both as a drawing, dining, and bed room for the gentlemen. When—as was the case now—the number of travellers exceeded thirty, and the majority belonged to the stronger sex, the prospect of remaining on board twenty-two hours was not very agreeable. It was impossible either to walk, to sit, or to lie. Moving about upon deck was out of the question, owing to the number of bridges beneath which we had to pass; at every passage it became necessary for the whole company to lie down flat, to avoid being swept away by the beams of the bridge. As soon as we approached one, which happened every five minutes, the steersman called out, "Bridge!" and at the same instant the company fell prostrate. It was ludicrous for

[1] From *The United States and Canada in 1832, 1833, and 1834*, Vol. II.

a while to take part in this manœuvre; in the long run, however, it became wearisome, and no other alternative was left but to go down, by way of change, into the close and narrow cabin.

Night made our situation still more uncomfortable. Although three tiers of beds, one above another, had been



Brown Bros.

AN EARLY CANAL BOAT

fitted up on the sides, their number proved insufficient; the floor was covered with mattresses. . . . . The beds on the sides were only strung by a cord to the top: had that given way the whole sleeping apparatus would have been precipitated to the ground; and the consequences

might have been serious, from the corpulence of some of the travellers. . . . . The captain, a peaceable man, wishing to accommodate every one, saw that it was not in his power to do so, except by drawing lots for the berths. I drew my number with a trembling hand, and behold! it turned out to be one of the lowest beds on the side. The prospect now darkened indeed: to lie down, having two other berths occupied by heavy inmates above, and only supported by small cords, was a prospect by no means enviable. . . . . I had no other chance but quietly to take my place, unless I chose to spend the night on deck; and this was still more objectionable, owing to a heavy rain. . . . . Immediately above me lay a young man, who, by his reserved and strange behaviour, had already attracted my attention; and above him rested an excessively corpulent man, whose frame took up more room than was allotted to two.

The beginning of the night was rather auspicious: I already felt reconciled to my unpleasant situation, and amused myself by listening to the different sounds, from the finest tenor to the strongest bass, proceeding from the snoring gentry. A sudden thump against my side of the boat at length spread consternation among the travellers. The shock, occasioned by another craft coming too close to ours, was so violent, that the beams cracked, and the doors flew open. About a dozen sleeping individuals were precipitated from the second and third tier on the unfortunate beings who were lying on the floor. One cord gave way after another. Snoring had ceased: lamentations filled the room. The ladies rushed in among us. All were running, shoving against each other, swearing, and making a noise in the dark: confusion, in short, was at its height, until the captain had made a favourable report, which restored tranquillity.

WHY THE AËROPLANE FLIES

FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

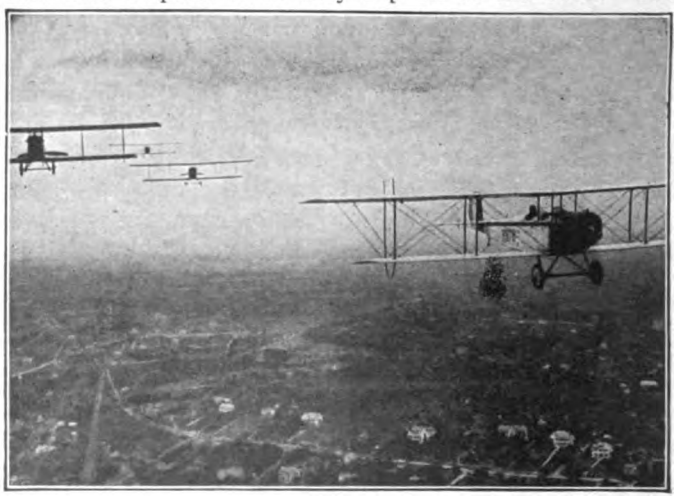
The air being a much thinner medium than water is, of course, far more unstable and baffling. Its supporting power is not only very small but constantly varies. The flying machine which will navigate successfully in a perfectly quiet atmosphere may be unseaworthy, or rather, unairworthy, when a wind springs up, or the shifting of the wind may spoil all the air pilot's plans. To add to his troubles, the aviator must move among air currents which change and change again in a moment's time. As we study the difficulties of air navigation we will appreciate, more than ever, the wonderful patience, skill, and daring of the successful aviators.

The action of the air currents had first to be carefully studied before flight became possible. Although the air is invisible we now know exactly how the air currents act upon the wings or planes. When a plane surface, such as the wing of an aëroplane, moves horizontally through the air, the air is caught for a moment underneath it and is pressed down slightly and a moment later slips out again from under the other edges at the sides and back. It is this air under pressure which yields a slight support.

It has been proven by many experiments that this supporting power varies with the shape of the plane or surface driven horizontally through the air. A long narrow surface driven sideways gains much more support from the air than the same area in the form of a square or any other shape. In other words, a surface ten feet square containing 100 square feet will not travel as far as a surface twenty feet long and five feet wide.

[1] From *The Boy's Book of Model Aëroplanes.*

The explanation is very simple. As the square surface moves along, the air is momentarily compressed under the front edge, but instantly slips off at the back and sides. As the broad surface of the rectangular plane cuts the air, however, few of the air currents can escape at the sides while the most of them are crowded together and held in place until they slip off at the back. The



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AIRPLANES IN FLIGHT

supporting power of the plane is therefore in direct proportion to the length of the front or, as it is called, the entering edge of the plane.

Here we find one of the secrets of the flight of birds. The spread between the tips of their outstretched wings is much greater than the width of the wings themselves. It also explains why the Wright model, for instance, should be so oddly shaped and should move sideways like a crab. If you study the models of the successful monoplanes with this in mind they have a new meaning.

The law of the proportion of the entering edge is very important in designing an aëroplane. . . . .

At every stage of . . . . development the aviators are indebted to the birds for information. The successful aëroplanes have great width compared to their depth, they gain stability by flexing the tips of the wings, and their planes are arched upward and forward exactly as are the wings of a bird. The aviator arranges his center of gravity after the same general model, below the planes and well forward. He places his engine forward, just as the bird has its strongest muscles in the chest, and he builds his frame of hollow tubes like the bones of a bird.

THE PURCHASE OF ALASKA[1]

[1867]

RUPERT S. HOLLAND

. . . . The Czar of Russia decided that the country [Russian America] was too far away from his capital to be properly looked after. The United States finally made an offer to buy the great territory from the Czar, although the government at Washington was not very anxious to make the purchase. The tract, large as it was, did not seem to promise much, and it was almost as far from Washington as it was from St. Petersburg. The Czar was quite willing to sell, however, and so the United States bought the country from him in 1867, paying him $7,200,000 for it.

On a fine October afternoon in 1867 Sitka Bay saw the Stars and Stripes flying from three United States war-ships, while the Russian Eagle waved from the flagstaffs and houses in the small town. On the shore soldiers of the two nations were drawn up in front of the old castle, and officers stood waiting at the foot of the

[1] From "The Story of Alaska" in *Historic Adventures*.

flagpole on the parade ground. Then a gun was fired from one of the United States war-ships, and instantly the Russian batteries returned the salute. A Russian officer lowered his country's flag from the parade ground pole, and an American pulled the Stars and Stripes to the peak. Guns boomed and regimental bands played,

Courtesy of W. B. Stephenson, Jr.

SITKA, THE OLD RUSSIAN CAPITAL OF ALASKA

and then the Russian troops saluted and left the fortress, and the territory became part of the United States.

Up to that time the country had been known as Russian America, but now a new name had to be found. Some suggested American Siberia, and others the Zero Islands; but an American statesman, Charles Sumner, urged the name of Alaska, a native word meaning "the Great Land," and this was the name that was finally adopted.

THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII[1]

[1898]

GEORGE WALDO BROWNE

July 18th, the steamer *Coptic* reached Honolulu from San Francisco, carrying the news of annexation. As this fact had been anticipated, the people were prepared

[1] From *The Far East and the New America.*

to receive the messenger with demonstrations of delight. Whistles from mills, foundries, and steamers screamed out the announcement of the tidings from every quarter; fireworks set the town ablaze; while the streets were paraded by marching columns and bands played patriotic American airs. Altogether it was a great jubilee, and Captain Sealby, who had brought the news, was presented with a souvenir cup bearing the following inscription:

"Annexation. Presented by the citizens to Capt. Inman Sealby, R. N. R., who brought the good news to Honolulu."

The final act in the long and momentous drama of annexation was enacted on August 12, 1898, when, at precisely eight minutes to twelve o'clock noon, the Hawaiian flag was hauled down from the flagstaffs on all of the government buildings, and just three minutes later the stars and stripes were run up in their places. The ceremonies were simple and impressive, as became the scene. A noticeable feature of the occasion was the small number of Hawaiians witnessing the event. They were showing their affection for their former queen, who had returned to her native land a few days before. No people have stronger love for their rulers than the natives of Hawaii. At a public reception given Liliuokalani a short time before, many of them had come miles to pay her homage. To-day their absence spoke, more forcibly for them than any words could have done, their feelings. In more ways than one the occasion reminded the spectators of a funeral, which it partly was: the last rites over a traditional government. The national anthem, "Hawaii Ponoi," was played for the last time; the bugle tapped, and the Hawaiian ensign of the Kamehamehas, under which many of those present had been born, sank from sight for ever as a national emblem. Amid the intense silence of the onlookers came the bugle call again, the

band played the "Star-Spangled Banner," when "Old Glory" rose on the tropical breeze, henceforth the national flag of the first republic of the Pacific. Cheers now rang on the air; eyes that were moist with tears a minute before brightened as the new colours made a beautiful picture overhead, which seemed to augur well for the future.

The hour fraught with so much sadness to the Hawaiian passed, and having a better and fuller appreciation of the new era dawning upon their home land, the new subjects of Uncle Sam moved about with lighter hearts than they had known since the beginning of the revolution. The republic has nothing to fear from them, for more loyal subjects never acknowledged fealty to a sovereign.

THE SPANISH WAR[1]

[1898]

WILLIAM MCKINLEY

The first encounter of the war in point of date took place April 27, when a detachment of the blockading squadron made a reconnaissance in force at Matanzas, shelled the harbor forts, and demolished several new works in construction.

The next engagement was destined to mark a memorable epoch in maritime warfare. The Pacific fleet, under Commodore George Dewey, had lain for some weeks at Hongkong. Upon the colonial proclamation of neutrality being issued and the customary twenty-four hours' notice being given, it repaired to Mirs Bay, near Hongkong, whence it proceeded to the Philippine Islands under telegraphed orders to capture or destroy the formidable Spanish fleet then assembled at Manila. At daybreak

[1] From Second Annual Message of President McKinley, December 5, 1898.

on the 1st of May the American force entered Manila Bay, and after a few hours' engagement effected the total destruction of the Spanish fleet, consisting of ten warships and a transport, besides capturing the naval station and forts at Cavite, thus annihilating the Spanish naval power in the Pacific Ocean and completely controlling the bay of Manila, with the ability to take the city at will. Not a life was lost on our ships, the wounded only numbering seven, while not a vessel was materially injured. For this gallant achievement the Congress, upon my recommendation, fitly bestowed upon the actors preferment and substantial reward. . . . .

Following the . . . . comprehensive scheme of general attack, powerful forces were assembled at various points on our coast to invade Cuba and Porto Rico. . . . .

Meanwhile the Spanish naval preparations had been pushed with great vigor. A powerful squadron under Admiral Cervera, which had assembled at the Cape Verde Islands before the outbreak of hostilities, had crossed the ocean, and by its erratic movements in the Caribbean Sea delayed our military plans while baffling the pursuit of our fleets. . . . . Not until Admiral Cervera took refuge in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, about May 19, was it practicable to plan a systematic naval and military attack upon the Antillean possessions of Spain. . . . .

On the night of June 3, Lieutenant Hobson, aided by seven devoted volunteers, blocked the narrow outlet from Santiago Harbor by sinking the collier *Merrimac* in the channel, under a fierce fire from the shore batteries, escaping with their lives as by a miracle, but falling into the hands of the Spaniards. It is a most gratifying incident of the war that the bravery of this little band of heroes was cordially appreciated by the Spanish Admiral, who sent a flag of truce to notify Admiral Sampson of

their safety and to compliment them on their daring act. They were subsequently exchanged July 7.

By June 7 the cutting of the last Cuban cable isolated the island. Thereafter the invasion was vigorously prosecuted. On June 10, under a heavy protecting fire, a landing of 600 marines from the *Oregon*, *Marblehead*, and *Yankee* was effected in Guantanamo Bay, where it had been determined to establish a naval station.

This important and essential port was taken from the enemy, after severe fighting, by the marines, who were the first organized force of the United States to land in Cuba. . . . . The advantage was steadily increased. On July 1 a severe battle took place, our forces gaining the outworks of Santiago; on the 2d El Caney and San Juan were taken after a desperate charge, and the investment of the city was completed. The Navy coöperated by shelling the town and the coast forts.

On the day following this brilliant achievement of our land forces, the 3d of July, occurred the decisive naval combat of the war. The Spanish fleet, attempting to leave the harbor, was met by the American squadron under command of Commodore Sampson. In less than three hours all the Spanish ships were destroyed, the two torpedo boats being sunk and the *María Teresa*, *Almirante Oquendo*, *Vizcaya*, and *Cristóbal Colón* driven ashore. The Spanish admiral and over 1,300 men were taken prisoners. While the enemy's loss of life was deplorably large, some 600 perishing, on our side but one man was killed, on the *Brooklyn*, and one man seriously wounded. Although our ships were repeatedly struck, not one was seriously injured. Where all so conspicuously distinguished themselves, from the commanders to the gunners and the unnamed heroes in the boiler rooms, each and all contributing toward the achievement of

From the painting by Vereshagin. Copyright by Henry D. Maciona

THE ROUGH RIDERS AT SAN JUAN HILL

this astounding victory, for which neither ancient nor modern history affords a parallel in the completeness of the event and the marvelous disproportion of casualties, it would be invidious to single out any for especial honor. . . . .

With the catastrophe of Santiago, Spain's effort upon the ocean virtually ceased. . . . .

On the 17th General Shafter occupied the city. . . . .

With the fall of Santiago the occupation of Porto Rico became the next strategic necessity. . . . .

The last scene of the war was enacted at Manila, its starting place. On August 15, after a brief assault upon the works by the land forces, in which the squadron assisted, the capital surrendered unconditionally. The casualties were comparatively few. By this the conquest of the Philippine Islands, virtually accomplished when the Spanish capacity for resistance was destroyed by Admiral Dewey's victory of the 1st of May, was formally sealed.

THE PANAMA CANAL[1]

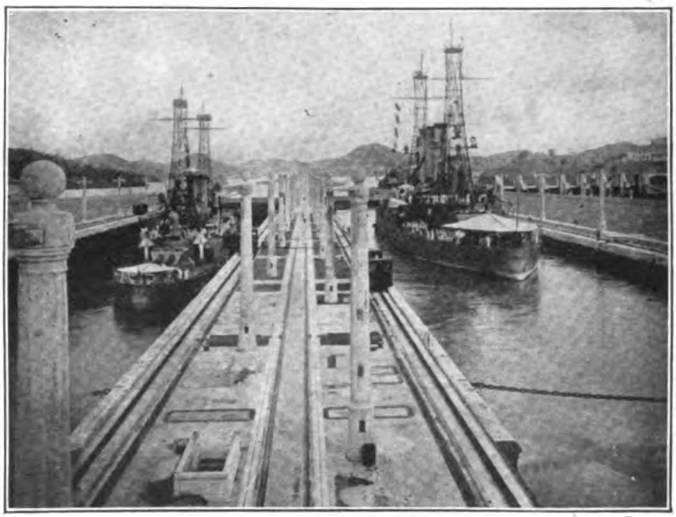
EMORY RICHARD JOHNSON

"The so-called canal is a huge water bridge, the first in the world's history."

The Panama Canal will, of a certainty, bring the United States into closer touch with the Latin countries of North America and western South America; indeed, Mexico and Central America will be brought within the active route by which the coastwise trade between the two seaboards of the United States will be carried on. Commerce and travel between the United States and the Pacific shores of South America will, in a few decades, increase many fold.

[1] From "What the Canal Will Accomplish," *Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1913. Copyright, 1913, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

More frequent intercourse and the larger commerce between the United States and Latin-American countries should prove to be mutually advantageous, politically as well as economically. In its relations with all countries south of the Rio Grande the United States is, and has every reason for continuing to be, politically disinterested.



Brown Bros.

THE MIRAFLORES LOCKS OF THE PANAMA CANAL

The autonomous political and economic development of Latin-American countries is the desire of the United States. Whatever assistance the United States may be able to render its neighbors will be given in a cordial spirit, untainted by any selfish desire to acquire dominion or to exercise political control over any country.

Nor will the people of the United States be unaware of the fact that closer political relations with other American countries will be helpful to the United States. This country possesses a monopoly neither of political

wisdom nor of the elements of civilization. Co-operation between Latin and Saxon countries will be mutually beneficial. The Panama Canal promises to promote Pan-Americanism, to bring American countries nearer together in thought and feeling, and to promote trade in culture as well as commodities. . . . .

It is possible that the chief accomplishment of the Panama Canal may be one of which the people of the United States will scarcely be aware. The main obstacle to the successful development of our federal government has been sectional strife. A country of continental area, comparable in size to Europe, and having within its borders great diversities of climate, of industrial activities, and of population elements, is governed by the will of the whole people. In times past the clash of sections has been so severe as nearly to disrupt the government.

Fortunately, sectional strife, though not at an end, is no longer violent. The railroad, the telegraph, and the telephone have made political unity possible and certain; but every agency that more closely unites the different parts of the country makes possible better and more effective government. The Panama Canal, by increasing the economic interdependence of the East and the West, and of the West and the South, will promote the political unity as well as the economic solidarity of the country.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN[1]

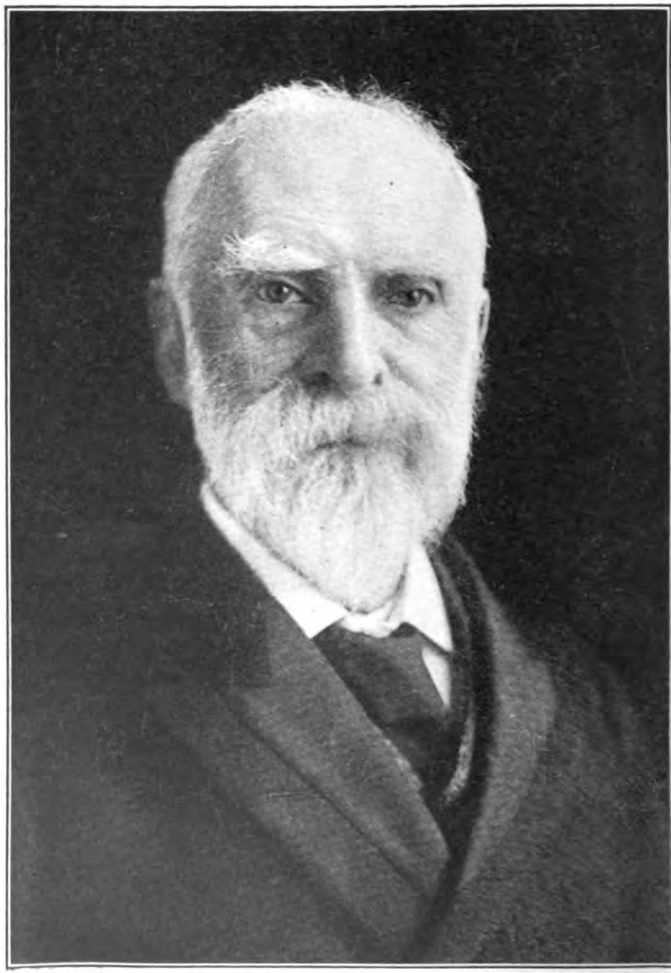
JAMES BRYCE

It has been well said that the position which women hold in a country is, if not a complete test, yet one of the best tests of the progress it has made in civilization. When one compares nomad man with settled man,

[1] From *The American Commonwealth.*

heathen man with Christian man, the ancient world with the modern, the Eastern world with the Western, it is plain that in every case the advance in public order, in material comfort, in wealth, in decency and refinement of manners, among the whole population of a country—for in these matters one must not look merely at the upper class—has been accompanied by a greater respect for women, by a greater freedom accorded to them, by a fuller participation on their part in the best work of the world. Americans are fond of pointing, and can with perfect justice point, to the position their women hold as an evidence of the high level their civilization has reached. Certainly nothing in the country is more characteristic of the peculiar type their civilization has taken. . . . .

It will be seen . . . . that the provision for women's education in the United States is ampler and better than that made in any European countries, and that the making of it has been far more distinctly recognized as a matter of public concern. To these advantages, and to the spirit they proceed from, much of the influence which women exert must be ascribed. They feel more independent, they have a fuller consciousness of their place in the world of thought as well as in the world of action. The practice of educating the two sexes together in the same colleges tends, in those sections of the country where it prevails, in the same direction, placing women and men on a level as regards attainments, and giving them a greater number of common intellectual interests. It is not deemed to have made women either pedantic or masculine, or to have diminished the differences between their mental and moral habits and those of men. Nature is quite strong enough to make the differences of temperament she creates persistent, even under influences which might seem likely to reduce them. . . . .



Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

JAMES BRYCE

A European cannot spend an evening in an American drawing-room without perceiving that the attitude of men to women is not that with which he is familiar at home. The average European man has usually a slight sense of condescension when he talks to a woman on serious subjects. Even if she is his superior in intellect, in character, in social rank, he thinks that as a man he is her superior, and consciously or unconsciously talks down to her. She is too much accustomed to this to resent it, unless it becomes tastelessly palpable. Such a notion does not cross an American's mind. He talks to a woman just as he would to a man; of course with more deference of manner, and with a proper regard to the topics likely to interest her, but giving her his intellectual best, addressing her as a person whose opinion is understood by both to be worth as much as his own. Similarly an American lady does not expect to have conversation made to her: it is just as much her duty or pleasure to lead it as the man's is; and more often than not she takes the burden from him, darting along with a gay vivacity which puts to shame his slower wits.

. . . . . .

If women have on the whole gained, it is clear that the nation gains through them. As mothers they mould the character of their children; while the function of forming the habits of society and determining its moral tone rests greatly in their hands. But there is reason to think that the influence of the American system tells directly for good upon men as well as upon the whole community. Men gain in being brought to treat women as equals, rather than as graceful playthings or useful drudges. The respect for women which every American man either feels, or is obliged by public sentiment to profess, has a wholesome effect on his conduct and character, and

serves to check the cynicism which some other peculiarities of the country foster. The nation as a whole owes to the active benevolence of its women, and their zeal in promoting social reforms, benefits which the customs of Continental Europe would scarcely have permitted women to confer. Europeans have of late years begun to render a well-deserved admiration to the brightness and vivacity of American ladies. Those who know the work they have done and are doing in many a noble cause will admire still more their energy, their courage, their self-devotion. No country seems to owe more to its women than America does, nor to owe to them so much of what is best in social institutions and in the beliefs that govern conduct.

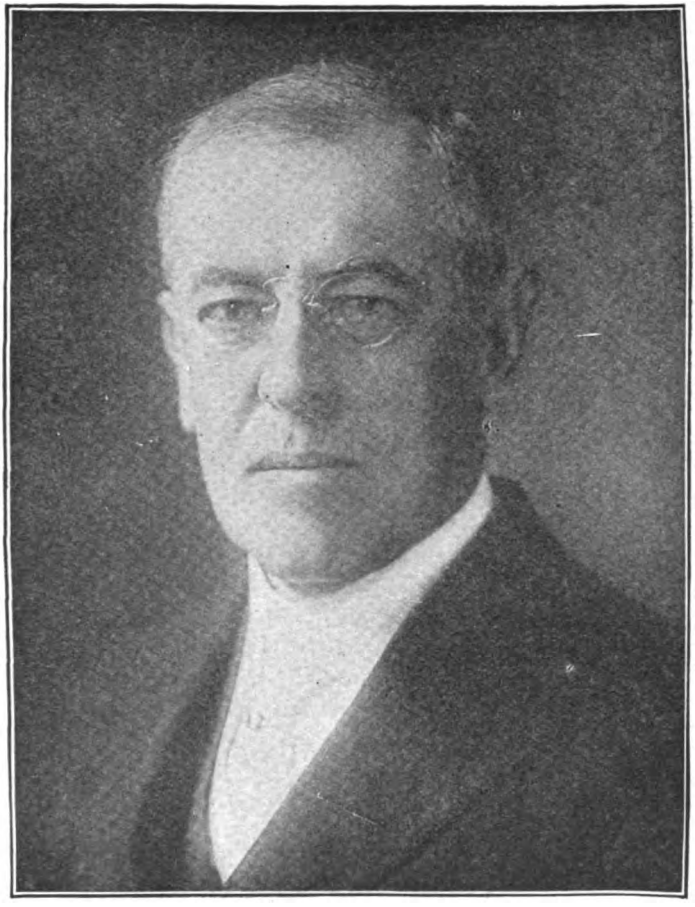
OUR ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD WAR[1]

[1917]

WOODROW WILSON

. . . It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace

[1] From President Wilson's speech to Congress recommending the declaration of the existence of a state of war with Germany, February 3, 1917.



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WOODROW WILSON

and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

PRAYER OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

JOYCE KILMER

My shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(Then shall my fickle soul forget
Thy Agony of Bloody Sweat?)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palm red rivers come).

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift, Amen.

ACTIVE SERVICE[1]

BRIGGS KILBURN ADAMS

Every morning our batman reports on the weather prospects, and when it is clear we have to get up a bit earlier. After breakfast a conference is held at which the purpose and objective of the trip are given and any details arranged for. Then the men who are going put on their flying kit and go out to the machines. These have previously been rolled out of the hangars, filled up with fuel, guns loaded, bombs, cameras, etc., attached, and everything shipshape. Each pilot gets in, the engine is started and warmed up, finally the chocks are pulled away from the wheels and the machines taxi out onto the aerodrome and line up ready to take off, the engine snorting and sputtering impatiently.

As they wabble over the ground the machines look so clumsy and ill at ease, with tails dragging and bumping, noses up in the air. The leader takes his place on the line, his machine indicated by some streamers. There have been no farewells or good-luck wishes, the men have started off as if they were off in a car to go to an office; it is not masked indifference, it is simple matter of course.

All are ready, and the leader, followed immediately by the others, opens out the throttle, and the machines move faster and faster, tails up now and noses low and level, like a runner stooping a bit on his run before a spring. The wheels trip along, each time touching more lightly, till with a final bound the machine is clear. What a fearful roar they make, great powerful engines unmuffled, wide open.

One after another they leap into the air and at once are transformed from ugly ducklings to beautiful swans,

[1] From *The American Spirit.* Courtesy of the Atlantic Monthly Co.

at home and happy in their natural element, as they arch round and round, ever higher. Finally when they are sufficiently high they move off in their close formation in an arrow line for their objective, finally fading out of sight.

Some hours later they come in sight again and glide in, some as fresh as when they left, others so badly cut up you wonder how the machine could hold together. Then we hear the story told in the form of a simple report, still all as a matter of course. How they flew undisturbed to their objective though noticing a large number of Huns in various parts of the sky as they flew along. But when they turned to come back the Huns had gathered over thirty counted against our four, a veritable swarm between them and home.

And yet without hesitation our machines fly straight at them! They break up into groups and surround our machines on all sides, above, below, each side, before, behind, all discharging their venomous sting when a good sight is obtained, darting in for a burst of shots, soaring up or diving away one after another, a continuous *mêlée*. Our machines zigzag from time to time, but always progress toward home unless some Hun more persistent than others has to be turned on.

Meanwhile our men, scarcely knowing which machine to pick out to fire at, keep sending off bursts whenever they get a good sight. When a Hun receives a burst a bit too close he dives for home, and when a machine is hit, several others accompany it down for a way to cool off. They are no sports, these Huns, they will never attack unless with overwhelming odds, and even then they never come across the lines, so in case of engine failure they are sure to get safely home. Yet our few machines over hostile territory fly straight into the swarm of them,

bring down six, and all return and have but one man hit. It isn't luck that they come through; it is superior shooting due to a large steady machine, a sporting blood in the men that makes them play the game, no matter what the odds.

Though the Hun has a decided advantage fighting over his own territory, it is a large factor in his defeat, for it is an open acknowledgment of his inferiority, and it only takes a little spirit and some cool shooting to make him sick.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING[1]

IVOR NOVELLO AND LENA GUILBERT FORD

They were summoned from the hillside,
They were called in from the glen,
And the Country found them ready
At the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
As the soldiers pass along,
And although your heart is breaking,
Make it sing this cheery song.

CHORUS

Keep the home fires burning,
While yours hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away
They dream of Home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come Home.

[1] Copyright, 1915, by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., and reprinted by special permission of Chattell & Co., Ltd., New York.

HUMANITY'S DECREE

ERNEST EUGENE COLE

Grim war must never come again,
The world must from its scourge be free;
The fiat of Jehovah is
The edict of humanity;
No more war's holocaust of death
Shall drench the earth with human gore,
Nor blaring bugle call to arms,
No more death-knelling cannon roar.

No more shall men hate fellow men
At some ambitious Czar's decree;
No more shall might lord over right
In guise and name of sover'nty;
No more edacious greed and pelf,
War's grimmest and most ghastly ghouls,
Shall, vulture-like, beglut their fill,
And tribute lay on human souls.

'Tis not the will or mandate of
A single nation, race or clan;
It swells from mountains and from vales,
Finds echo in the heart of man:
Five million men, earth's bravest, best,
The sacrifice supreme have made,
That blighting war may not again
The hearts and homes of men invade.

We here resolve and pledge this troth,
That they in vain shall not have died;
That peace, their legacy to earth,
Shall evermore with men abide.
From cross-marked graves on Flanders' fields
There comes this admonition plain—

"Keep ye your plighted faith with us,
And let war never come again."

I AM AN AMERICAN[1]

ELIAS LIEBERMAN

I am an American.
My father belongs to the Sons of the Revolution;
My mother, to the Colonial Dames.
One of my ancestors pitched tea overboard in Boston Harbor;
Another stood his ground with Warren;
Another hungered with Washington at Valley Forge.
My forefathers were America in the making;
They spoke in her council halls;
They died on her battle-fields;
They commanded her ships;
They cleared her forests.
Dawns reddened and paled.
Stanch hearts of mine beat fast at each new star
In the nation's flag.
Keen eyes of mine foresaw her greater glory:
The sweep of her seas,
The plenty of her plains,
The man-hives in her billion-wired cities.
Every drop of blood in me holds a heritage of patriotism.
I am proud of my past.
I am an American.

I am an American.
My father was an atom of dust,
My mother a straw in the wind,
To his serene majesty.

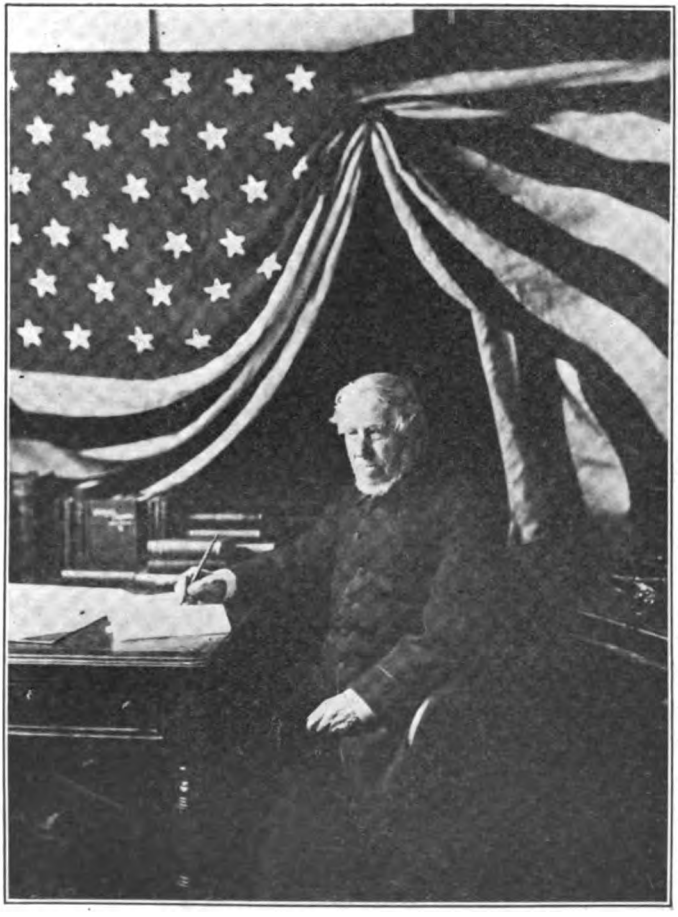
[1] From *Paved Streets* (published by the Cornhill Company). First appeared in *Everybody's Magazine*.

One of my ancestors died in the mines of Siberia;
Another was crippled for life by twenty blows of the ***knut;***
Another was killed defending his home during the massacres.
The history of my ancestors is a trail of blood
To the palace-gate of the Great White Czar.
But then the dream came—
The dream of America.
In the light of the Liberty torch
The atom of dust became a man
And the straw in the wind became a woman,
For the first time.
"See," said my father, pointing to the flag that fluttered near,
"That flag of stars and stripes is yours;
It is the emblem of the promised land.
It means, my son, the hope of humanity.
Live for it—die for it!"
Under the open sky of my new country I swore to do so;
And every drop of blood in me will keep that vow.
I am proud of my future.
I am an American.

AMERICA*

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.



SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

OUR COUNTRY[1]

JULIA WARD HOWE

. . . . . .

First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown jewel truth be found;
Thy right hand fling with generous wont
Love's happy chain to furthest bound.

[1] Extract *From Sunset Ridge.*

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JULIA WARD HOWE AND HER GRANDDAUGHTER

Let Justice with the faultless scales
Hold fast the worship of thy sons,
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs.

To link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-sped angels hail thy cause.

O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!
Be thine the blessing of the years,
The gift of faith, the crown of song.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG[1]

FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a Government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or

[1] Speech delivered on Flag Day, 1914, before the employees of the Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.

made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these benificent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night, to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the flag.

"I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

[The figures refer to the first page on which an article by an author occurs.]

1. **Henrietta Christian Wright.** Born at Old Bridge, New Jersey, February 18, 1852; died there December 15, 1899. "She conceived life to be but the instrument for the working out of noble purposes."

These words, used by Miss Wright in a tribute to Julia Ward Howe, may be fittingly applied to her own ideals of life. Her books were written with the purpose of vitalizing for children English and American literature and American history. She makes unusually real the historical, literary, and scientific characters she presents.

In her books there is no trace of the obstacles she bravely overcame in battling with uncertain health and in caring for and supporting an aged invalid mother. Her salary as teacher in the public schools was inadequate to meet the demands made upon it without self-denial and hard work on her part. Miss Wright is described as "tall, plain, and extremely thin," but with a smile which, though rare, illuminated her whole face.

Her works include *Children's Stories in American Literature*, *Children's Stories of the Great Scientists*, *Children's Stories in English Literature*, and *Children's Stories in American History*.

13. **Edna Dean Proctor.** Born at Hennicker, New Hampshire, September 18, 1829. Edna Dean Proctor is an American poet noted alike for her love of her own country and her world-wide sympathies. Her early education was received in Concord, New Hampshire, and she afterward moved to Brooklyn, New York. She contributed to magazines and traveled abroad extensively. During the Civil War she became widely known for her patriotic verse, and among her later poems "The Song of the Ancient People," "Columbia's Banner," and "Columbia's Emblem" are notable. An enduring friendship with Whittier resulted from her publication of "The White Slaves"; "The Doom of the White Hills" aroused public sentiment for the preservation of New Hampshire forests; and a chapter on Sevastopol in *A Russian Journey* helped to lead England to give proper care to its Crimean cemetery.

15. **Hezekiah Butterworth.** Born at Warren, Rhode Island, December 22, 1839; died there in 1905. Butterworth's education was received in the common schools and supplemented by much travel. He became assistant editor of the *Youth's Companion* in 1871, and wrote *Zigzag Journeys* (1876–1890), a series of travel books for children very popular in their day; *Poems and Ballads* (1887) upon important episodes in American history; *The Wampum Belt* (1896), and numerous other juvenile books. He also composed the cantatas *Under the Palms* and *Faith*, which had large sales in England and America.

21. George Bancroft. Born at Worcester, Massachusetts, October 3, 1800; died in Washington, D. C., January 17, 1891. Bancroft was graduated from Harvard at seventeen, and completed his education in Germany, where he made the acquaintance of many men of note. On his return to the United States he preached for a time, tutored in Greek at Harvard, and in 1823 founded Round Hill School at Northampton, Massachusetts. He was more interested in the writing of history than in any other work, however, and before 1830 was deep in his *History of the United States*.

In 1838 Bancroft was made collector of the port of Boston; and in 1845, after having failed to win the governorship of Massachusetts, he became Secretary of the Navy under Polk. While in this office he established the Annapolis Naval Academy. In 1846 he acted for a brief time as Secretary of War, and it was by his order that General Taylor crossed the Nueces River into disputed territory and precipitated the Mexican War.

After his retirement from the Cabinet he served, at intervals, as minister to Great Britain, to Prussia, to the North German Confederation, and finally to the German Empire. He negotiated with Prussia and the other North German states naturalization treaties — the first treaties of that kind ever drawn up.

Bancroft's historical and miscellaneous writings are numerous, but by far the most important of them is his *History of the United States*, which appeared in ten volumes between 1834 and 1882. In its day it exercised a great influence, and even today it is not entirely superseded as an authority on the colonial and revolutionary periods which it treats.

Short biographies of Bancroft are found in *Children's Stories in American Literature, 1660–1860*, by Henrietta Christian Wright (Scribner), and in *Young People's Story of American Literature*, by Ida Prentiss Whitcomb (Dodd, Mead & Co., 1913).

23. Theodore Irving. Born at New York, May 9, 1809; died there December 20, 1880. Theodore Irving was the nephew of Washington Irving, and spent some years abroad with his distinguished uncle. After his return he taught history and belles-lettres at Geneva College, and later in the Free Academy of New York. In 1854 he entered the Episcopal ministry, and served in various churches. He wrote, besides *The Conquest of Florida*, from which our selection is taken, *The Fountain of Living Waters* and *More Than Conqueror*.

29. Edward Edwards. Born in London, England, December 14, 1812; died at Ninton, Isle of Wight, February 7, 1886. "He was wont to deal with the matter presently before him as though it were the one thing which he had been born into the world to do."— Edward Edwards.

Edwards, in thus eulogizing Raleigh, aptly described himself. His great public services in education and librarianship should place him in the front rank of public benefactors, yet he was meagerly rewarded in life, spent his last years in obscurity and poverty, and died quite unmentioned. He was England's chief pioneer in the

public library movement. Because of his article "Thoughts on the Management of Popular and Scientific Institutions" which appeared in the *Literary Union* when he was but twenty-three, he was called before the parliamentary committee of the British Museum to advise upon methods of improvement.

The great purpose of his life was to make the public library the college of the masses. He had to overcome a prejudice against admitting the general public. The library hours were those of the leisure class; there were no open evening hours; there was no catalog system; many books which should form a part of every public library were wanting; and the books were not loaned. The idea of a lending department seems to have originated with Edwards.

Edwards' genius would probably have given him a distinguished position had his tact and control of temper equaled his seriousness of purpose. But he was asked to resign from the British Museum. Soon he was called to build the Manchester Public Library from its foundation, but again a position which might have been for life was lost because of his disposition.

Edwards' services ranked with those of Horace Mann in the United States and Froebel in Germany.

For a good life of Edwards, consult Thomas Greenwood, *Life of Edward Edwards*, London, 1902.

31. **John Smith.** Born at Willoughby, Lincolnshire, England, January, 1579; died in London, England, June 21, 1631. John Smith, "next to Raleigh the founder of Virginia," had a life story that rivals in interest the most thrilling tale of adventure. While yet a boy, he was left an orphan. He received a common-school education and was apprenticed to a tradesman, but he ran away to France and traveled there in the train of a nobleman's sons. Later he wandered about Europe as a soldier of fortune, taking part in various wars; and according to his own account he had many wild adventures among the Turks and Tartars. At one time he beheaded three Turkish champions in succession.

In 1605 Smith threw himself eagerly into the projects for colonizing America, and two years later landed in Virginia. Of his own adventures there he kept a record, for he had observed, he said, among other eminent warriors, that "what their swords did, their pens writ." Modestly he adds, "Though I be never so much their inferior, yet I hold it no great error to follow good examples." Thus he gave us the first formal history of Virginia, and the story of the colony shows Smith's resourcefulness, boldness, forcefulness, and resolution. As president of the Council of the colony he put the idle aristocrats to work; drilled the colonists; built fortifications, and more than once drove away starvation. Overzealous he may have been at times, but the colony owed its very existence to him. In 1609 he returned to England, and he did not again visit Virginia. He did, however, explore the New England coast.

In later years Smith wrote thus of his enterprises and colonies; "By that acquaintance I have with them, I call them my children: for they have been my wife, my hawks, hounds, my cards, my

dice, and in total my best content, as indifferent to my heart as my left hand to my right."

He shows yet another phase of himself in a concluding sentence about Virginia: "So, then, here is a place, a nurse for soldiers, a practice for mariners, a trade for merchants, a reward for the good; and that which is most of all, a business, most acceptable to God, to bring such poor infidels to the knowledge of God and His Holy Gospel."

America honors John Smith as the foremost Englishman of his day in making "an American nation and an American literature possible."

Boys and girls will enjoy reading Tudor Jenks's *Captain John Smith;* and *Pocahontas*, by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye and Edward Eggleston (Dodd, Mead & Co., 1879).

34. Washington Irving. Born in New York City, April 3, 1783; died at Tarrytown-on-Hudson, November 28, 1859. "Fix your attention on noble objects and noble purposes and sacrifice all temporal and trivial things to their attainment." — From a letter by Irving to a friend, July 21, 1828.

Irving, who is linked by name to the Father of our Country, himself holds the proud title of Father of American Literature. And the two men served a common cause, for, as Washington sought to gain for his country independence, so Irving sought to allay the antagonism aroused by war. *The Sketch Book* and *Bracebridge Hall* appeared not many years after the close of the War of 1812, and, by their frank and generous appreciation of what was delightful in English life, scenery, and traditions, did much to unite the two countries.

Irving was a mischievous, merry child, sensitive and active-minded, and the humor which later showed in his writings took early form in pranks. He attended the theater, which was forbidden by his severely religious father, and ran home between acts for family prayers; he wrote essays for boys who worked his problems. Meanwhile his imagination was stimulated by the romantic scenes of the Hudson and by the tales of the old Dutch settlers.

He studied law, but devoted most of his time to literature, and at nineteen contributed articles to his brother's paper, the *New York Morning Chronicle.* Travel in Europe for his health brought a fund of new experiences. While in France he was followed and detained by Napoleon's spies, who took him for an Englishman; off the Italian coast his boat was captured by pirates; at Messina, in Sicily, he saw Nelson's fleet on its way to Trafalgar.

Soon after his return to the United States Irving was admitted to the bar, but he found more pleasure in writing, with his brother, William T. Irving, and S. K. Spaulding, *Salmagundi*, satirical papers on the life of the day. In 1809 he published the *Knickerbocker History of New York.* The country read and laughed, but some old Dutch dames were furious, until they met the handsome, genial, social favorite, when they promptly forgave him.

The business in which he engaged with his brothers failed, and Irving settled down to writing as a profession. He lived for years

in Europe, chiefly in England, where the reception accorded him was as enthusiastic as that accorded his works.

On his return to his own country, Irving built his charming "Sunnyside," at Tarrytown, and there lived and wrote. No man of his day received more genuine love and admiration from his fellow countrymen. At sixty, though he had rejected offices of state, he was appointed minister to Spain. In Spain he was especially welcomed because of his interesting and picturesque *Alhambra* and *Conquest of Granada*.

Much of Irving's importance in the literary history of his country is due to the fact that he was the first of those literary ambassadors who have done so much to ally the New World with the best living influences of the Old.

For an extended sketch of Irving's life, see *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*, by his nephew and appointed biographer, Pierre M. Irving (J. B. Lippincott, 1870); *Studies of Irving*, by Warner, Bryant, and Putnam (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1880).

36. Bayard Tuckerman. Born in New York City, July 2, 1855. Tuckerman has always been a business man, but writing, rather than out-of-door sports, has been his favorite recreation, and his *History of Prose Fiction*, *Life of General LaFayette*, and *William Jay and the Abolition of Slavery* have won many readers. Even as a boy he was a great reader, and during his youth in Switzerland became well acquainted with French literature. After his graduation from Harvard he studied in Paris and lectured on English literature at Princeton.

41. William Bradford. Born at Austerfield, Yorkshire, England, in 1588; died in Plymouth, Massachusetts, May 9, 1675. "I am not only willing to part with everything that is dear to me in this world for this cause, but I am also thankful that God has given me a heart so to do, and will accept me so to suffer for him."[1] — William Bradford.

Religious zeal wakened early in William Bradford. He had been left an orphan, with an inheritance, at the age of a year and a half, and given to the care of a grandfather, upon whose death he was committed to that of uncles. He had few books beside the Bible. This became his solace during a long illness, and "when he was about a dozen years old, the reading of the scriptures began to cause a great impression upon him. . . . . Nor could the *wrath* of his *uncles*, nor the *scoff* of his *neighbors* divert him from his pious inclination."[2]

Bradford allied himself with those who could not accept the laws and ceremonies of the Established Church of England, and for this, he relates, they "were hunted and persecuted on every side, so as their former afflictions were but as flea-bitings in comparison of these which now came upon them."[3] Consequently in 1607

[1] Cotton Mather, *Magnalia*, Book 2, page 102.

[2] Cotton Mather, Book 2, page 101.

[3] *History of Plymouth Plantation*, page 10.

"a large companie of them" attempted flight to Holland, "and for that end had hired a shipe wholy to them selves, & made agreement with the maister to be ready at a certaine day . . . . but when he had them & their goods abord, he betrayed them, having before hand comploted with y^e^ searchers & other officers so to doe; who . . . . put them into open boats, and ther rifled & ransaked them, searching them to their shirts for money."[1] They were then imprisoned, but Bradford, because he was only eighteen, was soon released.

The next spring the party crossed successfully to Holland, and in 1620 set out for America. Bradford's abilities were so conspicuous that upon the death of Governor Carver, in 1621, he was chosen successor, and held the governorship from the age of thirty-three until his death. He often argued "that if it were any honor or benefit" to be governor, "others beside himself should partake of it; if it were a burden, others beside himself should help bear it." But it was only by "importunity he got off" for five years.

Under his wise leadership, practical judgment, and justice, laws were established which conformed, "primarily and principally, to the ancient platform of God's law."[2] Bradford had supplemented his limited education with deep study of theology, history, and philosophy and had mastered Latin and Greek, French, Dutch, and Hebrew.[3]

Bradford's writings began with the *Journal* kept by himself and Winslow the day they sighted America and continued until the return of the ship "Fortune,"[4] thirteen months later. He also wrote treatises on theology, and poems. Ten years after the arrival in America he began his *History of Plymouth Plantation*, which goes back to "y^e^ very roote & rise of y^e^ same" and carries the record down to the time of his death in the form of "historical diarizing: . . . . the registration of events as they went by, or as they yet lived in the memories of the living."[5]

In concluding the sketch of his life Cotton Mather says: "But the crown of all was his holy, prayerful, watchful and fruitful walk with God, wherein he was very exemplary."

41. Edward Winslow. Born at Droitwich, Worcestershire, England, October 18, 1595; died near Jamaica, May 8, 1655. Winslow was one of those who emigrated to America on the "Mayflower" and founded the Plymouth Colony. He was delegated to treat with the Indians, and he succeeded in winning the friendship of Massasoit and in negotiating a treaty with him. He was one of the agents of the colony from 1624 to 1647 except during three years in which he served as governor. On several occasions he was sent to England to look after the interests of the Plymouth and the Massachusetts Bay colonies. He left on his last mission

[1] *History of Plymouth Plantation*, page 12.

[2] Jacob Bailey Moore, *Memoirs of American Governors* (1846), page 77.

[3] Cotton Mather, Book 2, page 104.

[4] Arrived from England, November 9, 1621, with thirty-five passengers.

[5] Tyler, *History of American Literature*, page 116.

as agent in 1646, remaining in England nine years. He held office under Cromwell, and in 1655 was sent by him on his expedition against the West Indies to confer with Admiral Venables and Admiral William Penn, its leaders. Winslow died on the voyage, however, and was buried at sea.

His writings, of the greatest value to the historian of Plymouth Colony, include *Good Newes from New England, or a True Relation of Things very Remarkable at the Plantation of Plimouth in New England* (1624); *Hypocrisie Unmasked; by a True Relation of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts against Samuel Gorton, a Notorious Disturber of the Peace* (1646); *The Glorious Progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians in New England;* and he is also supposed to have prepared, with William Bradford, the *Journal of the Beginning and Proceeding of the English Plantation at Plymouth in New England* (1622).

43. John Pierpont. Born at Litchfield, Connecticut, April 6, 1785; died at Medford, Massachusetts, August 27, 1866. Pierpont, after his graduation from Yale, practiced law for a time before he entered the ministry. He served as pastor of Hollis Street Church, Boston, but his enthusiastic support of temperance and anti-slavery antagonized his congregation, and he asked for dismissal. Later he served churches in Troy, New York, and Medford, Massachusetts, and at seventy-six entered the army as chaplain. He wrote *Anti-Slavery Poems* and *Airs of Palestine.*

44. Francis Higginson. Born probably in 1587 or 1588; died at Salem, Massachusetts, August 6, 1630. This founder of the Massachusetts Bay Colony bore the stamp of a man ordained by nature to be a great leader. Cotton Mather in his *Magnalia,* descriptive of thirty founders of New England, places him "first in the catalogue of heroes";[1] and Moses Coit Tyler in his authoritative *History of American Literature* says: "Among the Argonauts of the first decade of New England colonization there was perhaps no braver or more exquisite spirit than Francis Higginson."[2]

The father of Francis was the vicar of Claybrooke Parish for over half a century. Both father and son were graduates of Jesus College, Cambridge University, and Francis, soon after taking his degrees, was called to a parish-house in Leicester. So great was his power "that the influence thereof on the whole town was quickly become a matter of observation: many were turned from *darkness to light and from Satan to God;* and many were *built up in their most holy faith;* and there was a notable revival of religion among them."[3]

"For some years he continued in his *conformity* to the rites then required and practised in the Church of England; but upon his acquaintance with *Mr. Arthur Hildersham*[4] and *Mr. Thomas*

[1] *Magnalia, or The Ecclesiastical History of New England,* ed. 1820, Book I, page 322.

[2] *History of American Literature,* Vol. I, page 166.

[3] *Magnalia,* Book I, page 323.

[4] One of the Puritan leaders of England.

Hooker, he set himself to study the controversies, about the evangelical church-discipline, then agitated in the church of God: and then the more he studied the *scripture* . . . . the more he became dissatisfied with the ceremonies which had crept into the worship of the Lord Jesus Christ. . . . . From this time he became a conscientious *non-conformist;* and therefore he was deprived of his opportunity to exercise his ministry, in his parish-church." However, ". . . . . he was now maintained by the voluntary contribution of the inhabitants; and though the rest of the ministers there continued *conformists*, yet they all freely invited him unto the use of their pulpits, as long as they could avoid any trouble to themselves by their so doing: by which means he preached successfully in *three* of the parish-churches, after that he had been by *non-comformity* made incapable."[1]

Among these non-conformists, or Puritans, were several wealthy merchants, who obtained from King Charles I a charter, and incorporated under the name of *The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts-Bay in New England*, with the purpose of founding a plantation of "godly and honest" Puritans in America.

Higginson was asked to take the leadership of this party, and in accepting he gave up the promise of a brilliant career among famous men in a land of traditions for the guidance of a handful of people on the border of a remote wilderness. But, he asked, "What can be better worke and more noble and worthy a christian, than to helpe to raise and support a particular church while it is in its infancy?"[2]

Three ships were prepared, and two more were to follow within a month. They carried a year's supply of "all things needful," including fruit stones of all sorts for planting, "tame turkeys," and live stock. Higginson with his wife and eight children was on the "Talbot," which sailed May 1, 1629, and landed on June 24. From the beginning of the journey he kept a journal, published under the title of *New England's Plantation*, which had a great sale in England.

About a year after his arrival he died of a "hectic fever." He was in his early forties, yet he had "raised" his church through its "infancy" and attained a great name.

46. John Winthrop. Born in Suffolk, England, January 12, 1588; died at Boston, Massachusetts, March 26, 1649. Winthrop, who belonged to a family of wealth, intellectual power, and culture, was chosen governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony before the colonists left their native shores. His natural gifts, his training as a lawyer, his high moral sense, and his calm judgment fitted him for such an office. He was deeply conscientious, broadly tolerant, and tried to exemplify in his life his *Model of Christian Charity*, a treatise which he wrote during the long voyage to America. Therein he set forth his hopes and his ideals for the colony:

"We must be knit together in this work as one man. We must entertain each other in brotherly affection. We must uphold a

[1] *Magnalia*, Vol. I, page 323.

[2] Thomas Wentworth Higginson, *Life of Francis Higginson*, page 41.

familiar commerce together in all meekness, gentleness, patience and liberality. We must delight in each other; make others' conditions our own; rejoice together, mourn together, labor and suffer together, always having before our eyes our commission and community in the work as members of the same body."

Winthrop was elected governor of the colony twelve times. At one time he was brought before a council of ministers on the charge of "lenity" in the administration of affairs, and after acknowledging his wrong, he records that "thereupon was a renewal of love among them." During his terms of office, Winthrop officially allowed religious persecutions against which his nature and judgment rebelled, and the memory of these tortured his dying days. He was, however, an able administrator, and in educational matters he held up a high standard. He was a member of the commission which founded Harvard College, and for this in itself his name should be honored.

Winthrop was also an historian of importance. He began his *Journal* the day he sailed from England, and he continued it to the year of his death. It has been published under the title of *The History of New England from 1630 to 1649*. It is written in the third person, and reveals Winthrop's stern sense of truth and justice, for he freely records his own mistakes with those of others.

For a complete account of Winthrop's life, see *History of American Literature*, by Moses Coit Tyler, two volumes (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1885); *Life and Letters of John Winthrop*, two volumes (Little, Brown & Co.).

48. William Hand Browne. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, December 31, 1828; died at Riderwood, Maryland, December 13, 1912. William Hand Browne came of an old Maryland family, his ancestors having settled there in 1720; and he contributed to the history of his state thirty-three volumes of archives (except Volume Eighteen, containing muster rolls of Maryland troops during the Revolutionary War), said to be the most complete record of any of the thirteen states. These perfect reproductions of the original manuscripts he not only edited, supplying from England missing parts, but he illuminated the whole with notes and explanations.

Browne began his studies in a private school, and later attended the University of Maryland, from which he took the degree of medicine. Literary tastes drew him from the medical profession, however, and in 1866, with a friend, he founded the *Southern Review*. Two years later he transferred his activities to the *New Eclectic Magazine*, soon to become the *Southern Magazine*.

His desire to further the welfare of his state intensified interest in the proposed establishment of the Johns Hopkins University, and in connection with that institution he advanced his theory of research professorships, then new to England and America. He declared that "to the English mind, a Professor without a class would be an irreconcilable anomaly, and yet that Professor, by his studies and their fruits as embodied in his writings, may be teaching the world, and conferring lustre on the institution which claims him as her

own." That he was soon to be identified with the University and her "new methods" for the remainder of his life had not occurred to him.

During his service at Johns Hopkins he published translations from the German, French, and Russian; assisted in editing various historical and reference works; and edited *The Taill of Rauf Coilyear, a Scottish Romance of the Fifteenth Century.* With its abundant notes and its glossary, this was welcomed as one of the best Scottish texts ever issued.

55. Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Born at Luray, Ohio, December 16, 1847; died at Chicago, Illinois, December 26, 1902.

"On God's good time," she said, "wait I.
For He will shape my destiny;
His gifts can never buried lie."

Mary Hartwell Catherwood was left an orphan at seven years of age, and went to live with relatives. Forced by circumstances to earn her own living, she studied to be a teacher, and when fourteen received a teacher's certificate. After teaching for several years, she entered the Female College at Granville, Ohio, insuring her life to obtain the money for her expenses.

After her graduation she contributed articles and stories to newspapers and magazines, and these were increasingly popular. She was much interested in French-Canadian life, and spent several years in Canada, preparing for *The Romance of Dollard.* The manuscript was rejected, but she took it to another publisher, who told her that she would stand as much chance of being struck by lightning as of having an historical romance accepted. She persuaded him to read her story, with the result that in a few days she received word of its acceptance. Its immediate success brought her many letters of commendation from famous men, among them one from Francis Parkman. Later, a warm literary friendship developed between Mrs. Catherwood and Parkman, and he wrote the introduction to a subsequent edition. The Century Company sent her to France to get material for a series of articles, which afterward appeared in book form as *The Days of Jeanne d'Arc.*

Mrs. Catherwood's books number about twenty, and include the very popular *Lazarre, Old Caravan Days, The Story of Tonty, The Lady of Fort Saint John, Old Kaskaskia,* and *Macinac and Lake Stories.* Her books combine fascinating romance with accurate historical details of the exploration and settlement of the lake region, the Middle West, and northeastern Canada.

59. Jared Sparks. Born at Wellington, Connecticut, 1789; died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1866. Sparks, an American historian, had few opportunities in his youth, but he was determined to gain an education, and worked at everything to which he could turn his hand. He won a free scholarship for Phillips Exeter Academy, and walked a hundred and fifty miles to the school because he could not afford to pay carfare. Later he entered

Harvard on a scholarship, and tutored to pay expenses there. For a time after his graduation he was pastor of a Unitarian church in Baltimore; he was also, for years, editor and chief owner of *The North American Review*, and from 1849 to 1853 was president of Harvard. His writings include an excellent biography of Washington, which was prefaced to his edition of the *Writings of George Washington;* twelve volumes of *Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*, for which he searched archives of England, France, Germany, and America; and a life of Franklin.

65. Tudor Jenks. Born at Brooklyn, New York, May 7, 1857. Tudor Jenks has written many stories which have given pleasure to young people. He graduated at Yale, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. Meanwhile he took an art course at Paris. For fifteen years he was assistant editor of *Saint Nicholas*, and his work, if not his name, became familiar to children everywhere. He has contributed prose and verse to periodicals, and has written about thirty books, chiefly for young readers. Among them are *Chemistry for Young People, Electricity for Young People, Captain John Smith, Captain Miles Standish*, and a series of four books dealing with life in the days of Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, and Scott.

69. Charles Haven Ladd Johnston. Born at Washington, D. C., July 17, 1877. "Uncle Chad, the school boy's friend," holds the secret of interesting young people. And no wonder. He edited the college papers of Lawrenceville, St. Marks, and Harvard; was in turn surveyor, cowpuncher, and secretary to a senator; is an athlete and traveler; served in the Spanish-American war, and in the construction of Camp Meade, and even took part in the World War. His personal experience enables him to make very real famous characters and events in history.

His best known books are the "Famous Leaders Series"—*Little Pilgrimages among the Women Who Have Written Famous Books, Famous Scouts*, and *Famous Frontiersmen;* and he has just completed a volume entitled *Famous Generals of the Great War*, which is to be followed by a school history of the United States.

70. Edward Everett. Born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, April 11, 1794; died at Boston, Massachusetts, January 15, 1865. Everett was one of the most eminent American orators of the middle nineteenth century. He graduated from Harvard at the age of seventeen, and at nineteen became pastor of the Brattle Street Unitarian Church in Boston. Two years later he gave up the ministry to become professor of Greek literature at Harvard, and to fit himself for the position he spent five years in Europe. As editor of the *North American Review*, as representative to Congress, as governor of Massachusetts, and as minister to England, he gained a wide influence. In 1846 he became president of Harvard, but resigned three years later on account of ill health. He succeeded Webster as Secretary of State in Fillmore's Cabinet, but held the office only four months. In 1852 he was made United States senator, but resigned that office also because of ill health. After

retiring to private life, he toured the United States at his own expense, delivering his lecture on George Washington, the proceeds of which, over $100,000, he gave to the Mount Vernon Association for the purchase of Washington's home. His last great oration was delivered on the battlefield at Gettysburg, at the dedication of the national cemetery there. He himself felt that Lincoln's brief address on that occasion quite overshadowed his own more ambitious speech.

73. Cotton Mather. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, February 12, 1663; died there February 13, 1728. Mather, "idol of a distinguished family, the prodigy of both school and college, the oracle of a rich parish, the pet and demigod of an endless series of sewing societies," was born with an enormous appetite for knowledge. As the son of Increase Mather, a celebrated Boston pulpit orator, and as the grandson, on his mother's side, of the equally eminent divine, John Cotton, he could scarcely have escaped this craving, for books were as much a part of the family life as eating and sleeping. They were the toys and companions of young Cotton, and his remarkable attainments were so much praised that self-consciousness, vanity, and ostentation began early.

He entered Harvard at the age of eleven, at fifteen took his first degree, at eighteen his second, and at seventeen began to preach. At twenty-two he was his father's assistant at North Church, Boston, and three years later, when his father went to England, he remained in charge of the church, and thus became the most influential man in Boston.

During the witchcraft craze he investigated many cases and frequently advised or approved of the punishment of those supposed to be "possessed." His *Wonders in the Invisible World* was written to refute the arguments of doubters. More than three hundred other publications are credited to him; the best of these is the *Magnalia, or The Ecclesiastical History of New England*, but in this, history, fact, and fancy are so interwoven that authorities turn to him chiefly for a general picture of the period, its literature, science, and culture.

For a critical estimate of Cotton Mather, see *History of American Literature, 1607–1765*, Vol. II, by Moses Coit Tyler (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1878).

75. Col. James Smith. Born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, 1737; died at Bourbon, Kentucky, 1812. Smith spent the years from 1755 to 1759 a captive among the Indians. Later he went on an exploring expedition into Kentucky, served in Lord Dunmore's war against the Indians, and in 1776 was elected to the Pennsylvania assembly. For a time he fought in the Revolutionary War, attaining the rank of colonel, and after the close of the struggle he settled in Bourbon, Kentucky. Pioneer life in the wilds had no terrors for this brave soldier, who was equally at home among Indians and whites. Smith's writings, besides the book from which the extract on page 75 is taken, include *A Treatise on the Mode and Manner of Indian War.*

77. **Benjamin Franklin.** Born at Boston, Massachusetts, January 6, 1706; died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 1790. "I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than on any other kind of reputation."—Benjamin Franklin.

This extract from a letter gives, in part, the secret of the man who most strongly influenced the Americans of his time.

His father, a soap and candle maker, was a man of "sound understanding and solid judgment," and was anxious to give the precocious Benjamin educational advantages; but, with seventeen children, he could allow this son but two years of schooling before putting him to work at candle making. Later, apprenticed to a printer brother, young Banjamin was able to appease his hunger for books. He almost starved himself to make his first purchase of *Pilgrim's Progress*. But the book which probably most influenced his life, he said, was Cotton Mather's *Essays to Do Good*.

Reading classics and trying to reproduce them with the book closed improved his literary style, and he secretly tried his skill by contributing to his brother's paper articles signed Mistress Silence Dogood. He and his brother quarreled constantly, and in 1723 Benjamin ran away and made his way to New York. Finding no work there, he went on to Philadelphia. There, by economy and good sense, and by hard work at the printing trade, he soon became extraordinarily successful. In almost every important public activity of the colony he had a part, and by reason of this and of his writings he acquired a wide reputation.

For twenty-five years—from 1732 to 1757—the homespun philosophy and proverbs of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, a yearly pamphlet, found favor equally with frontiersmen, with men of note, and, later, with the gallants of foreign courts. This little almanac, of which ten thousand copies were sold each year, materially influenced the trend of thought in the colonies and, in one instance at least, American history. During the Revolution, when Paul Jones was importuning the French court to furnish him with ships to attack the British coast, he found in a copy of *Poor Richard's Almanac* the proverb, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send," and, acting on this advice, he went to the court of Louis XVI, secured a ship which he named the "Bon Homme Richard," and with it won the first American naval battle.

Franklin found time for scientific research, and made a number of useful inventions, among them an open stove, the principle of which is the basis of our modern furnace. By experiments with a kite he proved that lightning is a discharge of electricity. He also discovered that electricity is positive and negative, and pointed the way to our modern use of electric currents.

It was Franklin, too, who founded the first circulating library, the University of Pennsylvania, and the first fire and street-cleaning department in America.

In 1764 he was sent to England to try to win justice for the colonies. In a measure he was successful, but the friction between the colonies and the mother country increased, and after the Battle

of Lexington, Franklin returned to his own country. His services during the Revolution are ranked with those of Washington. He was the connecting link between the colonies and France for nine years, and induced the French government to recognize the United Colonies as a nation.

As was fitting, Franklin assisted in framing the Constitution. A few years later he died, and, as he said, entered into real life. The newspapers announced the loss of this doer of good between black borders; Congress wore mourning for a month, while the French national assembly put on mourning for three days.

Franklin's *Autobiography* is one of the most remarkable books ever produced in America. Every young person should read it.

For a full account of Franklin's life, see *The True Benjamin Franklin*, by Elbridge Brooks (Thomas Y. Crowell, 1899). Paul Leicester Ford's *Many-sided Franklin* (Harper & Brothers) is fascinating and accurate.

81. Benson J. Lossing. Born in Beekman, New York, February 12, 1813; died at Dover Plains, New York, June 3, 1891. Lossing was a farmer boy, but he loved books. At fourteen he read Gibbons' *Rome*, and this wakened in him a love for history which colored his whole life. In 1853 he became co-editor, and later proprietor, of the *Poughkeepsie Telegraph*, and for three years he edited the *Poughkeepsie Casket*. He studied wood engraving and began illustrating, all his work being influenced by his fondness for history. Once while crossing from Greenwich to Stamford, Connecticut, he chanced upon a shrub-grown slope, and discovered irregular steps cut in the side. He was interested at once, and discovered that these steps had been used by General Putnam when he escaped from the British. Somehow the circumstance seemed to throw a new, picturesque light on his favorite subject, and that night he conceived the idea of the *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*. He traveled thousands of miles for material, and drew eleven hundred illustrations on blocks. The work was completed in twenty-two months. Thirty or more illustrated historical works followed, but the *Field Book* is perhaps his best known publication.

85. Sir Isaac Barré. Born in Dublin, Ireland, 1726; died in London, England, July 20, 1802. Colonel Barré was one of the most fearless statesmen who ever sat in Parliament. He entered the army at twenty-one, accompanied his friend General Wolfe to America, and was beside him when he fell, as is shown in West's famous picture of the death of Wolfe (page 83). He himself was wounded in the same battle. Barré rose to the rank of brigadier general, and was official messenger to England when Montreal capitulated. For his military services he was awarded a seat in Parliament, and a pension of £3,200 a year. Some of the most profound statesmen of his day were his intimate friends. He ardently, even violently, advocated the cause of the American colonists, subjecting even Pitt to his torrents of invective. In 1790 he became totally blind from the wound received at Quebec and retired from public life.

The *Junius Letters*, the authorship of which has never been established, were by some scholars ascribed to him. These were satirical denunciations of the ministry and the king, and probably influenced public opinion as strongly as did our own *Federalist* papers, though they were of a widely different character. Wilkes-Barré, Pennsylvania, and Barré, Massachusetts, were named after Colonel Barré.

For discussion of the *Junius Letters*, see John Britton's *Authorship of the Letters of Junius Elucidated* (London, 1848).

86. Richard Hildreth. Born in Deerfield, Massachusetts, June 22, 1807; died at Florence, Italy, July 11, 1865. After his graduation from Harvard, Hildreth studied at Newburyport and was admitted to the Boston bar at twenty-three. He was founder and co-editor of the *Boston Atlas* and the author of several books, among them the popular anti-slavery novel *The Slave, or a Memoir of Archy Moore*. Editorial work brought on ill health, and he spent the years 1840–1843 in British Guiana. There he edited two weekly free-labor papers. In 1861 he was consul to Trieste, and on his return to the United States he took a position on the staff of the *New York Tribune*. He also contributed to the *American Encyclopedia*.

For his historical material Hildreth went to the original public documents and state papers, and his work therefore has the merit of accuracy. In general, too, it is free from bias, and therefore ranks high among American historical productions.

88. Joseph Warren. Born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, June 11, 1741; died at Bunker Hill, Massachusetts, June 17, 1775. After his graduation from Harvard in 1759, Warren taught for a time, then studied medicine, and began its practice in 1764. He was an ardent Whig, and was associated with Samuel Adams and other patriots, and the "Suffolk Resolves," adopted by a Suffolk County Convention in 1774 and forming the most radical statement of the American position made up to that time, were drafted by Warren. He served on numerous important local committees and in April, 1775, was elected president pro tem of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. A few months after the Battle of Lexington, with the success of which he had much to do, he was commissioned major general. He went to Bunker Hill as a volunteer, refusing the chief command, which was offered to him, and was killed in the battle of June 17.

90. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. Born at Westminster, England, November 15, 1708; died in London, England, May 11, 1778. Pitt was educated at Oxford, and at twenty-seven entered Parliament. He rose to the position of Secretary of State and vigorously pressed the war against France (French and Indian War); in recognition of this, the American colonists, when they captured Fort Duquesne (1758), named it Pittsburgh. After the accession of George III to the British throne, Pitt resigned, but in July 1776, he was made Earl of Chatham and head of the ministry. When, during the American Revolution, France acknowledged the

independence of the United States and entered into a treaty of alliance and commerce; and when a bill to recognize America's independence was introduced into Parliament, Pitt, critically ill, made a powerful address against the motion, but fell exhausted, and never recovered. He ranks among the foremost orators of any day, yet few of his speeches were prepared, and only parts of them are preserved verbatim. He was haughty and ostentatious; in politics, clean; in private life, stainless. As a tribute to his great work the government, after his death, paid his debts, £20,000, and settled £4,000 a year on his family.

91. Patrick Henry. Born at Studly, the family seat, near Richmond, Virginia, May 29, 1736; died at Red Hill, Virginia, June 6, 1799. "The best men always make themselves."—Patrick Henry.

When about ten Patrick Henry left school to continue his education under his father, and early acquired a knowledge of Latin and a familiarity with ancient and modern history. The indolence ascribed to his youth was the indolence of genius, for while fishing, hunting, rambling over his father's estate, and trying to learn the language of the birds, he learned many things not found in the books of his day. This keen perception he brought to bear on men when as a clerk, and later as a storekeeper, he came into closer contact with people, but his knowledge of men did not prevent him from giving too liberal credit. He removed to a farm, hoping there to cancel his obligations, and often worked in the field with his slaves.

Again unsuccessful, he took up the study of the law, and after six weeks of preparation was admitted to the bar, having proved himself a true legal genius. His first case was the famous dispute over the income of the clergy, and though Patrick Henry was engaged "against the parsons," his eloquence carried the house. He had made himself known and felt beyond the bounds of his own colony before he delivered that famous speech in opposition to the Stamp Act in which he made his personal declaration of war against Great Britain. His fearless utterance, "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third . . . ." was the spark that inflamed the colonists.

In 1774 Patrick Henry was a delegate to the first Continental Congress, and in the next year was made commander of the Virginia forces. It was in 1775, at a meeting of the Provincial Convention, that he made the speech which, more than all others, has kept his fame alive. It was not preserved verbatim, but the version which is given on pages 91–95 is the generally accepted one. For three years, from 1776 to 1779, he was governor of Virginia, and he was offered the governorship for each of three succeeding terms, but declined. He opposed the Federal Constitution, but later supported Washington. After thirty years of public life, he retired.

None of Patrick Henry's speeches has been preserved verbatim, but the tradition of this self-made genius is an inspiring part of our national history.

For interesting accounts of the life of Patrick Henry, see *The Life, Correspondence, and Speeches of Patrick Henry*, by William Wirt, and *The True Patrick Henry*, by George Morgan (J. B. Lippincott, 1907), giving different versions of the patriot's youth.

95. Henry Cabot Lodge. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, May 12, 1850. Worthy ancestry and parentage, stimulating intellectual home atmosphere, early daily contact with notables, foreign travel, and Harvard life, with admission to the bar after graduation, formed the basis for the distinguished position which Senator Lodge has maintained. From 1873 to 1876 he lectured at Harvard on American history, and from the latter date to 1879 he was editor of the *North American Review*. He served three terms in Congress as representative from Massachusetts, and in 1899 was elected to the Senate, where he has remained a distinguished member. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention from 1884 to 1908, and again in 1920, when he was its chairman. He has also been active in literary work, having written biographies of Hamilton, Webster, and Washington for the "American Statesmen Series"; *Studies in History*, *Hero Tales from American History* (with Theodore Roosevelt), *The Story of the Revolution*, *The War with Spain*, and *Early Memories*, which is autobiographical.

99. Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, December 22, 1823; died there May 9, 1911. It was apparent to anyone who met Thomas Wentworth Higginson that he was a product of the highest culture, and his statement that he was reared in a home where "women were treated with intellectual respect by prominent men" tells much of the type of woman his mother was. Under such a stimulating mental atmosphere he was admitted to Harvard at thirteen, graduated at seventeen, and after a theological course became pastor of the First Religious Society at Newburyport, at the age of twenty-four. He withdrew because of his anti-slavery views, and for a time served the Free Church in Worcester. In 1853 he led the attack on the Boston Court House for the release of a fugitive slave—Anthony Burns. After the riot, with Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, and others, he was indicted for murder, but was discharged. His abolition activities extended to Kansas, and he assisted in the attempted rescue of John Brown's companions. As abolitionist, minister, suffragist, and colonel of the first regiment of freed slaves in the Civil War, Higginson constantly tried to be helpful to men and women, old and young, black and white. His publications include an American history possessing the charm of a romance, *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, *Common Sense about Woman*, and *Atlantic Essays*. He also wrote a memoir of Longfellow, whose friend he was for many years.

102. Philip Freneau. Born in New York City, January 2, 1752; died near Freehold, New Jersey, December 18, 1832. This first American poet of pronounced ability began writing verse at seventeen, and never ceased to the end of his life. After his graduation

from Princeton, however, he yielded to the call of the sea, and took several long voyages in merchant ships or in privateers. But writing was his real vocation, and his work, both in prose and in verse, constantly appeared in periodicals. Freneau's inspiring patriotism won him the title of "poet of the American Revolution." His ardor was intensified, possibly, by confinement on a British prison ship when, in 1780, he was captured while en route to the West Indies. "The British Prison Ship" is one of his strongest poems. During Jefferson's term Freneau was translator for the State Department and meanwhile edited the *Philadelphia National Gazette*, the organ of the extreme anti-Federalists.

Much of Freneau's poetry was satirical, and has lost its appeal, but some of his lyrics have a permanent charm. Scott pronounced his "Battle of Eutaw Springs" as fine a thing of the kind as there is in the language.

Annie Russell Marble gives an appreciation of Freneau in *Heralds of American Literature* (University of Chicago Press, 1907).

106. George William Curtis. Born at Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1824; died at Staten Island, New York, August 31, 1892. The fine principles and deep moral sense of George William Curtis, no less than his ability, made him one of the most widely loved and respected men of his times. He was chiefly educated by tutors and by a gifted stepmother. As a young man he was much interested in the Transcendental movement, and for two years lived at Brook Farm. On returning to New York he became editor of *Putnam's Magazine;* later was political editor of *Harper's Weekly;* and from 1853 almost until his death he conducted the "Editor's Easy Chair" of *Harper's Magazine.* Meanwhile he delivered anti-slavery orations, and was one of the leaders of the newly formed Republican party. After 1871 he was active in civil service reform.

109. Frederick Swartwout Cozzens. Born in New York City, March 5, 1818; died at Brooklyn, New York, December 23, 1869. Cozzens was a humorist and miscellaneous writer whose works, with the exception of a few poems, are today little read. Writing was his recreation rather than his actual vocation, for he was through most of his life a wine merchant. He edited, too, the *Wine Press.* His *Sparrow-grass Papers* had a great popularity, and his *Memorial of Fitz-Greene Halleck* was widely read.

112. William Ross Wallace. Born at Lexington, Kentucky, 1819; died in New York City, May 5, 1881. Wallace was educated at Bloomington and South Hanover Colleges, in Indiana, and practiced law in New York City. Much true patriotism is to be found in his *The Liberty Bell* and *Meditations in America and Other Poems.* Poe commended his work, while Bryant pronounced him a born poet.

113. Francis Miles Finch. Born in Ithaca, New York, June 9, 1827; died there July 31, 1907. Finch was popular when he wrote college songs and edited the *Yale Literary Magazine*, and other poems

brought increasing popularity; but great success came only in 1867, with the publication of a song inspired by a despatch in an Ithaca paper. This despatch read: "The women of Columbus, Mississippi . . . . strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and National soldiers." "When I read those lines," said Finch, "it struck me that the South was holding out a friendly hand, and that it was our duty, not only as conquerors, but as men and their fellow citizens of the nation, to grasp it." He then wrote "The Blue and the Gray," which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Although at first it met with resentment, it eventually became the greatest modifier of sectional feeling of any known poem, oration, sermon, or appeal.

Finch rose to distinction as a lawyer; was one of the founders of Cornell University; associate judge of the New York Court of Appeals; dean of the law faculty at Cornell; and president of the New York Bar Association.

116. William Gilmore Simms. Born at Charleston, South Carolina, April 17, 1806; died there June 11, 1870. Simms ranks among the foremost southern men of letters in the period before the Civil War. His father, half crazed by financial losses and the death of his wife, abandoned his home, leaving the child with his grandmother. She was able to allow him but little schooling, and he was mainly self-taught. He studied law, but found literary pursuits far more to his taste, and for a time he edited the *Charleston City Gazette*. Some of his poems attracted attention, but it was his novels that really brought him fame. *Yemassee*, *The Scout*, *Eutaw*, and others are excellent historical romances, dealing with the southern regions which Simms knew so well. He lost practically all he had during the Civil War.

119. William Cullen Bryant. Born at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794; died at Roslyn, Long Island, June 3, 1878.

> Deem not the framing of a deathless lay
> The pastime of a drowsy summer day.
>
> —From *The Poet*

Bryant was very precocious in his poetic development. He contributed verse to local papers at the age of thirteen, and in the next year produced the satirical "Embargo." "Thanatopsis," best known of all his poems, was written when he was seventeen, but was not published until 1817.

In 1810 Bryant entered Williams College, but for financial reasons left before the end of the year. He studied law and practiced for ten years, in the meantime winning considerable fame as a poet. In 1826 he became assistant editor and in 1828 editor of the *New York Evening Post*, and this position he held until his death. His vigorous, uncompromising editorials made him one of the most influential men of his day. Volumes of his poems appeared from time to time, and his work was recognized from the first as far superior to any poetry that had up to that time been written in America. When he was past seventy he published translations

of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* which critics rank as the very best of his work.

Publicly and privately Bryant earnestly defended the right, and the influence of his life was no less salutary than that of his pen. Guided by lofty ideals, "he grew to be the emblem of our finest order of citizenship, possibly the most acceptable type."

Of his writings Stedman says: "Blank verse is the easiest and the most difficult of all measures: the poorest in poor hands; the finest when written by a true poet. . . . . In this measure Bryant was at his height, and he owes to it the most enduring portion of his fame. However narrow in his range, we must own that he was first in the first—that is, he was highest in the rarest of poetic art."

122. Eugene Lawrence. Born in New York City, October 10, 1823; died August 17, 1894. Lawrence studied at Princeton University, graduated from New York University, pursued law at Harvard, practiced in New York, and traveled in Europe, studying in all the leading libraries. On his return he wrote *Lives of British Historians* (1855), *Historical Studies* (1856), *The Jews and Their Persecutors*, and *Columbus and His Contemporaries*.

127. John S. C. Abbott. Born at Brunswick, Maine, September 18, 1805; died at Fairhaven, Connecticut, June 17, 1877. Abbott, a very prolific pedagogical and historical writer, was graduated at Bowdoin College, studied theology at Andover, and was ordained in the Congregational ministry. He held churches in Worcester, Roxbury, and Nantucket, but during the latter part of his life devoted himself to literature as a profession. *The Mother at Home*, which combines religion and pedagogy, had extensive European sales. Among his other works are *Practical Christianity*, *The French Revolution of 1789*, *The History of Napoleon Bonaparte*, and *The History of Frederick II.*

130. James Roberts Gilmore. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, 1823; died at Glens Falls, New York, November 16, 1903. Gilmore's interest was divided between business and literary work. For some years before the Civil War he was a cotton merchant in New York. Later he founded the *Continental Monthly Magazine* and gave a course of lectures at Lowell Institute, Boston, and Peabody Institute, Baltimore. Many of his writings appeared under the name of "Edmund Kirk." Among his books are *My Southern Friends*, *Life of Jesus, Patriotic Boys*, *Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln*, *The Rear-Guard of the Revolution*, and *Adrift in Dixie*.

131. Minnie Gathright Cook. Born at Louisville, Kentucky. In the course of her historical studies, Mrs. (Henry L.) Cook became convinced that the part played by the Middle West in the Colonial and Revolutionary history of our country had been inadequately treated by historians. She therefore determined to gather data from original sources to write a history of the Middle West. She has spent over ten years at her task, consulting original documents

in England and America. In her researches among Revolutionary records she discovered many western documents that have settled several vexed questions.

135. **John Adams.** Born at Quincy, near Boston, Massachusetts, October 30, 1733; died there July 4, 1826. "While our own minds commend, we may calmly despise all the frowns all censure, all the malignity of man."—John Adams (letter to a friend, April 1, 1756).

The "Father of the Fourth of July" resolved at the beginning of his career to act a "fearless, intrepid and dauntless part," and "likewise to act a prudent, cautious and considerate part." These traits were natural enough in a descendant of the fearless, hard-working farmer who came to America with the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Like his ancestor, too, John Adams regarded idleness as a disgrace.

The son of a prosperous farmer, he went to Harvard, where he was the fourteenth in a class of twenty-four only because Harvard pupils were then enrolled in accordance with the social position or dignity of their parents.[1] After he took his degree he taught for a time, then turned to the law and attained such distinction that he was offered by the British Crown the office of advocate-general in the Massachusetts court of admiralty. This, he felt, would silence his patriotic utterances, and he therefore declined it. He did, however, from a sense of justice, defend the English soldiers tried for murder in the brawl called the "Boston Massacre." It was the reputation won through this case that placed him in the legislature and sent him to the first and second Continental Congresses, 1774–1775.

It was Adams who proposed George Washington as commander-in-chief of the army and who put through a resolution by which the colonies formed independent governments—a great step toward independence. He was one of the most determined supporters of the Declaration of Independence, and a member of the committee appointed to draft it. It was his statement that the day of its passing would be celebrated for generations to come that won him the title with which this sketch begins.

Before the close of the war Adams was sent as minister to Holland, where he secured a loan of $2,000,000 and a treaty of "amity and commerce." His next triumph, the treaty of peace with England in 1783, was achieved in conjunction with Jay and Franklin.

Having served as Vice-President under Washington, Adams was on Washington's retirement in 1797 elected President, and piloted the country through four stormy years of party dissension. He is accused of weakness because he left Washington the night before Jefferson's inauguration, but, while courtesy demanded his presence, his withdrawal is perhaps more fairly ascribed to his Federal distrust of Jefferson's political intentions, and the discord and division

[1] See *Life of John Adams*, by Charles Francis Adams, Vol. I, page 14 (Little, Brown & Co.).

in his own party. In any case, the act should not becloud a record of great service.

Andrew D. White, in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly* (January, 1862), says that three men who "did most to *found* the Republic . . . . are Washington, Adams, and Jefferson."

138. Guy Humphreys McMaster. Born at Clyde, New York, January 31, 1829; died at Bath, New York, September 13, 1887. McMaster, jurist and poet, was graduated in 1847 from Hamilton College. Two years later "Carmen Bellicosum," his best known poem, was published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. He studied law, and served for a time as judge of Steuben County, New York. Among his publications were *A History of Steuben County*, several volumes of verse, and *Other Side Letters*, sent to the *Steuben Courier* while he was traveling in Europe.

144. Laura Elizabeth Richards. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, February 27, 1850. The daughter of Julia Ward Howe and Samuel Gridley Howe could scarcely fail to have talent for writing, and Laura E. Richards has exercised hers along many lines. She not only edited the *Letters and Journals* of her father and wrote a biography of her mother, but produced volume after volume of nursery rimes and children's stories. Most of her stories have a moral tone, but this is not unpleasantly obvious, and the stories have been very popular.

146. John Paul Jones. Born at Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, July 6, 1747; died in Paris, July 18, 1792. "I may not win success but I will endeavor to deserve it."—Paul Jones.

John Paul Jones is the name by which this distinguished naval commander is known in history, but his real name was John Paul. He added the "Jones," apparently out of compliment to a good friend in America, Wylie Jones. He was the son of a Scotch landscape gardener. At twelve he was apprenticed to a merchant in the American trade, visited Virginia, and saw his brother. This voyage increased his interest in America and his love for the sea. In 1766, released from his apprenticeship, he sailed as mate on a slave ship which plied between Spain, Africa, and the West Indies. Disgusted with the cruelty of the slave trade, he shipped, in Jamaica, on another vessel for the return voyage. In 1768 he took safely home to Scotland a ship on which he had taken passage, the master and the mate having died; and this won him an appointment as captain.

As to just why John Paul gave up his command and removed to America, where he lived for several years in obscurity, history is not very certain. One story tells that he went to Virginia to settle his brother's estate; another, that he feared punishment for the killing of a mutinous sailor, whom he struck in self-defense. It was during these years that he adopted the name of "Jones."

When the Revolutionary War broke out, Jones was given a commission as senior first lieutenant on the "Alfred." On this ship and on the "Providence" he proved his courage and ability,

capturing a number of British prizes. On the day Congress adopted the United States flag, Jones was appointed commander of the "Banner," and he was the first to obtain a foreign salute to the American flag.

His most famous ship was the "Bon Homme Richard," a French ship which he rechristened in honor of Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac*. The "Bon Homme Richard" was the flagship of a squadron of five vessels, with which Jones performed some remarkable exploits. The taking of the "Serapis," described in the extract given on pages 146–150, was the chief of these. France bestowed honors on him, and Congress awarded him a gold medal and the tribute that "he hath made our flag respected among nations."

In 1788 Jones went to Russia as rear-admiral in the Russian navy, but avowed his intention "to preserve the condition of an American citizen and officer." Four years later he died in Paris, and was buried there. In 1905 his body was brought to the United States by a fleet of warships, and was placed in one of the Naval Academy buildings at Annapolis. The United States government has erected a monument to this most famous sea captain of his age.

The latest and most authentic life of Paul Jones is that by Mrs. Reginald DeKoven (two volumes). She found papers, documents, and even a tombstone which disproved statements and dates given by biographers and relatives.

150. Isaac Q. Leake. For some years Leake served in an Albany bank, first as clerk and later as cashier. Meanwhile he was one of a company to erect the first building for theatrical purposes in Albany, New York. In 1820 Leake and Judge Cantine bought the *Albany Argus*, one of the oldest newspapers in the state. Upon the death of Judge Cantine two years later, Leake became editor, but his health was so poor that Martin Van Buren and other Democratic friends secured an assistant for him.

Leake is described as "a man of learning and talents, distinguished for his literary and scientific attainments and abilities as a journalist."

152. Nathaniel Parker Willis. Born at Portland, Maine, January 29, 1806; died at "Idlewild"-on-the-Hudson (near Newburgh, New York), January 20, 1867. Before his graduation from Yale, Willis had made a name for himself as a writer of verse, chiefly religious in character. Throughout his life his work, whether in prose or in verse, was very popular, and even critics allowed him high rank as a poet. He established in succession several periodicals, but only the *New York Mirror* and the *Home Journal* had an existence of any length. To the former he contributed the European travel sketches which were later collected as *Pencillings by the Way*. He also wrote *Inklings of Adventure*, *Loiterings of Travel*, *Famous Persons and Places*, and several volumes of poems, which appeared in collected form in 1868. At the time of his death Holmes pronounced Willis one of the prominent American authors; and Poe said: "We know of none who has more narrowly missed placing

himself at the head of our letters." Despite these favorable criticisms, however, Willis does not rank with the great writers. His work was graceful and fluent, but had little permanent value.

153. **Mason Locke Weems.** Born in Maryland about 1760; died at Beaufort, South Carolina, May 23, 1825. Weems is remembered chiefly today as the author of that famous biography of Washington which so profoundly influenced Abraham Lincoln — the biography in which there first appeared the tale of the hatchet and the cherry tree. Weems also wrote lives of Franklin, of Francis Marion, and of William Penn. He was an Episcopal clergyman, but held no regular charge.

157. **Alexander Hamilton.** Born on the Island of Nevis, West Indies, January 11, 1757; died in New York City, July 12, 1804. "The best things done hesitatingly, and with an ill grace, lose their effect, and produce disgust rather than satisfaction and gratitude." —From Hamilton's letter to James Duane.

Alexander Hamilton's rare endowments were fostered by his gifted mother, who, however, died while he was but a boy. His father's bankruptcy then forced Alexander at the age of twelve to go to work in a counting house. The work was drudgery to the boy, who was little short of a prodigy, and he wrote to a friend: "I contemn the groveling condition of a clerk, or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station." At fifteen the talent shown in a published description of a destructive hurricane which swept the islands caused his friends and relatives to send him to New York to complete his education. In 1773 he entered King's College, now Columbia University. He became intensely interested in the cause of the colonies, and he was but seventeen when, at the close of a large public meeting, he made an extemporaneous speech which captured his audience and marked him as one of the leaders in the inevitable struggle. At nineteen, as artillery captain, he entered the army, and when hardly twenty was made Washington's aide, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He was thus intimately associated with Washington, whose lifelong friendship he won. There was, to be sure, one breach, when Washington rebuked Hamilton for his delay in obeying an order. Hamilton promptly resigned from the office and refused to return, but remained with the army, and distinguished himself at Yorktown.

Meanwhile he had married into General Schuyler's artistocratic family. After the war he was admitted to the New York bar, and at twenty-five was elected to the Continental Congress. He saw the lack of energy and system in the Confederation government, and the distressing financial condition. To remedy these conditions, he advocated a strong central government. There was much opposition to such a plan, but in the end Hamilton's plan won, largely through his efforts.

When Washington became President, he appointed Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury, and Webster's statement was none too

strong when he said of Hamilton: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprung upon its feet." Indeed, the country owed little less to Hamilton than to Washington himself. In 1795 he resigned from the Cabinet and resumed the practice of law, but Washington continued to consult with him on matters of state.

Because of his active opposition to Aaron Burr for the Presidency, Hamilton was challenged by Burr to a duel. When they met, Hamilton fired into the air, but Burr shot true. and mortally wounded his adversary. Hamilton died July 12, 1804.

For a complete account of Hamilton's life and activities, see *Life and Letters of Alexander Hamilton*, by his son; *Life of Alexander Hamilton*, by Henry Cabot Lodge; *The Conqueror*, an historical romance founded on facts, by Gertrude Atherton.

158. Henry Lee. Born at Leesylvania, Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 29, 1756; died on Cumberland Island, Georgia, March 25, 1818. Henry Lee, soldier and statesman, was the father of a still more distinguished soldier—Robert E. Lee. He graduated from Princeton in 1774, and shortly afterward entered the army as captain of cavalry. His fearlessness, his quickness, and his qualities of leadership fitted him particularly for the scouting duties in which he was engaged for three years. His most noteworthy service was the surprise and capture of the British post at Paulus Hook. It was such dashing exploits that won him the name of "Light Horse Harry."

After the war Lee was a member of the state legislature, governor of Virginia, and from 1799 to 1801 a member of Congress. His knowledge of Washington's life and character, no less than his oratorical gifts, led Congress to choose him at Washington's death to give the funeral oration. Lee's death was hastened by injuries received while he was helping to defend against mob attack the house of a Baltimore friend.

160. Robert Treat Paine. Born at Taunton, Massachusetts, December 9, 1773; died at Boston, Massachusetts, November 13, 1811. The senior Paine was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This son was christened Thomas, and bore that name until he was a young man, but his name was changed in 1801 by an act of legislature. This was done chiefly because Paine did not wish to be confused with Thomas Paine, whose undoubted patriotism could not save him from the criticism caused by his radical religious views.

For some time Paine practiced law successfully. He also, for two years, edited a Federal journal, an act which made enemies for him, because he did not hesitate to hold his political foes up to ridicule in his satirical poems. Paine's wayward habits finally brought him to poverty, and he died in want.

His best known poems, besides campaign songs, were "The Ruling Passion" and "Steeds of Apollo."

165. Joseph Hopkinson. Born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, November 12, 1770; died there January 15, 1842. Hopkinson was one of the most noted jurists of his day. He served for four years in Congress as a Federalist, and distinguished himself in debates on the tariff and the Seminole War. Under President Adams he was appointed a district judge, and he held the office until his death. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention in 1837 and served as chairman of its judiciary committee. His legal decisions and writings were for many years considered authoritative, but he will be longest remembered for his patriotic song, "Hail Columbia," written in 1798, our first national song of purely American origin.

166. Daniel Webster. Born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782; died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, October 24, 1852. Daniel Webster's father was of sturdy Puritan stock. He was a captain during the French and Indian War, and also served in the Revolutionary War. At the time of Arnold's treason, Washington said to him: "I believe I can trust *you*." His mother had a keen intelligence, and Daniel was taught so young to read that farmers passing the cabin stopped by the roadside to hear him read the Bible.

Books were scarce, and Daniel memorized long chapters of the Bible, the whole of Pope's *Essay on Man*, and parts of the *Spectator*. His parents resolved that so unusual a boy must have an education. They mortgaged the farm, and Daniel entered Exeter. The boys made fun of his awkward manner and homely clothes, but he quickly surpassed them all in his studies and put them to shame. At Dartmouth he was universally popular, but in spite of this he was not wholly happy until he had earned enough to help educate himself and his brother Ezekiel.

After admission to the bar he practiced law, and soon gained eminence in the profession. His first great case was won early in his career—the defense of Dartmouth College when the state tried to annul its charter. In political life, too, he soon proved his unusual ability, and in the House and later in the Senate was one of the most conspicuous figures. The highest point in his career was probably reached in 1830, when he delivered his famous reply to Hayne's speech on the right of nullification.

In the latter days of his life Webster disappointed many of his northern adherents by refusing to take a determined stand against slavery. His declaration that, since the Constitution had accepted slavery as an institution, the North should be willing to compromise in order to avoid sectional bitterness, was dictated by a sincere desire to save the Union, but it cost him the Presidency. He said, however, that he would have been willing to suffer even the penalty of being burned at the stake, if it had been required of him, in order to justify his act.

A very good sketch of Webster's life is given in *The True Daniel Webster*, by Sydney George Fisher, published by Lippincott, 1911.

173. Theodore Roosevelt. Born in New York City, October 27, 1858, died at Oyster Bay, Long Island, January 6, 1919. "I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph."—Roosevelt, *The Strenuous Life.*

Roosevelt is an old Dutch name, and Theodore Roosevelt possessed the vigor, courage, zeal, and independence of his sturdy Dutch ancestors. Other fine qualities were also developed in that home to which he looked back with so much pleasure—a home where the father and mother made companions of their children, taught them unselfishness, kindness to all creatures, industry, truthfulness, and the same standards of clean living for boys as for girls.

Theodore Roosevelt's earliest ambition was to be a scientist, and he never lost his love for natural history. He graduated in 1880 from Harvard, studied law, and almost immediately entered politics. He served several terms in the New York state assembly, but ill health required an out-of-door life, and he spent two years on a Dakota ranch, where he stored up physical strength for a life of unusual fullness. On his return he served successively as member of the United States Civil Service Commission; president of the New York Police Commission; and Assistant Secretary of the Navy under McKinley. From the last-named office he resigned in 1898, to help organize the famous company of "Rough Riders," who took part in the war with Spain. Roosevelt's fearless leadership at Las Guasimas, Cuba, won him the rank of colonel, and helped, on his return to civil life, to elect him governor of his state. In 1900 he was elected Vice-President on the ticket with McKinley, and when, in 1901, McKinley was assassinated, Roosevelt became President. His fearlessness in speech and in action made enemies for him, but it won him many friends, also, and in 1904 he was returned to the Presidency by the largest popular majority ever given a candidate.

Even after his retirement from the Presidency he was one of the most conspicuous figures in American life. His hunting trip to Africa, his visits to European countries, his discovery and exploration of the Brazilian river called for him "Rio Teodoro," and his comments on affairs kept him before the public eye. In 1912 he was the candidate of the Progressive party for President, and in 1916 he was again nominated, but declined the nomination.

He continued a vigorous writer until almost the end of his strenuous life. He was "vividly interested and expertly engaged in a greater variety of activities than any other man of modern times." His numerous contributions to literature include, among others, the *History of the Naval War of 1812*, which he began before he left Harvard, *American Political Issues*, *The Strenuous Life*, *African Game Trails*, and a *Life of Oliver Cromwell*. His intimately written autobiography reads like a story.

176. Meriwether Lewis. Born at Charlottesville, Virginia, August 18, 1774; died near Nashville, Tennessee, October 11, 1809. This famous explorer was a member of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of Virginia. One ancestor was a member of the King's Council in early colonial days; another commanded a regiment in the war against the king, and a great-uncle became a brother-in-law to George Washington.

Meriwether Lewis was fatherless in infancy. While still very young he began to show remarkable "enterprise, boldness, and discretion." Jefferson says that as a lad of eight he went out alone late at night with his dogs "to hunt raccoon and opossum—plunging through the winter's snow and frozen streams in pursuit of his object."

From thirteen to eighteen he attended a famous Latin school kept by two parsons. Then for two years he took care of his father's farm, but found farm work too monotonous. He thirsted for adventure and wide experience. Opportunity came with Washington's call for volunteers to suppress the Whiskey Insurrection in 1794. Lewis soon became a lieutenant in the army, then captain, and attracted attention by his punctuality, executive ability, and loyalty. In the Western Army, where he served with William Clark, he achieved a reputation for daring and hardihood, and so completely without fear was he that he offered to explore the country to the Pacific with but one companion, to avoid the suspicion of the Indians.

This offer was remembered by Jefferson when he became President, and he called the young hero of twenty-seven to the office of private secretary. In two years he made Lewis head of the expedition to the western coast. Jefferson had found his secretary "of courage undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with Indian character, customs, and principles; habituated to the hunting life; honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding, and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves."

Lewis at once wrote William Clark, asking him to be his co-partner in the undertaking. Lewis was made the official captain of the company, but the honors were evenly divided between the two friends.

Soon after their return to St. Louis, at the request of Jefferson, Lewis undertook the preparation of the journals of the party for publication. It was necessary for him to go to Philadelphia and Washington for this purpose, and he started on his overland journey alone. In Tennessee he stopped to spend the night at a lonely tavern kept by a half-breed Indian. Lewis was shot before daylight, and the belief that he was murdered is substantiated by the fact that but twenty-five cents was found in his pockets, and the half-breed curiously acquired sufficient to buy slaves and farm lands.

176. **William Clark.** Born near Charlottesville, Virginia, August 1, 1770; died at St. Louis, Missouri, September 1, 1838. Clark, the friend of Lewis' boyhood, was four years his senior, a soldier, diplomat, and statesman in whom were united the elements of Scotch-Irish and English blood which have characterized some of our foremost Americans.

Clark's parents moved from their Virginia farm to one in Kentucky when William was fourteen. Already they were seasoned pioneers, accustomed to jungle-bordered lands frequented by savages; and already the eldest and most distinguished son of the family, George Rogers Clark, had won his country's graditude by his conquest of the Middle West.

At seventeen the rather silent but courageous "Billy" enlisted under his brother. Three years later he was sent by the government on a dangerous commission to the Creeks and Cherokees; at twenty-one he was an ensign and acting lieutenant in General Wayne's Western Army, and the next year he escorted to Fort Greenville seven hundred pack horses carrying army supplies, a tempting caravan for the Indians. At twenty-six he retired from the army to manage the affairs of his father's estate. While thus occupied he received the letter from Lewis.

Clark organized and disciplined the party during the winter's encampment. He was the artist, engineer, and draughtsman of the party, while Lewis had prepared himself by hurried private courses in the use of astronomical instruments, in geology, natural history, and ethnology.

On September 23, 1806, two years, four months, and nine days after they had set out, these hardy explorers returned to St. Louis. They had long been given up as lost.

Immediately on resigning from the army, Lewis was made governor of Louisiana Territory, while Clark was its superintendent of Indian affairs and brigadier general of its militia. Congress granted to each sixteen hundred acres of land, and to the men who had made the journey with them three hundred and twenty acres each, and double pay.

Clark continued a valuable public servant to the end. Through his able management of the Indians and their affairs in the Great West he saved our country many bitter conflicts. The Indians affectionately styled him "Red Head." City, state, and country honored him and Lewis in life and in death.

For interesting details of the expedition, see "William Clark," an address by Reuben Goldthwaites, reprinted from Vol. II, No. 7, *Missouri Historical Society Collections*. Especially interesting for young folks is *The Story of Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark*, by Nellie F. Kingsley.

179. **Dolly Madison.** Born in North Carolina, May 27, 1772; died in Washington, D. C., July 12, 1849. Dorothy, or Dolly, Madison was one of the most charming and best beloved of the "White House ladies." She was born in North Carolina, but when she was fourteen years old her Quaker father, John Payne,

convinced that slavery was sinful, sold his slaves and removed to Philadelphia. Here Dorothy grew up, and here she married. In three years she was left a widow. James Madison saw her on the street, sought an introduction, and, although twice her age, succeeded in winning her heart. In 1794 he married her. She put aside Quaker dress, and from the day of her wedding took a prominent place in Washington society. Jefferson often invited her, during his administration, to preside at state dinners, and she practically reigned through his administration as well as that of her husband. She was more, however, than a mere social leader. She had an insight into public affairs, and was often consulted by her husband on weighty matters.

When, during the War of 1812, the British prepared to attack Washington, Madison went to the front, leaving Mrs. Madison in charge of the state papers. These she packed and safely transported in wheelbarrows and carts. When word came that the enemy was advancing upon the city, Mrs. Madison refused to leave until Washington's portrait and the Declaration of Independence were saved. During these anxious hours she jotted down in her journal the famous letter given on pages 179–180, for the journal was kept in letter form.

She escaped in a carriage, and before daybreak was joined by her husband sixteen miles from Washington. That night they returned to Washington to find the capitol and the principal buildings in ashes. When Monroe became President, Mr. and Mrs. Madison retired to Montpelier, Virginia, where they remained until Madison's death, in 1836. Mrs. Madison then returned to Washington, where she spent the rest of her life.

181. **James Jeffrey Roche.** Born at Montmellick, Queen's County, Ireland, May 31, 1847; died at Berne, Switzerland, April 3, 1908. During Roche's youth his family removed to Prince Edward Island, and he was educated at St. Dunstan's College. At nineteen he went to Boston, where he found a position on the staff of the *Pilot*, a paper of which he later became editor-in-chief. Besides newspaper and magazine articles, he wrote *Songs and Satires*, *Life of John Boyle O'Reilly*, *The Story of the Filibusters*, *Ballads of the Blue Water*, *His Majesty the King*, and *By-Ways of the War*. In 1904 he was appointed United States consul at Genoa, and in 1907 he was transferred to Berne, Switzerland.

184. **Charles Jared Ingersoll.** Born at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, October 3, 1782; died there May 14, 1862. After leaving the College of New Jersey, Ingersoll studied law and was admitted to the bar. He traveled in Europe, was attached to the French embassy, spent several terms in Congress, and was from 1815 to 1829 United States district attorney. He wrote poems; *Inchiquin, the Jesuit's Letters*, a political satire; and an *Historical Sketch of the Second War between the United States and Great Britain*.

187. **Francis Scott Key.** Born on the Terra Ruba estate, Frederick County, Maryland, August 9, 1780; died at Baltimore,

Maryland, January 11, 1843. "Since words can never measure, let my life show forth thy praise."—From hymn by Francis Scott Key.

Key was the son of a Revolutionary general, John Ross Key, a man of culture and a close friend of Washington. He entered St. John's, Annapolis, took up the study of law, and was appointed district attorney for the District of Columbia under Presidents Jackson and Van Buren.

Key freed his slaves before abolition agitation began in the South, and his sympathies led him to found the American Colonization Society for the emancipation and colonization of the negroes, under the protection of the United States, on the west coast of Africa.

For an account of Key's writing of the "Star-Spangled Banner," see page 436.

190. Andrew Jackson. Born at the Waxhaw Settlement, Union County, North Carolina, March 15, 1767; died at Nashville, Tennessee, June 8, 1845. General Jackson made a name for himself during the War of 1812, his capture of New Orleans being the greatest victory on land of the war. He served also in the Seminole War, was United States senator from Tennessee, and served two terms as President of the United States, from 1828 to 1836. His war on the United States Bank was one of the outstanding events of his administration. For an article on Jackson, see page 197 of this book.

193. John Clark Ridpath. Born in Putnam County, Indiana, April 26, 1841; died in New York City, July 31, 1900. After graduating at Asbury University in Indiana (now DePauw), Ridpath taught at Thornton Academy and at Baker University, and then returned to his alma mater as professor of English literature. Later he was made professor of belles-letters and history, and from 1879 to 1885 he was vice-president of the University. He secured a large endowment from Charles DePauw, whose name was given to the university. Ridpath was a prolific writer. He published several histories of the United States, encyclopedias, biographies, and a *Library of Universal Literature.*

195. James Monroe. Born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, April 28, 1758; died in New York City, July 4, 1831. Monroe came of fighting stock, and was reared in an atmosphere of opposition to British oppression. His studies at William and Mary College were interrupted by the Revolutionary War, and he was among the first to volunteer. He was a lieutenant, and fought at Harlem Heights, White Plains, and Trenton, leading his men, in this last-named battle, in a fearless attack against the enemy despite a bullet wound in his shoulder. Later he took part in the engagements at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, and was commended for his courage and ability by Washington.

After the Revolution he studied law under Jefferson, then governor of Virginia. In 1782 he was elected to the state legislature, in the next year to the Confederation Congress, and in 1790 to the United States Senate. Twice he was envoy to France, and he

helped to conclude the purchase of the Louisiana Territory. He served as governor of Virginia, also as envoy to Spain and to England, and served under Madison as Secretary of State. In 1816 he was elected to the Presidency, and four years later he was reëlected, receiving every electoral vote but one. Party lines had broken down, and there was such a notable lack of party strife during Monroe's administrations that the period was known as the "era of good feeling."

The outstanding event of Monroe's second term was the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine—that declaration of the purpose of the United States to protect America from foreign encroachment.

Jefferson, Monroe's intimate friend for many years, paid him this tribute: "He is a man whose soul might be turned wrong side outwards, without discovering a blemish to the world."

James Monroe, by Daniel C. Gilman, gives an excellent history of Monroe (Houghton Mifflin Co.). A good short life of Monroe is found in *The Lives of the Presidents* (Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams), by William O. Stoddard (Frederick A. Stokes, 1887).

197. Woodrow Wilson. Born at Staunton, Virginia, December 28, 1856. "Having set our hand to the task of achieving it, we shall not turn back."—Extract from President Wilson's reply to Teuton leaders.

Woodrow Wilson's strongest characteristic is tenacity of purpose, and the quotation given above might well have been the guiding principle of his life.

It was not until he was nine years old that Woodrow Wilson learned the alphabet, but after he had learned to read he devoured all the books that came to his hands. At Davidson College (North Carolina) and later at Princeton he continued to show this strong interest in books; and it was a book that he found at Princeton—*Man and Manner in Parliament*—which determined him to study for a political career. Although he had read widely and learned much that was not required, his indifference to studies outside his chosen field ranked him thirty-eight in a class of one hundred and six. After his graduation from Princeton he studied law at the University of Virginia, and practiced for a time in Atlanta, Georgia.

From 1883 to 1885 he studied at Johns Hopkins University, specializing in history, jurisprudence, and political science; and his thesis on *Congressional Government* is still regarded as standard. He taught history and political science at Bryn Mawr and at Wesleyan University, and jurisprudence at Princeton, and in 1902 was chosen president of Princeton—the first president who was not a clergyman. Here he did much to change the spirit of the place from that of an aristocratic college to that of a democratic university.

Soon after resigning from the presidency in 1910 he was elected governor of New Jersey. His grasp of public business, his reforms, his straightforward dealing, and his progressive legislation made him in 1912 the people's choice for President of the United States.

In 1916 he was elected to his second term. In this office he has illustrated his declaration that the office is what the man makes of it; that the President is at liberty both in law and in conscience to be as big a man as he can, his own capacity being the limit.

For a full account of Wilson, see *Woodrow Wilson: The Story of His Life*, by William Bayard Hale (Doubleday, Page & Co.).

199. Thomas à Becket, Sr. Thomas à Becket, author of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was a young actor who in 1843 was appearing at the Chestnut Street Theater in Philadelphia. An actor-acquaintance, David T. Shaw, called on him and asked him to write a patriotic song for Shaw's benefit night. À Becket produced "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," which Shaw most ungratefully had published under his own name. Fortunately, À Becket could produce the original, and was then able to claim the copyright.

202. A. C. Ross. Nothing seems to be known of the author of the campaign song written for Harrison.

205. Eugene Clyde Brooks. Born in Green County, North Carolina, December 3, 1871. Brooks, an educator, lecturer, and writer of note, has been engaged in educational work since his graduation from Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina, holding first executive positions in the public schools. From 1907 to 1919 he was professor of the history and science of education in Trinity College, and since 1919 has been superintendent of public instruction of North Carolina. Since 1906 he has been editor of *North Carolina Education* (the state teachers' magazine). He is the author of a number of books, among them *History in the Public Schools*, *The Story of Cotton and the Development of the Cotton States*, *The Story of Corn and the Westward Migration*, *Woodrow Wilson as President*, and *Education for Democracy*.

208. Joseph Story. Born at Marblehead, Massachusetts, September 18, 1779; died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, September 10, 1845. Joseph Story, one of the most distinguished lawyers New England has produced, was graduated at Harvard in 1798, and in 1801 was admitted to the bar. He was elected to the state legislature, and later to Congress, and in 1811, when only thirty-two years of age, was appointed by Madison justice of the Supreme Court. For sixteen years he taught law very successfully at Harvard. His decisions and his writings are still quoted in the courts of England and America.

212. John Luther Ringwalt. Born at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, October 16, 1828; died at Downingsbarre, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1891. Ringwalt learned the printer's trade before he began his newspaper work as editor of a country paper. Later he was editor for sixteen years of the *Philadelphia Press*, and did miscellaneous editorial work for various Philadelphia journals. He also issued an *Encyclopedia of Printing*, invented an engraving process, and from 1875 until his death edited the *Railway World*. Meanwhile,

during Pierce's administration, he held a position in the Philadelphia customs house.

215. Samuel Eagle Foreman. Born at Brentsville, Virginia, April 29, 1858. Forman took degrees at Dickinson College and Johns Hopkins University, was principal of high schools in Maryland and Connecticut, and in 1900 became director of teachers' institutes in Maryland. He is the author of *First Lessons in Civics*, *Life and Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, *Philip Freneau*, *Advanced Civics*, *First Lessons in American History*, and *The American Democracy*. At one time he edited the "Watch Tower" in *Saint Nicholas*.

219. David Dudley Field. Born in Haddam, Connecticut, February 13, 1805; died in New York City, April 13, 1894. David Field's father early taught him to think for himself, and to argue from cause to effect instead of learning by rote, and thus the boy developed unusual reasoning power. He was passionately fond of reading, and read and re-read the few available books until he had memorized page after page of Young's *Night Thoughts*, Watt's psalms and hymns, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*. But he was not a mere bookworm. He loved nature and out-of-door sports, and was so fond of the sea that he begged to be allowed to become a sailor. His father refused, however, and David entered Williams College.

Upon his graduation he began the practice of law in New York, and early became an ardent advocate of law reform. The code of civil law which he began to prepare in 1847 was adopted by nearly all the states of the Union. He also advocated arbitration as a means of settling differences between nations, and in 1873, in England, presented to the Social Science Congress his *Outlines of an International Code*. This resulted in the formation of an association for the reform and codification of the laws governing the relations between nations. Of this association Field was the first president.

An eminent English chancellor said: "Mr. Field has done more for the reform of law than any other living man," and it is estimated that at the time of his death forty million Americans were living under his laws.

221. Cyrus West Field. Born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, November 30, 1819; died in New York City, July 12, 1892. Cyrus West Field was the seventh son of David Dudley Field, Sr. He showed as a boy the same untiring energy which distinguished him as a man. At fifteen he resolved to set out in search of a fortune, and left for New York with eight dollars in his pocket. He secured a position as errand boy in the store of A. T. Stewart, with a salary of fifty dollars a year. He did not remain an errand boy long, and his persistence and his business skill were so great that at the age of thirty-four he was able to retire with a fortune of $250,000.

He traveled in South America, and on his return interested himself in a project for laying a cable across the Atlantic. Attempt after attempt was made, but always the cable broke; and Field's financial backers were ready to despair. His faith reinspired them, however, and it was justified when, on July 27, 1866, the great work was completed.

In recognition of his services, Congress voted Field a gold medal and the thanks of the nation. Only the fact that he was not an English citizen kept the English government from bestowing on him high honors. France awarded him the highest medal at the Paris Exposition of 1867.

The Life of Cyrus W. Field was written by his daughter, Isabel Field Judson (Harper & Brothers, 1896).

227. William Barrett Travis. Born in Edgefield County, South Carolina, 1811; died at San Antonio, Texas, March 6, 1836. Travis removed from South Carolina to Texas in 1832 and immediately threw himself into the Texas "war for independence." He became a colonel in the revolutionary forces and was captured by the Mexicans, but was finally released. From February 23 until March 6, 1836, with a garrison of about one hundred and fifty men, he defended the Alamo against Santa Anna and a force of five thousand Mexicans, showing the most remarkable heroism. He was killed just before the fall of the Alamo.

228. Marcius Willson. Born at West Stockbridge, Massachusetts, 1813; died in 1905. Willson, who was a graduate of Union College, Schenectady, New York, is best known for his educational works for young folks. Thousands of school children have studied his readers from the first to the fifth grades, his spellers, his *History of the United States*, *Juvenile American History*, and *American History*. He also prepared *Comprehensive Charts of American History* on rollers five by six feet.

230. Francis Parkman. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, September 16, 1823; died at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, November 8, 1893. "I have never yet abandoned any plan which I have ever formed."—Parkman.

Parkman's boyhood home was in Boston, but he spent much time with his grandparents on the edge of Middlesex Falls. His love of the forest combined with his love of history to determine him to write, as his life work, the story of the French in America. His course at Harvard, planned with reference to writing the history, was perhaps the first elective course in an American college. His vacations were spent in research and in trips to collect material.

In 1844 he graduated from Harvard, and two years later went west to live for a time among the Indians. He learned their language, became a fine shot and a fearless rider, and joined with them in the chase, enduring hardships and dangers. "My business was observation," he said, "and I was willing to pay dearly for the opportunity of exercising it." The story of his experiences was published under the title of *The Oregon Trail*.

But the rigors of his life among the Indians had made him an invalid and rendered consecutive thought impossible; his sight had partially failed, and light was painful to his eyes; books and documents had to be read to him, and for years he could read or write for but five minutes at a time. Yet he persevered, and published between 1851 and 1892 a series of books dealing with his chosen

subject—*The Conspiracy of Pontiac, Pioneers of France in the New World, The Old Régime in Canada under Louis XIV, Montcalm and Wolfe,* and others. When his health permitted, he made trips to Europe and to Canada, searching archives for material and collecting documents. During sleepless nights he mentally arranged his material, and his work had practically all to be dictated. Despite these handicaps, his work ranks with the very best ever produced by an American historian. His literary style is delightful, and his histories are as readable as they are accurate. Of all the American historians, Parkman is best able to awaken in young readers a love of history, because of the romantic nature of his subject and the clearness of his style.

233. William Barrows. Born at New Braintree, Massachusetts, September 19, 1815; died at Davenport, Iowa, September 9, 1891. After graduating from Amherst and teaching in St. Louis and in the Union Theological Seminary, Barrows spent part of his life in educational and religious work among pioneers on the western frontier. For this cause, he made eleven trips to the West, meanwhile performing his duties as pastor of eastern churches. *Oregon* is one of the results of his coast sojourns, and for this book he will be chiefly remembered.

235. Thomas Hart Benton. Born near Hillsborough, North Carolina, March 14, 1782; died in Washington, D. C., April 10, 1858. "I shall be found in the right place,—on the side of my country and the union."—Benton's reply to Calhoun, who had expected his support on the slavery question "as a representative of a slave-holding state."

Thomas Hart Benton was one of the strongest Union Democrats of the Civil War period. His broad-mindedness was well shown when he said, in commenting on a Georgia congressman, "He votes as a Southern man, and votes sectionally; I also am a Southern man, but vote nationally on national questions."

Before Benton had finished his work at the State University of North Carolina the death of his father necessitated the removal of the family to a large tract of land in Tennessee. Here they established the town of Benton, and their hospitable home was an influence for good in that wild region where cock-fights, swearing, the whiskey habit, and dueling prevailed.

Benton continued his studies, acquired a knowledge of literature, Latin, and law, and was admitted to the bar. At twenty-nine he was in the state legislature, and, although he was a slave-holder, one of his first acts was to present and put through a bill giving a slave the same right to a jury trial as was accorded a white man under the same charge. This independence was typical of him.

Soon Benton removed to Missouri, which chose him as its first senator. This office he held for thirty years. One of his first important acts was to introduce a bill for the settlement of the Oregon boundary dispute with Great Britain. The bill was rejected, but its substance was used.[1] Later, in view of our growing strength

[1] Theodore Roosevelt, *Thomas Hart Benton* (American Statesmen Series), page 52.

on the west coast and probable relations with the Far East, he was the first to suggest the surprising idea that some day the United States might send ambassadors to China, Japan, Persia, and even Turkey.

Benton bitterly opposed the "spoils system,"[1] and in his attack on the nullifiers, considering that he was a southern man, Roosevelt says, "he did better than any public man, not even excepting Jackson and Webster."[2] Then followed his war on the United States Bank with Jackson, and the fight for gold currency which won him the nickname of "Old Bullion." "Old Union" would have been equally applicable, as his stand for the Union shattered his political prospects in Missouri and forced his retirement to private life. His last term in the Senate (1852–1856) was won as a Union Democrat, but a pro-slavery Democrat succeeded him. Yet so strong a party man was he that even when his son-in-law, the famous explorer John Frémont, was the Republican nominee for President, Benton cast his vote for a Democrat whom he considered incapable.

Thenceforth his life was chiefly devoted to writing his two volumes of *Thirty Years View*, of which sixty-five thousand copies were sold on publication. The work stands alone for the period which it covers in American history.

236. James Russell Lowell. Born at "Elmwood," Cambridge, Massachusetts, February 22, 1819; died there August 12, 1891. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., says that Lowell's life was to him a poem, for in it "there is nothing to jar the harmonies of noble ideals and noble living that his life presents."

Lowell was born into traditions and environment supremely adapted to the development of his poetic nature. From his nursery days he was fed on poetry and romance; his home was frequented by poets and other men of distinction; and his father and mother were ready to note and to foster every indication of genius in their son.

Lowell realized during his college days that his true bent was toward literature, but he did not dare to trust to literature, and especially poetry, for support. He studied law, therefore, and was admitted to the bar, but the profession was always distasteful to him.

In 1844 Lowell married Maria White, herself a poet, and she became a strong influence in his life. She induced him to use his talent, already recognized, in the support of reforms and against prevailing evils; and if his anti-slavery poems have no great permanent value, they were at least influential in their day. Lowell became a really "popular" poet with the publication, in 1848, of the *Biglow Papers*, a satire in Yankee dialect directed against the Mexican War. "A Fable for Critics," a good-natured if satirical

[1] Aaron Burr had introduced the "spoils system" into the state affairs of New York.

[2] Roosevelt, page 320.

criticism of the American writers of his day, added to his reputation as a wit, if not as a poet, and his "Vision of Sir Launfal" added still more to his fame. In 1865 he delivered his Harvard "Commemoration Ode," which is generally regarded as the most notable ode produced in the United States.

From 1855 to 1877 Lowell was professor of modern languages at Harvard, and during a part of that time he was, successively, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and of the *North American Review*. His literary and critical essays published in those magazines were a notable contribution to American essay literature. As minister to Spain from 1877 to 1880 and as minister to England from 1880 to 1885, he did much toward interpreting America and its ideals to Europe.

Considering the diversity of Lowell's gifts and the wideness of his culture, it is perhaps not too much to say, as did Henry James, that his was "in educated appreciation the most distinct that the United States has produced."

For full accounts of Lowell's life and writings, see *James Russell Lowell and His Friends*, by Edward Everett Hale, the work of a friend (Houghton Mifflin Co.); and *Correspondence of James Russell Lowell*, edited by Charles Elliot Norton, two volumes (Harper Brothers, 1894).

240. Winfield Scott. Born near Petersburg, Virginia, June 13, 1786; died at West Point, New York, May 29, 1866. "Be industrious and studious enough to fit yourself for high exploits in your profession, and your next object should be to make yourself a perfect man of the world. To do that you must carefully observe well-bred men. You must also learn to converse and to express your thoughts in proper language. You must make acquaintances among the best people, and take care always to be respectful to old persons and to ladies." — Scott.

Winfield Scott spent some time at William and Mary College, and afterward studied law, but his legal studies were interrupted by the prospect of war with Great Britain. He was appointed by Jefferson captain of light artillery, but it was not until four years later, in 1812, that actual war broke out and he saw active service. Then, as lieutenant colonel, he was sent to the Canadian border, and fought the battles of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane. In the latter battle he had two horses shot under him and received two wounds. At the close of the war President Madison tendered him the office of Secretary of War, but he declined it. He prepared, in the years following the war, a set of general regulations for the army, which remained in use until recently.

In 1841 Scott was made commander-in-chief of the army, and in 1847 led the forces sent into Mexico. His Mexican campaign, ending with the capture of the City of Mexico, was brilliant, and led to his nomination for the Presidency. Only four states, however, gave him their votes. In 1855 the office of lieutenant general was revived for him. Ill health and advanced age kept him from active participation in the Civil War, and in 1861 he retired from active

service. For full accounts of Scott's campaigns, see *Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1897–1898*, by James Mooney; *General Scott*, by Marcus J. Wright.

241. Walter Colton. Born at Rutland, Vermont, May 9, 1797; died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, January 22, 1851. Colton was a graduate of Yale and of Andover and a teacher of moral philosophy and belles-lettres at Middleton Academy, Connecticut. In 1831 he became a chaplain in the navy, and fourteen years later went to California, where he played an important part in the early history of the territory. He built the first public school in California, founded the first newspaper, and was the first to announce the discovery of gold. He was also the editor of papers in Washington, Philadelphia, and Charlestown, Massachusetts, and wrote a number of books, including *Ship and Shore in Madeira, Lisbon, and the Mediterranean* and *Three Years in California*.

245. John Caldwell Calhoun. Born in the Abbeville District, South Carolina, March 18, 1782; died at Washington, D. C., March 31, 1850. "If I know myself, even if my head were at stake, I would do my duty."—Calhoun.

Calhoun was one of the quiet, reflective type, and even as a boy thought long and seriously on grave matters. He was determined to have an education, and after two years spent in preparation he entered Yale in 1802. He won high honors, and his teachers and fellow students felt that he was destined to become a leader. In 1811 he was elected to Congress, and speedily became one of the most conspicuous figures there. He belonged to the party that strongly supported the war with England. In 1817 Monroe made him Secretary of War, and he reorganized the department, at that time in the greatest disorder. He served as Vice-President under Adams and Jackson; as Secretary of State under Tyler; and was United States senator from 1833 until his death, except between 1843 and 1845.

Throughout his years in the Senate, Calhoun was the champion of the South on tariff issues and states rights. He used all the power of his mighty intellect to defend slavery, which he conscientiously believed was a positive good—a divine institution. His idea of the nature of the government established by the Constitution was that it recognized the state as an independent power, and therefore that any national law which limited state rights should be considered null and void. As the foremost advocate of this theory, he was called the "Great Nullifier." He loved the Union, but to save it he would have been willing to reduce its power greatly. There is no question as to his sincerity. In his last speech he declared: "Having faithfully done my duty to the best of my ability, both to the Union and to my section, throughout this agitation, I shall have the consolation, let what will come, that I am free from all responsibility."

246. James Wilford Garner. Born in Pike County Mississippi, November 22, 1871. Garner was determined from his

boyhood to be more than an uneducated farmer. After finishing in the country school, he worked his way through the State Agricultural and Mechanical College, working at any job that was at hand. He then taught until he was able to go to the University of Chicago for graduate work in history and politics. Thence he went for two years to Columbia, where he afterward lectured in history. A call to the University of Pennsylvania followed, and he is now in the University of Illinois, where he has been professor of political science since 1904.

Garner has contributed over two hundred articles to the *New International Encyclopedia* and many to the *Encyclopedia Americana.* His writings include *Reconstruction in Mississippi, Introduction to Political Science, American Government,* and *International Law and the Great War.*

249. Henrietta Elizabeth Marshall. Born in Bo'ness, Scotland. Without any special training, Miss Marshall was thrown on her own resources. She took up domestic economy and accepted a position as secretary, then as housekeeper in a school of domestic arts. She wrote and lectured on domestic subjects, too, and at last a publisher was attracted to her work. Asked to produce a series of children's books, Miss Marshall wrote *Stories of Robin Hood,* and followed it with *Our Island Story,* which was immediately popular. During the World War Miss Marshall served her country in canteen work for soldiers, and managed a canteen for munition workers.

251. Abraham Lincoln. Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809; died at Washington, D. C., April 15, 1865. "Die when I may, I want it said of me by those who knew me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower when I thought a flower would grow." —Lincoln.

This wish of Abraham Lincoln's, expressed to his oldest and closest friend, was not only a wish, but a controlling influence in his life.

Lincoln's birthplace was a one-room log cabin, with one window, one door, and a fireplace. In his youth the family migrated to the wilds of Indiana, and here their home was for a year a log cabin open on one side. Lincoln's bed was a couch of dry leaves.

When Lincoln was eight years of age he lost his mother. Several months later he wrote to their Kentucky "parson," begging him to come and preach a funeral sermon for his mother, and love for the boy induced the man to come, a drive of a hundred miles. The next year the father brought a stepmother into the family, and through her efforts the home was made more habitable. She also helped Lincoln with his studies. In the evenings, before the hearth fire, he penciled or charcoaled his lessons on the back of a wooden shovel, which he scraped off after each effort. He attended school for only six months altogether; but he never lost an opportunity to learn. The few books to which he had access were almost memorized. Aesop's *Fables* and the Bible were his only possessions for a long time, but he borrowed others from anyone who would

lend them to him. Weems's *Life of Washington* made a profound impression on him, and was a real influence in his life. Yet Lincoln was by no means a mere bookworm; he was a champion athlete and story teller, and was popular with everyone who knew him.

Lincoln was twenty-one when his family migrated to a part of Illinois that was still a wilderness. It was his share in clearing the trees from their fifteen-acre patch and splitting them into rails that won him the title of "the rail splitter." During the two trips which he made to New Orleans with a flatboat he saw the slave markets and became acquainted with some of the abuses of slavery, and from that time he never wavered in his determination to "hit that thing and hit it hard" if he ever had the chance.

Lincoln was successively county storekeeper, surveyor, postmaster, and river pilot, but not until he began to study law did he really find himself. As a lawyer he was very successful, partly because of his absolute honesty. He was several times elected to the state legislature, and in 1846 was sent to Congress. His famous debates with Stephen A. Douglas in 1858 attracted the attention of the entire country; and while Douglas secured the senatorship, which was the immediate prize in view, he was trapped by Lincoln into admissions which split the Democratic party, and so made possible the election of Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860. The platform on which Lincoln was elected stated that Congress had no right to interfere with slavery in the states, but demanded that slavery be not permitted in the territories.

Lincoln was reëlected in 1864 by a large majority. This does not mean that he did not have enemies who made his hard years in the White House much harder; but Lincoln was too big to bear malice. And when, on April 14, 1865, he was shot by a half-crazy fanatic, the whole country, North and South, mourned for him. He died at seven o'clock on the morning of April 15.

The most complete recent *Life of Lincoln* is by Ida M. Tarbell. A delightful volume is Francis Fisher Brown's *Everyday Life of Lincoln* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913).

253. John McLean. Born in Morris County, New Jersey, March 11, 1785; died in Cincinnati, Ohio, April 4, 1861. John McLean worked on his father's farm until he was sixteen, then studied law, and in 1807 was admitted to the bar. In 1812 and again in 1814 he was elected to Congress, and from 1816 to 1822 he was justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio. Monroe made him Postmaster General in 1822, and in 1829 Jackson appointed him to the Supreme Court of the United States. He opposed Chief Justice Taney's decision in the famous Dred Scott case.

256. Stephen Collins Foster. Born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 4, 1826; died in New York City, January 13, 1864. Foster wrote in all about one hundred and twenty-five popular songs and melodies, including such permanent favorites as "Old Black Joe" and "Old Folks at Home" ("Suwanee River"). Of this latter song it is estimated that no less than three hundred thousand copies were sold, while "My Old Kentucky Home,"

translated into several languages and sung abroad by noted soloists, is considered to have been even more profitable to its composer. Foster's improvidence was such, however, that even his large income was often insufficient.

A musical critic once said that in a more cultivated environment Foster's melodic vein might have been refined into the sort of genius that was Schubert's.

257. Daniel Decatur Emmett. Born at Mount Vernon, Ohio, October 29, 1815; died there June 28, 1904. Emmett's grandfather, an Irishman, was chaplain in the Revolutionary War; his father, a native of Virginia, served in the War of 1812; and "Uncle Dan's" own name was immortalized by songs which won popularity during the Civil War.

Emmett was educated in the public schools; played, with natural talent, many musical instruments; learned the printer's trade; and joined the regular army. At the age of seventeen, with the consent of his parents, he indulged his roving disposition and joined a traveling circus. In 1842 he organized the first negro minstrel company in the United States, and with these "Virginia Minstrels" toured the United States and England. Later he was engaged to compose and sing negro walk-'rounds, and to act as musician, if occasion required, in Bryant's famous minstrels. One Saturday evening, in New York, after a performance which lacked sufficient applause for Mr. Bryant, "Uncle Dan" was asked to write a catchy song with a lively chorus that the boys would whistle through the streets. Sunday was damp and dismal, and Emmett may have been longing for the South; at any rate, he devoted himself to his task with such good effect that on Monday evening he sang "Way Down South in Dixie's Land"—a catchy song which expressed a negro's supposed longing for the old plantation of a man named Dixie. Its popularity was immediate, and for eighteen months the North sang and played it; then the troops took it south. New Orleans used it as a march and war song, and the Confederates promptly adopted it, reduced the title, and changed the words.

Thus the whole country sang it, and today it is known around the world, sharing the popularity of our other national songs.

Emmett wrote hundreds of songs which are said to have made a fortune for his publishers and himself, but the money was so spent that only simple comforts were possible for his later years.

262. Clement Anselm Evans. Born at Atlanta, Georgia, February 25, 1833; died there July 2, 1911. Brigadier General Evans received his military training in the volunteer companies to which he belonged in youth. He was educated at Lumpkin, Georgia, and at the Augusta Law School. At twenty-one he was elected judge of the county court. In the Civil War he rose to the position of acting major general in the Confederate Army, and at Appomattox commanded a division of Gordon's corps. He afterward resumed the practice of law, then preached, but retired on account of wounds received in service. He was trustee of three colleges and officer in a number of institutions.

265. Ethelinda Eliot Beers (Ethel Lynn Beers). Born at Goshen, New York, January 13, 1827; died at Orange, New Jersey, October 10, 1879. Mrs. Beers, a descendant of John Eliot, missionary to the Indians, is remembered chiefly for her very popular war lyric, "All Quiet along the Potomac." The poem was suggested by the wording of frequent war despatches. It first appeared in *Harper's Weekly* in November, 1861, under the title "The Picket Guard." Its popularity brought different claims to its authorship, but Mrs. Beers's claim to it is unquestionable. Other familiar poems of hers are "Which Shall It Be?" and "Baby Looking Out for Me." Mrs. Beers died the day her collected poems were published.

266. George Cary Eggleston. Born at Vevay, Indiana, November 26, 1839; died in New York City, April 24, 1911. Eggleston was practicing law when the Civil War broke out. He joined the Confederate forces and fought throughout the war. Later he was editor, successively, of *Hearth and Home*, *American Homes*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *Commercial Advertiser*. His books include *A Rebel's Recollections*, *Southern Soldier Stories*, and *Dorothy South*.

268. James Ryder Randall. Born at Baltimore, Maryland, January 18, 1839; died in Augusta, Georgia, January 14, 1908. Randall was educated at Georgetown College, D. C., traveled in South America, and on his return to the United States began newspaper work. He edited the *New Orleans Morning Star*, and for many years the *Augusta Constitutionalist*. "Maryland, My Maryland," considered by many critics the best martial lyric produced in America, was inspired by the fighting in Baltimore as the Massachusetts troops passed through.

274. Francis Bicknell Carpenter. Born at Homer, New York, August 6, 1830; died in New York City, May 23, 1900. The author of *Six Months in the White House with Abraham Lincoln* was a guest at the White House while he was painting his great historical picture of "Lincoln Signing the Emancipation Proclamation." The picture was exhibited in the leading cities of the North, and was afterward presented to the government and hung in the White House.

Carpenter also painted portraits of Fillmore, Tyler, Pierce, Seward, Sumner, Lowell, and Beecher.

277. Harry McCarthy. The little Irish actor who sang his song to applauding thousands as he went through the South seems to have disappeared after the war, and practically nothing is known of him.

278. Susan Huntington Hooker. Born in Rochester, New York. Mrs. Hooker, of Revolutionary ancestry, has herself lived intensely through three wars. During the Civil War she married Lieutenant Horace Hooker, of Colonel Bissell's famous Engineering Regiment of the West. After the capture of Vicksburg she joined him while the appearance of the Moses of her story in a cloud was

still a fresh memory to the men. Her own thrilling experiences were followed by years of devotion to her young family. Later she took up public welfare and through the civic work of the Woman's Union she introduced into the Rochester schools sewing, manual training, and the beautifying of school and home yards. This was in the 90's, antedating this work in other cities. Her activities extended to various broad interests of the community.

At her winter home in Mandarin, Florida, she was instrumental in securing a Tiffany memorial window to Professor and Harriet Beecher Stowe in the church which they founded.

281. George Henry Boker. Born in Philadelphia, 1823; died in 1890. Boker graduated at Princeton in 1842 and then studied law. He never practiced, however, but turned his attention almost immediately to writing. Besides his *Francesca da Rimini*, which is considered one of the best acting tragedies ever written in America, he produced a number of other tragedies which were successfully staged in America and in England. He also wrote several volumes of poetry, which contain much that has real merit.

282. William H. Mace. Born near Lexington, Indiana, November 27, 1852. A graduate of the State Normal School of Terre Haute, Indiana, and of the University of Michigan, with higher degrees from Indiana University and the University of Jena, Mace has been engaged in educational work since 1876. He held positions in the public schools until 1885, after which he served for five years as professor of history at DePauw University. Since 1891 he has been professor of history and political science at Syracuse University. He has done university extension work and has written widely, among his books being *A Working Manual of American History*, *A School History of the United States*, *Lincoln, the Man of the People*, and *Washington, a Virginia Cavalier*.

284. John Williamson Palmer. Born in Baltimore, Maryland, April 4, 1825; died there February 26, 1896. Palmer was graduated in medicine at the University of Maryland; became city physician of Baltimore; went to China; was an East India company's surgeon in the Burmese campaigns; and was correspondent for the *New York Tribune*. He wrote several books, and was on the editorial staff of the *Standard*, *Century*, and *International* dictionaries. "Stonewall Jackson's Way" was written on September 17, 1862, while the battle of Antietam was being fought.

287. Will Henry Thompson. Born at Calhoun, Georgia, March 10, 1848; died in Seattle, Washington, August 10, 1918. Thompson had a varied career. He served in a Georgia regiment during the Civil War, for some years afterward was a civil engineer, and from 1872 until his death was a lawyer in the West. For many years he was the champion archer of America. He wrote poetry and articles for magazines, and (with Maurice Thompson) a work on archery.

289. Marie Ravanel de la Conte. Born in Georgia about 1842. The author of "Somebody's Darling" was of French parentage, but the place of her birth is unknown. Her early days were

spent in Savannah, where she began her life work of teaching French. There also, during the war, she is said to have found the inspiration for this song in a Confederate hospital, and she is credited with other lyrics of beautiful spirit and melody. The name of spy in the southern cause has been attached to her, but whatever the truth, the South loved her and would have paid her personal homage had not her retiring nature and secluded life forbidden it. Her latter years were spent in Washington, D. C.

295. Walter Kittredge. Born at Merrimac, New Hampshire, October 8, 1832. Walter Kittredge is known chiefly for one thing—he is the author of that song so popular at Grand Army gatherings, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." He was the tenth of eleven children, and received only a village school education; nor could his genuine love for music be fostered. In 1863 he was drafted into the army. In the middle of the night of the very day he was drafted he arose and began to write, and the song he produced was "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." It was first sung at a torchlight concert in Lynn, Massachusetts.

295. Francis Orray Ticknor. Born near Columbus, Baldwin County, Georgia, in 1822; died there in 1874. Dr. Ticknor studied medicine in the North, practiced in Columbus, Georgia, and spent his leisure writing poems, a volume of which was published in 1874. He is best known for the lyrics "Little Giffen" and "The Virginians of the Valley," which rank among the finest of southern poems.

300. John Randolph (or Reuben) Thompson. Born at Richmond, Virginia, October 23, 1823; died in New York City, April 30, 1873. Thompson was for thirteen years editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, one of the best known magazines in the United States. His painstaking, scholarly work raised it to the standard of the best periodicals of the day. After resigning from the *Messenger* he removed to Augusta, Georgia, and edited *Field and Fireside* until 1864. In that year he was sent to London to edit *The Index*, a journal supported by the Confederate government and having as its purpose the furthering of Confederate interests in England and France. Thompson contributed to various publications while in England, and after closing his connection with *The Index* made one with *The Standard*.

His writings show that he was a favorite with Carlyle, the friend of Tennyson and his associates, and constantly received in the homes of the nobility.

Returning to America after the Civil War, he was editor of the *New York Evening Post* until ill health compelled his retirement.

303. Ulysses Simpson Grant. Born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822; died at Mount MacGregor, New York, July 23, 1885. Graduating from West Point in 1843, Grant entered the army and served in the Mexican War, distinguishing himself by his bravery. Later he engaged in business, but at the outbreak of the Civil War he recruited a company of volunteers in Galena, Illinois, where he was then living. His achievements during the war, when he became known as "Unconditional Surrender

Grant," form an integral part of the history of the struggle, and are too numerous to review here. Congress created for him the rank of General of the Army. During the period of reconstruction he played an honorable part, and he served as President for two terms, from 1868 to 1876. For a complete account of his life, see *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War* (Century Co.) and *Personal Memoirs.* For an article on Grant, see page 309 of this book.

304. Robert Edward Lee. Born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807; died at Lexington, Virginia, October 12, 1870. This son of "Light Horse Harry" Lee of Revolutionary fame graduated from West Point in 1829, and served in the Mexican War with much distinction. In 1852 he was made superintendent of West Point, where he remained for three years. He fought against the Indians on the Mexican border, having then the rank of lieutenant colonel. When Virginia seceded in 1861, Lee was offered command of the field army about to invade the South, but he felt impelled to abide by the action of his own state, and, resigning his command in the Federal army, he returned to Virginia. There he entered the Confederate army with the rank of brigadier general, later being made a full general. As in the case of Grant, Lee's services form so integral a part of the history of the Civil War that no attempt is made here to give them in detail. For his achievements and surpassing ability Lee ranks among the great generals of the world, and his influence largely dominated the course of the struggle. Shortly after the war Lee was made president of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University, a position which he held until his death. The life of Lee by Thomas Nelson Page, an extract from which is given on page 304 of this book, A. L. Long, *Memoirs of Robert E. Lee,* and Fitzhugh Lee, *General Lee,* give excellent sketches of the life and achievements of Lee.

304. Thomas Nelson Page. Born at Oakland Plantation, Hanover County, Virginia, April 23, 1853. Thomas Nelson Page was born on land originally granted to his ancestor Thomas Page. He received his education in the Washington and Lee University and the law department of the University of Virginia, and practiced law in Richmond from 1875 to 1893. For diversion he wrote negro dialect tales, which brought him into immediate favor as an author of "black classics." Among his works are *Marse Chan,* afterward published with other stories as *In Old Virginia; The Old Gentleman of the Black Stock, Red Rock, Two Little Confederates, The Negro —the Southerner's Problem,* and *Robert E. Lee; Man and Soldier.* He has lectured successfully, and in 1913 was made United States ambassador to Italy, resigning from that post in 1919.

307. Charles Francis Adams. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, May 27, 1835; died in Washington, D. C., March 20, 1915. Charles Francis Adams was the son of the statesman and diplomat whose name he bore, and the grandson of John Quincy Adams. He graduated at Harvard, studied law, and at the outbreak of the Civil War entered the Union army. He was president of the Union Pacific

Railroad Company, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and in 1913 lectured in Oxford on American history. His writings include *Massachusetts: Its Historians and Its History*, a number of excellent biographies, and several books dealing with railroads.

309. John Philip Newman. Born in New York City, 1826; died in Saratoga, New York, July 5, 1899. Newman, a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal church, held pastorates at Albany, New York, and Washington, and was chaplain in the United States Senate, before he became, in 1888, a bishop, with his residence at Omaha. He attended ex-President Grant during his last illness. He was a noted author and lecturer, and wrote several books of travel and a number of religious works.

313. Tom Taylor. Born at Bishop-Wearmouth (Sunderland), England, October 19, 1817; died at Wandsworth, England, July 12, 1880. On his graduation from Trinity College, Cambridge, Taylor was voted a fellowship there, and the income from his fellowship and from his tutoring made it possible for him to decline, in favor of his younger brothers, the liberal allowance made him by his father. For two years he was professor of the English language and literature in University College, London. Then he was admitted to the bar, but abandoned law for the office of the secretary of the Board of Health. For years he did journalistic and art work on some of the leading London papers, and from 1844 he was on the staff of *Punch*.

His real vocation, however, was that of playwright. Even in childhood he wrote plays and took part in them. His first success was *To Parents and Guardians*, a farce. *The Overland Route* and *Still Waters Run Deep* were exceedingly popular, but his greatest success was *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*. In thirty-five years he wrote over seventy plays, chiefly domestic comedies, and some of these still hold the boards.

322. Henry Timrod. Born in Charleston, South Carolina, December 8, 1829; died in Columbia, South Carolina, October 7, 1867.

> The mission of Genius on Earth! To uplift,
> Purify, and confirm, by its own gracious gift
> The world.
> —From "A Vision of Poesy," by Henry Timrod

Timrod, now ranked among the best southern writers, is receiving since his death the wider recognition that was denied him during life.

Timrod was nurtured on poetry and patriotism in an atmosphere of scholarship and culture. His father, a captain in the Seminole War and the St. Augustine conflict, was also a poet, and his lyric "To Time, the Old Traveler," was pronounced by Washington Irving equal to the work of Tom Moore.

Timrod began writing verse in his youth. While at a private school he became intimately acquainted with Paul Hamilton Hayne, who remained his close friend through life.

At seventeen Timrod entered the University of Georgia, intending to take a degree. This was made impossible by ill health and scant funds. He tried law, but literature remained his one intense interest. Through his poverty and ill health, poetry was his consolation. He believed his mission was that of poet and teacher in the interpretation of Art and Nature, and faith in this mission was his strongest characteristic. He contributed poetry and prose to *Russell's Magazine*, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and other publications, and published a promising book of verse, but his exquisite love and nature songs were drowned in the rumblings of war.

When the South took up arms he volunteered, but was not accepted because of physical frailty. He became war correspondent for the *Charleston Mercury* and wrote war poems which won a wide popularity. For a brief time he knew hope and happiness. He secured permanent editorial work on the *South Carolinian*, and he married Kate Goodwin, the inspiration of his love songs. But his great happiness did not last. His infant son died; he himself became a victim of tuberculosis, and war wrecked his home. Until the end of his life he was wretchedly poor, but he tried to smile through it all. When the household furnishings were sacrificed for bare necessities, he wrote Hayne: "We have — let me see — yes, we have eaten two silver pitchers, one or two dozen forks, several sofas, innumerable chairs, and a huge bedstead."

Some idea of the scope of Timrod's work is found by comparing "A Year's Courtship" or the "Lily Confidante" with the fiery war song "A Cry to Arms," the joyous first part of "Our Willie" with the anguish of "A Mother's Wail." To these may be added "A Vision of Poesy," and for spiritual insight, "A Common Thought."

For further comment, see Introduction to the *Poems of Henry Timrod*, J. J. Johnson Publishing Company, Richmond, Virginia, 1901, and the essay by Charles Hunter Ross in the *Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church South*, January, 1893.

324. Henry Woodfin Grady. Born at Atlanta, Georgia, May 24, 1851; died there December 23, 1889. Grady was one of the first southerners to give to the North, through his speeches and his articles, the message that the South desired a return to national unity. He was educated at the University of Georgia, and immediately on his graduation began his work as a journalist. He edited several papers in his native state, but his name is identified with that of the *Atlanta Constitution*, which he edited from 1880 until his death. The "New South" was his theme in many magazine articles and lectures, and in the remarkable oration delivered at a meeting of the New England Society (1886) which first won him fame as an orator. Another great oration, on "The Future of the Negro," was delivered in Boston before the Merchants' Association in 1889. A memorial hospital and a bronze statue have been erected in Atlanta as tributes to Grady.

327. Charles Richard Van Hise. Born at Fulton, Wisconsin, May 29, 1857; died in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, November 19, 1918. The purpose of Dr. Van Hise's life was to "release the capacities

of men, to help them learn how to help themselves." "He preached the gospel of service and he practiced it with insight and energy." It colored everything he undertook, and he rendered it as "the service of an elder brother for his brethren."

The studies of Van Hise in geology led to the discovery of the fundamental principle of the origin of iron ore deposits, a priceless contribution to mining industries in the search for new ore beds. Subsequently, with a few others, he induced the legislature to create the Geological and Natural History Survey, of which commission he was president until his death. He was one of the foremost geologists of the age, but his other public services were quite as valuable.

He was the able mediator between capital and labor in the great dispute between eastern railroads and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers in 1912; he was a member of many national committees in various fields, and was trustee of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching from 1909 until his death. He was the only man, beside journalists, appointed by the government to visit Europe during the World War and gather data to be used in solving the reconstruction problem, and his activities in the war hastened his death.

The foremost universities of the continent conferred honorary degrees upon him. He was a member of a dozen leading scientific organizations of the Old World and the New. Yet in his broad democracy he was accessible to the humblest, and was open to advice from those who offered it. He was great enough to support an unpopular cause when he believed it to be right, and "with malice toward none" endured the malicious criticism heaped upon him. It has been truly said he was one of the greatest of university presidents.

Among the writings of President Van Hise are *Some Principles Controlling the Deposit of Ores* and *Concentration and Control — A Solution of the Trust Problems in the United States.* His last book, *Conservation and Regulation in the United States during the War*, was written at the request of the government.

328. Pierre Jean de Smet. Born at Termonde, Belgium, December 31, 1801; died at St. Louis, Missouri, May 23, 1873. To the Indians west of the Mississippi, Father de Smet was one of the best known and most revered white men of the last century.

He came to America in 1821, entered the Jesuit Order in Maryland, and later aided in founding the University of Saint Louis and taught there. But his great work began in 1838 — his work among the Potawatami and Flathead tribes of the Rocky Mountains. In behalf of these and, later, of the tribes of the valleys of the Missouri, Yellowstone, Platte, and Columbia rivers, he visited Europe many times, inducing missionaries and teachers to join him and soliciting funds. His journeys covered over 180,000 miles.

He often adjusted tribal differences and boundary disputes between the red man and the white, and he was employed by the United States government as the mediator with the tribes of

California and Oregon and the Upper Mississippi. In 1846 he crossed the Bad Lands to suppress a rising among the warlike Sioux. They received him kindly and accepted his counsel.

His experiences are told in *Letters and Sketches and Residence in the Rocky Mountains, Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains*, and *Western Missions and Missionaries.*

De Smet's *Letters and Sketches* are reprinted in R. G. Thwaites's *Early Western Travels*, 1748–1846 (Cleveland, Ohio, 1906).

330. **Emerson Hough.** Born at Newton, Iowa, June 28, 1857. Emerson Hough's ancestor Richard Hough came to America in 1683 with William Penn. As the branches of the family scattered, the family of the author left Virginia for Iowa, in 1852. "Pushing west" was a family habit, and after young Emerson had taken his diploma at the Iowa State University he "followed the call" westward and began the practice of law on the Rio Grande border of New Mexico.

Some years later he returned to the "States," but the thirteen years of newspaper work which followed were interspersed with visits to the West. The study of life in the West led to the writing of *The Story of the Cowboy* (1897), which prompted Roosevelt to say that he had always wanted to write such a book himself, and "Now, thank God, it is done, and better than I could have done it myself." *The Mississippi Bubble*, a very popular historical novel, followed. Hough's work has a distinctive western atmosphere, and for that reason has a charm for many readers.

334. **Carl David Arfwedson.** Born November 25, 1806; died in 1881. After finishing his education Arfwedson entered commercial life as his father's partner. His family was prominent in municipal affairs in Stockholm, and he became consul to America. Besides his writings on America he published *Fifteen Months of the Life of a Young Swiss Guard* and *Translations of Irish Folk Lore.*

339. **Francis Arnold Collins.** Born at Newark, New Jersey, June 6, 1873. After graduating at the Manual Training School in Philadelphia, and finishing his education at the University of Pennsylvania, Collins took up newspaper work. He has served on the staff of the *New York Evening Sun* and has been Sunday editor of the *New York Herald.* He has contributed to magazines, and is the author of *The Wireless Man, The Camera Man*, and *The Air Man.*

341. **Rupert S. Holland.** Born at Louisville, Kentucky, October 15, 1878. The Holland family moved to Philadelphia when this son was six years old, and he was educated at the William Penn Charter School. He graduated from Harvard and from the law school of the University of Pennsylvania. For some years he was the attorney of the Legal Aid Society of Philadelphia, and has since practiced privately. His chief diversion has been writing, and his books include *Builders of United Italy*, a life of William Penn, novels, and various books for boys, including *The Boy Scouts of Birch-Bark Island, The Knights of the Golden Spur, Historic Boyhoods*, and

other volumes in the "Historic Series." He also edited standard editions of *The Arabian Nights* and *King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.*

342. **George Waldo Browne.** Born at Deerfield, New Hampshire, October 8, 1851. George Waldo Browne was educated in the public schools and began writing for papers and magazines at an early age. He is the author of *Japan: the Place and the People; China: the Country and the People; The Paradise of the Pacific; The Pearl of the Orient; The St. Lawrence River,* and many other historical and descriptive works, besides books for children and supplementary works for school use.

344. **William McKinley.** Born at Niles, Ohio, January 29, 1843; died at Buffalo, New York, September 14, 1901. "The young men and women who succeed nowadays must succeed because of superior knowledge. This is an age of exactness. What you know you must know well and thoroughly, and to reach prominence you must know it better than anybody else."—McKinley.

William McKinley came of a family of workers, and was employed in the iron industry when little more than a boy. He was determined to have an education, however, and for a time attended Allegheny College. He was teaching school when the Civil War broke out. Volunteering at once, he soon attracted attention by his courage and resourcefulness. As commissary sergeant, he surprised the soldiers in the heat of the battle of Antietam by carrying hot coffee and warm meat to every man in the regiment. This act won him the rank of lieutenant, and before the war ended he was brevetted major.

When the war closed, he took up the study of law, and in 1867 was admitted to the bar, making his home at Canton, Ohio. He was chosen prosecuting attorney in 1869, and acquitted himself so well that in 1876 he was elected to Congress, where he became a recognized leader of the protectionists. Canton was a manufacturing town, and he felt that the protection of American manufacturing interests was his mission. The tariff bill which, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he put through Congress placed heavy duties on imports.

Defeated in the congressional election of 1890, McKinley was in the next year elected governor of Ohio. His administration wakened interest outside of Ohio, and marked him as a possible leader in national affairs. The great issue in the presidential election of 1896 was the "silver question." William J. Bryan, the Democratic candidate, declared for "free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1"; McKinley declared for the gold standard. Bryan toured the country, making campaign speeches, while McKinley remained at home, making over three hundred speeches from his own porch and addressing about a million people. The result of the campaign was a victory for McKinley.

The outstanding event of the McKinley administration was the Spanish-American War, as the result of which the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Guam were annexed to the United States. Hawaii, too, became a part of the United States during McKinley's administration.

McKinley was reëlected in 1900, with Theodore Roosevelt as Vice-President. On September 6, 1901, while the President was holding a reception at the Pan-American Exposition, he was shot by an assassin, and on September 14, he died.

The Life of William McKinley, by Murat Halstead, is written up to the time of the election (Edgewood Publishing Co., 1896). See also *American Boy's Life of McKinley*, by Edward Stratemeyer (Lee & Shepard, 1901).

348. Emory Richard Johnson. Born at Waupun, Wisconsin, March 22, 1864. When Johnson began his college course he meant to study law. He needed money, however, if he was to pursue this subject, and he secured a principalship in the public schools. This diverted his interest permanently to education. Later he took special work in economics and history at Johns Hopkins University, at German universities, and at the University of Pennsylvania. A thesis on inland waterways and their relation to transportation led to his call to a professorship at the University of Pennsylvania in transportation and commerce.

About a third of his time has since been given to public and expert service, as he is in great demand by the government on important industrial commissions and national waterway commissions. He was appointed by President Taft to report on Panama Canal traffic, tolls, and measurement of vessels.

He is now dean of the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce at Philadelphia. His works include *Inland Waterways, Their Relation to Transportation; American Railway Transportation; History of Domestic and Foreign Commerce of the United States*, and *The Panama Canal and Commerce.*

350. James Bryce. Born at Belfast, Ireland, May 10, 1838. Viscount Bryce is one of the most remarkable men England has ever sent to the United States. He was educated at the universities of Glasgow and Oxford, practiced law, and from 1870 to 1893 was regius professor of civil law at Oxford. In 1880 he was sent by the Liberals to Parliament, and there he was prominent for twenty-seven years. He was a member of Gladstone's Cabinet, and later of Campbell-Bannerman's, giving up this latter post when, in 1907, he was appointed ambassador to the United States. He had shown his sympathetic interest in the United States, which he had thrice visited, in his *American Commonwealth.* This remarkable treatise is the result of keen observation and deep study of the Constitution, laws, and customs of the United States. On these subjects the book, free from personal bias, is regarded as the leading authority. In it Bryce recognizes the steady progress of American ideals and institutions, and expresses his faith in the future of the country.

Bryce's ability and personality so endeared him to Americans during his six-year residence in Washington that his departure was widely regretted.

Bryce wrote several excellent books of travel, many essays and magazine articles, and the famous *Holy Roman Empire*, a standard work which has been translated into several languages. His *Studies in Contemporary Biography* from Disraeli to Gladstone is of peculiar interest because of his close connection with many of the men of whom he writes.

356. Joyce Kilmer. Born at New Brunswick, New Jersey, December 6, 1886; died near the river Ourcq, France, July 30, 1918.

The King of Kings awaits me, wherever I may go,
O who am I that He should deign to love to serve me so.

Joyce Kilmer was known widely and favorably as a poet, and at least one of his poems—"Trees"—was accepted as almost a classic. He also did excellent work on the editorial staff of various papers and magazines. But it was his death for the cause of democracy that lifted him to the position he holds today in the eyes of the world. Almost immediately on America's entrance into the World War he enlisted, and he showed himself possessed of unusual courage and ability. He was killed in action in July, 1918, while scouting in the danger zone. His death was recognized as a distinct loss to literature in America.

Kilmer was an ardent Catholic, and through much of his poetry there breathes a spirit of religion—a man's religion, which was helpful to his comrades on the battlefield.

For a good account of his life, see *Joyce Kilmer*, edited with a memoir by Robert Cortes Holliday (published by George H. Doran, 1918).

357. Briggs Kilburn Adams. Born at Montclair, New Jersey, May 6, 1893; died near St. Omer, France, March 14, 1918.

"Remember to be cautious, and not be content, or relax after one week of good record: it means day after day, month after month, never relaxing your pace, to get anywhere near the top. The man who is at the top has no better equipment than you have, but merely used what he had to the utmost."—Letter from Briggs Kilburn Adams to his younger brother.

Although Adams died at twenty-five, he had lived long enough to add laurels to those gained by his distinguished ancestors, of whom two had been presidents of the United States. Like many another Harvard man, he spent the summer vacation of 1916 in driving an ambulance "over there," and he returned to France in 1918 a most efficient officer in the Royal Flying Corps, with the highest examination mark achieved up to that time.

The work to which he was assigned was congenial, for its field was photography, reconnaissance, and the bombing of war manufactories, instead of the actual destruction of the enemy, except in self-defense.

Adams' letters written home are described by Arthur Stanwood Pier, of Harvard University, as "the most beautiful bits of writing that have come out of the war—beautiful in style and color and motion."

While serving as an aviator, Adams met his death.

359. Ivor Novello. Born 1896. A mother's ambition was fulfilled when "Keep the Home Fires Burning" became a popular song. Clara Davies-Novello, conductor of famous choruses of women, had won the applause of Europe, America, and South Africa and taken prizes at the Chicago World's Fair and the Paris Exposition. She believed that her son could write a patriotic song that would be equally well received. When the Great War began, he joined the Royal Flying Corps, and felt the breaking of home ties so strongly that his mood resulted in the idea of his famous song. Unable to formulate the verses himself, he appealed to Mrs. Lena Guilbert Ford, who wrote the words for his music. Novello himself sang it first; soon trench and street resounded with it; and it was translated into six languages.

It came back with the boys from over there, and the continent reverberated with this international production.

359. Lena Guilbert Ford. Born at Sherman Wells, Pennsylvania, in 1868; died in London, March 12, 1918. Mrs. Ford lived for some time in Elmira, New York, but for twenty years previous to her death had resided in London, where she was well known as the author of many successful English popular songs of recent years. During the World War she was active in philanthropic movements for the relief of its victims, and her home was a retreat for wounded soldiers from a near-by hospital. When asked to what she ascribed the popularity of "Keep the Home Fires Burning," she said it was probably due to its sincerity. In vivid contrast to her beneficent service was the cruel zeppelin raid which destroyed her home and took the life of herself and her son.

360. Ernest Eugene Cole. Born at Lake Crystal, Minnesota, May 19, 1870. Cole graduated from the Mankato Normal School, taught school, and later fitted himself for the law at Lake Forest University. He preferred the teaching profession, however, and has been engaged in educational work for a number of years. In 1895 he went to Chicago from Minnesota, serving first as a principal and later as a district superintendent. In 1919 he was made assistant superintendent of the Chicago schools, a position which he now holds. He has attained considerable distinction as the author of articles and poems which have appeared in the magazines.

361. Elias Lieberman. Born at Petrograd, Russia, October 30, 1883. The parents of Elias Lieberman emigrated to New York with him when he was eight years old. He received degrees from the College of the City of New York and New York University, and became head of the English department at the Bushwick High School, Brooklyn, New York. He was associate editor of *Puck*

in 1916, and is a contributor to leading periodicals. His collected poems appeared in a volume, *Paved Streets*, in 1918, and *Thing of Beauty* was regarded as one of the best short stories published in 1919. Lieberman's book *The American Short Story* deals with the influence of locality on the short story.

362. Samuel Francis Smith. Born at Boston, Massachusetts, October 21, 1808; died at Newton Center, Massachusetts, November 16, 1895.

> Spoil not thy soul with nerveless aim,
> With idle, weak desire;
> Strive nobly for a noble name,
> To all high deeds aspire.
> —From "True Greatness," by Samuel F. Smith

This verse gives the essence of Smith's life, which was dedicated early to the aid of others in finding in God a help that would make "darkness, day," and "winter, bloom." He tells that the fact of his having been born under the sound of the chimes of Old South Church may have influenced his choice of a profession.

At the age of eight Smith began writing verse, but his earliest effort, an "Elegy on a Cat," "disappeared long since, as well as the cat." Four years later his first poem was published. The volume of his verse contains about three hundred and fifty poems, many of them hymns which were long popular. "The Morning Light Is Breaking" is perhaps the best known of these.

Smith graduated at Harvard in that famous class of 1829 which included Oliver Wendell Holmes and other prominent men. Before he entered the ministry he taught for eight years in Waterville College, now Colby University, and in the same year in which he undertook the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Newton Center he became the editor of the *Christian Review*.

364. Julia Ward Howe. Born in New York City, May 27, 1819; died at Middletown, Rhode Island, October 17, 1910. Mrs. Howe, author, editor, philanthropist, and sociological reformer, had a wonderfully full life. She edited with her husband, Samuel Gridley Howe, the *Boston Commonwealth*, an anti-slavery journal, worked actively for abolition, preached occasionally in Unitarian pulpits, and after the war became one of the most noted advocates of woman's suffrage, a field in which she played an important part for many years. She was an advocate also of prison reform. She was a prolific writer, among her best known poetical works being *Passion Flowers*, *Words for the Hour*, and *From Sunset Ridge: Poems Old and New*. Her most popular poem is her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." She wrote several books of travel, a *Life of Margaret Fuller*, *A Memoir of Dr. Samuel G. Howe*, her *Reminiscences*, and other works. For an article on Mrs. Howe, see page 273 of this book.

366. Franklin Knight Lane. Born on Prince Edward Island, Canada, July 15, 1864. During his youth Lane's family moved to

California, and he was educated at the University of California. He began work as a newspaper reporter, went to New York as a correspondent for western papers, and became part owner and editor of the *Tacoma Daily News*. Later he was admitted to the bar, became corporation counsel of San Francisco, and was nominated for governor and for the United States Senate, but was defeated by a political combination. During Roosevelt's administration he served on the Interstate Commerce Commission, where he remained until chosen for President Wilson's Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior. He has been the representative of the President on many important occasions.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

[The figures refer to the page on which the article commented on occurs.]

9. **Friendship of Columbus and Americus Vespucci.** Americus Vespucci was born at Florence, Italy, March 9, 1451 or 1461, and died at Seville, Spain, February 22, 1512. He was tutored by an uncle who was a friend of Savonarola; his friendship with the powerful Medicis led to a commission to Cadiz; he knew Toscanelli, the Florentine who made a "mappe of the world" by which Columbus shaped his course to America in 1492. In 1496, upon the death of the Spanish naval outfitter, he was engaged for the post, and in May, 1497, was sent on one of four vessels on an expedition to the New World. From 1504 until his death he was pilot-major of the kingdom. The general belief that he had discovered land not seen by Columbus, and an inaccurate published account of his having reached the mainland before Cabot or Columbus, led to the linking of his name with the two continents.

14. **John Cabot.** Cabot was born at Genoa, Italy, in 1450. Of this rediscoverer of the American mainland after the Northmen, it is said: "Out of obscurity he emerged, into obscurity he vanished, and no one can tell whence he came or whither he went." Apparently at the age of eleven he was living in Venice, and after fifteen years' residence there was granted citizenship by the Senate (1476). In March, 1496, as an English subject, he induced Henry VII to grant his petition to discover lands hitherto "unknown to all Christians." Sebastian, his son, may have accompanied him, but the question is disputed. It is probable that John Cabot died in 1498 on the second expedition, but when or where is unknown.

15. **The Fountain of Youth.** Ponce de Leon (1460–1521) accompanied Columbus on his second voyage to the New World (1493–1496); sailed with Avando, in 1502, to Hispaniola (Little Spain); was appointed governor of Porto Rico in 1510, and there subjugated the Indians who, with those of Cuba and Hispaniola, had inspired him with a belief in the tradition that there was a fountain of youth on the island of Bimini, and a river of similar powers on another shore. Columbus, when he returned from his third voyage, thinking he had been in Asiatic waters when he discovered the Orinoco, declared that he had found the seat of paradise and a river flowing from the Garden of Eden. The romantic and imaginative Spaniards, fired by the revelations of new creations in these wild countries, believed greater wonders not impossible. In 1512, in command of three brigantines, Ponce de Leon set sail from Porto Rico for the fountain, reached the mainland of America on Easter Sunday, which the Spaniards call Pascua Florida, or "Flowery Easter," and gave the name to the unexplored area

which now embraces half a dozen states. On a second visit to the supposed island Ponce de Leon was shot by a poisoned arrow which caused his death.

19. **Coronado's Letter to the King.** In February, 1540, Coronado (?–c. 1549) headed an expedition for the conquest of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," supposed to possess great wealth. The funds and equipment were furnished by Viceroy Mendoza, of the City of Mexico. From a point on the coast west of Mexico City the party went up the mainland coast of the Gulf of California. In April, Coronado, with two hundred picked men, pushed ahead over the mountains and out to the tableland, leaving the remainder of the party to follow more slowly. Coronado's party found the first of the seven cities built of stone and adobe. After conquering this the party divided. Some went to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado—the first white men to see it—while others followed the Rio Grande, finding larger villages and more provisions. Coronado made his headquarters at Tiguex, a little north of Albuquerque, and was there joined by his army. Late in April he started for the rich city of Quivira, of which a slave had told him. It is thought that, after crossing what is now Kansas, he went as far south as the upper branches of the Nueces. Convinced that the slave was trying to lose him, Coronado then returned to the Rio Grande. Here he was told that Quivira was north, and after a journey of forty-two days he reached the object of his long search, only to find it a village of Wichita Indian tepees. He returned to the city of Mexico, "very sad and very weary, completely worn out and shame faced."

23. **The Burial of De Soto.** Hernando de Soto, born in 1500, the son of an impoverished nobleman, spent his early youth in a gloomy old castle of dilapidated splendor. He excelled in horsemanship and the use of the sword, but his schooling was neglected. His mind, however, feasted on the wonderful tales of wealth and adventure in America, and he resolved to go there. This dream came true through a rich nobleman who adopted him, but he was taken to Darien, Panama, because he and his benefactor's daughter fell in love. For fifteen years he remained abroad, and meanwhile was second in command to Pizarro (1531) in the conquest of Peru. De Soto then returned with great wealth and married his sweetheart, but they lived so lavishly that it was soon necessary to replenish his fortune. De Soto set out for the conquest of Florida with about six hundred cavaliers and the most gorgeous equipment of the day. He first stopped at Cuba, added six hundred horses to his forces, and went on to Tampa Bay, Florida, where he landed. He was met with a shower of arrows, for the hideous crimes of Panfilo Narvaez, committed in his attempt to conquer Florida, had terrorized the natives. Wherever Narvaez was known, natives fled before the advance of this equally cruel army, or in ambush attacked it. Slaves or guides generally told De Soto of gold fields beyond marshes or wildernesses in order to lead the invaders out of their own territory. Thus De Soto went almost to the boundaries

of Tennessee, and south to the present site of Mobile, without finding gold. Through illness and battle his discouraged army was reduced a half. Their tattered clothes were replaced with skins and ivy. De Soto again turned northwest into what is now Arkansas, afraid to visit his secret supply ships in Pensacola because he feared desertion of his troops. After his death the remnant of his army returned to Cuba.

Mississippi: The Algonquin Indians called the river Missi-Sipi, which means "Father of Waters."

26. Sir Francis Drake's Third Voyage. Drake was born at Crowndale near Tavistock, England, about 1540. He early took to seafaring and at twenty-seven commanded one of a squadron which captured negroes in Africa and sold them along the Spanish Main. The treachery of Spaniards in a harbor near Vera Cruz aroused a desire for vengeance, and he undertook the voyage of 1572. He next sailed with an armored vessel to the Straits of Magellan and, tossed by tempests, discovered Cape Horn, disproving the theory that Tierra del Fuego was part of a continent extending to the South Pole. Coasting up to Cape San Francisco, he captured rich Spanish prizes, one galleon yielding twenty-six tons of coined silver and one hundred pounds of gold. West, by the Cape of Good Hope, he returned to England. Elizabeth knighted him on the deck of his little ship, the first man to receive this honor for such a voyage. Plymouth elected him mayor, 1584–1585, but he again left with a fleet against Spain's western dominions, afterward rescuing the remnant of Raleigh's colonists in Virginia.

He "singed the king's beard" by burning or capturing thirty-nine ships in the harbor of Cadiz. His theory of searching out the enemy on their own shores, instead of giving them time to form for battle, he urged unavailingly upon Elizabeth. Thus the "Invincible Armada" of 129 vessels and 8,000 sailors approached England to be met by Howard, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, who clipped its wings and shattered its bow. Drake then retired to municipal affairs of Plymouth and its water supply, until called on his last mission to the West Indies. Spanish preparation for defense and epidemic among Drake's men wrought defeat. Sick at heart and with bodily ills, the great hero died aboard ship off the coast of Porto Bello, Isthmus of Panama, January 28, 1596.

29. The Person of Raleigh. Raleigh was born near Budleigh-Salterton, England, probably in 1552. His birthplace, a thatched farmhouse, still stands. Near by he attended school, at fourteen entered Oxford, and at seventeen joined the Huguenots in the religious war in France. His merciless activities in the Irish civil war make a dark page. The spoils gained then laid the foundation of his great wealth. Of his and Humphrey Gilbert's two expeditions to North America, one failed and the other annexed Newfoundland, while Raleigh remained at court at the queen's request. His Virginia colonies ended disastrously. Meanwhile he added to his fame and fortune by capturing richly laden Spanish galleons,

a popular pastime with English gentlemen of that period. But this success was offset by his secret marriage with the queen's maid-of-honor, and imprisonment followed. Two months later, when one of his ships returned with enormous wealth, Elizabeth appropriated most of it and liberated Raleigh, yet forgiveness came only after his success with Howard and Essex in shattering the naval power of Spain and sacking Cadiz.

Elizabeth's death found Raleigh in disfavor with James I through the influence of enemies. Accused of conspiracy against the king, he was imprisoned in the Tower, but, with his family, his servants, and a company of notable prisoners, he found life there for twelve years endurable, and he wrote six volumes of his *History of the World*, one of the three greatest pieces of literature produced in prison. He was released in 1616 to secure for the Crown a gold mine which he believed, from a previous voyage, to be in Venezuela. The expedition failed, and he was executed in London, in fulfillment of the old sentence, on October 29, 1618.

34. The Discovery of the Hudson River. Some assert that the Florentine navigator Verazzani landed on Manhattan Island in 1524.

Old Style: The "New Style," or modern, calendar was proposed by Pope Gregory in 1582. England adopted it in 1752 by an act of Parliament by which eleven days were suppressed, and the third of September of that year became the fourteenth.

36. Peter Stuyvesant. Stuyvesant was a Dutchman, born in Holland in 1592 or 1602. After rendering military service in the West Indies, Stuyvesant was director of Curaçao, and in an attack on the Portuguese at Saint Martin he lost a leg. As governor of New Netherlands he generally reconciled the Indians made hostile under previous unjust treatment, though he sometimes failed to pursue this policy. His religious intolerance for any but the Reformed Church ceased with a rebuke from the Dutch West India Company. When the rigid rule of his administration brought a popular protest, he replied that his authority was "derived from God and the company." In 1664 the defenseless city was surprised by the amazing claim of possession by Charles II, backed by an armored fleet. Only capitulation was possible. The name was changed to New York. Stuyvesant retired to his farm, the Bouwerij, afterward called the Bowery, where he died, in February, 1672, or August, 1682, and was buried where St. Mark's Church now stands.

41. The Pilgrims at Plymouth. Miles Standish was born at Duxbury, Lancashire, England, about 1584. This military head and treasurer of Plymouth was also a diplomat. He was small in stature, but his commanding presence bespoke a force of character and ability dreaded by savage chiefs. His tact and daring often averted war with hostile tribes. His most notable exploit, in 1622, followed knowledge of the plot of the Massachusetts tribe of Indians to exterminate the colonies of Weymouth and Plymouth. Standish, with eight picked men, sailed to meet the Indians on their

own ground. At Weymouth, Pecksuot and three other bloodthirsty savages visited Standish in a room with four Pilgrims. The towering villain while whetting his knife advanced toward Standish, pronouncing his doom. Standish ordered the doors shut against the Indians outside, sprang upon his antagonist, wrenched from him the knife, and in a few minutes stood victor over his burly enemies. Those outside fled. From 1626 until his death October 3, 1656, Standish held the office of magistrate of Duxbury, Massachusetts, of which he had been one of the founders.

Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," while portraying delightfully a more gentle side of Standish, apparently has no foundation in fact.

50. The Settlement of Pennsylvania. William Penn (1644–1718), son of Admiral Penn, was born in London and studied at Oxford, where, under Thomas Loe, he was converted to Quakerism. His father objected bitterly, and the king, though having intended to raise him to the peerage, withdrew his favor; and for his writings and preachings Penn was many times imprisoned.

Penn inherited a claim against the crown for $80,000, but asked, instead, a grant of 40,000 acres of land west of the Delaware River and from the northern boundary of Maryland to the north "as far as plantable, which is altogether Indian." This grant was the largest in America ever given to one person. Penn intended to call it Sylvania (forest), but the king, Charles II, wishing to honor Admiral Penn, prefixed "Penn."

Lord Baltimore contended that the territory overlapped his grant, and the dispute waged for eighty-six years, long after the death of Penn and Baltimore. It was settled (1767) by the English surveyors Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, and the dividing line was marked by stones bearing on reverse sides the two coats of arms and set in the earth at intervals of a mile.

Emigration to Pennsylvania was so great that Philadelphia, founded in 1683, was in four years larger than New York, which was sixty years older. On account of interests in England and Ireland, and the false charges of treason in aid of Charles II after the accession of William III, William Penn spent but four years in America out of his thirty-seven as proprietor. Yet his just government places him among the great men of American history.

58. La Salle's Voyage down the Mississippi. The year of La Salle's discovery of the Mississippi is often given as 1683, but the *procès verbal* mentioned on page 61 of this book settles all doubt.

La Salle, the first European to traverse the upper Mississippi to its mouth, acquired his name from the family estate in Rouen, Normandy. He was educated in a Jesuit seminary, and at twenty-three had settled in Canada, trading merchandise for pelts. He established trading posts along the St. Lawrence and west to the Huron Indians, and his experience in navigation prompted the project of finding a waterway to the China Sea through the Great

Lakes and rivers flowing south to it. Urged by Governor Frontenac to present the idea to Louis XIV, he visited the French court and found Colbert, minister of finance and colonial affairs, eager thus to extend French possessions in the New World. La Salle was given the property and the government of Ft. Frontenac—also, it is said, a title.

After the Marquette and Joliet expedition, La Salle's idea was to find a water route to China and Japan and establish a colony on the Gulf of Mexico. He again sought the aid of France and returned with materials for boats and thirty men, including shipbuilders, marines, a pilot, and the Chevalier de Tonty, an Italian nobleman who had served in the French army. With laden canoes they pushed up the St. Lawrence, and above Niagara Falls built a large boat for lake service. This bore them to Green Bay on Lake Michigan; thence it started back to Mackinac, laden with pelts, but it was probably lost in a storm.

La Salle's little party, with Fathers Gabriel. Louis Hennepin, and Zenobe Membré, used canoes the remainder of the way. Father Gabriel was murdered by the Indians, and Hennepin returned to Quebec and France after going down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Wisconsin; but La Salle, with a party of twenty, finally reached the Gulf. Their clothing was reduced to the skins of buffalo and deer; many became discouraged and rebellious against La Salle's leadership, which had grown harsh, and finally, after shooting his nephew, they killed La Salle.

68. Law of Religious Freedom in Maryland. Although Rhode Island had previously established a similar law, Maryland was the first colony to enact a law of religious toleration of all faiths. Bancroft says: "George Calvert was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice and not by the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects."

70. The Indian. When Columbus landed on San Salvador, he found a new race which he called Indians, thinking he was in India. The name has spread until it includes all American aborigines.

73. Master Thomas Hooker. Hooker was born at Marsfield, Leicester County, England, and died at Hartford, Connecticut, July 7, 1647. His father was overseer of a large estate, and Thomas' early education was probably received at Market-Bosworth school. He went to Emanuel College, a Puritan institution, thence to Cambridge, where he spent ten years as student, teacher, and lecturer. In his parish at Chelmsford were those "of great quality," and his Puritan influence was so great that he was obliged to flee to Holland. In 1633, with John Cotton and others, he sailed for America, and was ordained pastor at Newton, afterward called Cambridge, Massachusetts. Later, for "fruitfulness and commodiousness," he removed to Hartford, Connecticut, with his congre-

gation of a hundred men, women, and children, among them some of the leading men of the colony. Probably the real cause for removal is found in Hooker's influence as legislator, as well as pastor, for doubtless he was the spirit which gave Connecticut a democratic constitution quite different from that of Massachusetts. He has been called the Luther of New England.

77. Warnings Braddock Did Not Heed. Edward Braddock (1695–1755) was born in England. In 1754 he was appointed major general, and was sent with two regiments of infantry to join the Virginia forces in the recovery of Ohio from the French. In 1755 he was given command over all the colonial generals and field officers. Washington, who at that time had no rank, at the general's request became his aide-de-camp, but his warnings were as unheeded as were those of Franklin.

81. The Capture of Quebec. After the fall of Louisburg, Frontenac, and Duquesne, the strongest posts of France in America, the English attacked Quebec, the key to Canada. Its fortress surmounted a promontory rising almost precipitously where the St. Charles joins the St. Lawrence. On this tableland extending eastward about seven miles from the city to Montmorency Falls, Montcalm gathered his force of sixteen thousand regulars, Canadians, and Indians. Back of the city, on the north bank of the St. Lawrence, extend the Plains of Abraham. Their steep, inaccessible cliffs were left unguarded. A young general, James Wolfe (1727–1759), then thirty-two, the son of a general, was chosen by William Pitt to lead the expedition because of his bravery when Louisburg was captured. His fleet carried eight thousand men. It entered the St. Lawrence on June 26 and encamped opposite Montcalm. After waiting a month for open hostilities, Wolfe led a detachment across the Montmorency at low tide and was repulsed with a loss of four hundred and fifty men. This was followed by his critical illness, the attack of the stronghold, September 17, and his death.

86. The Repeal of the Stamp Act. In March, 1765, the British Parliament passed the Stamp Act, which required government stamps to be affixed to newspapers, marriage licenses, deeds, shipping bills, and legal documents. There were fifty-four kinds of stamps in all, and they ranged in value from a penny to several pounds.

113. Nathan Hale. Nathan Hale (1755–1776) was born at Coventry, Connecticut. He became a teacher, but forsook the work to enter the Revolutionary conflict. At twenty-two, a brilliant young captain, he was chosen by Colonel Knowlton to penetrate the British lines and obtain the enemy's plans for Washington. He was betrayed by a Tory and the next day was hanged in New York City without a trial.

122. America in 1776. *Plebeians of Rome.* When Rome became a republic, the aristocrats were in supreme authority; a conflict arose between them and the common people, who finally secured the annual election of two magistrates. The number and power of these magistrates and plebeians (common people) increased

until they were able to force a law which bound equally aristocrats and common people. The next step was intermarriage.

Demos of Athens: Citizens of Athens, of the entire state.

Republicans of Venice: In medieval Venice the sovereign power, legislative, executive, and judicial, was vested in a body of enfranchised citizens which either directly or indirectly controlled all political parties. This was the most prosperous, most aristocratic, and most enduring of Italian republics.

The Calvinists: Disciples of John Calvin, of Geneva, Switzerland, who founded a theocracy in which the power of the state was brought to bear in maintaining the beliefs of the church. The Dutch Calvinists shared Calvin's beliefs and practices, though counteracting influences from the Dutch softened the severity of the ecclesiastical régime in Holland.

124. British Alliance with the Indians. The atrocities practiced by the Indians against the colonists in their border warfare, and continued by them as allies of the British during the Revolution, were indorsed by many British high officials, though some of the British on both continents opposed the practice of such cruelties.

127. Daniel Boone, the Pioneer of Kentucky. The founder of Kentucky, born in Pennsylvania in 1735, was a forest pioneer most of his life, and he generally hunted alone. He became so familiar with Indians, their customs, character, and trickery, that in an emergency he usually outwitted them. His family removed to North Carolina when settlers invaded their forest stillness, and there he married the faithful Rebecca, who long shared his hardships. Advancing civilization drove him to Kentucky, where, with a few families, he bought land of the Indians and built a palisaded garrison, Boonesborough, which under his leadership was defended for nine days against four hundred and fifty red and white warriors under French and English flags, commanded by DuQuesne. This triumph brought new settlers to Kentucky; and peace between England and America removed the spur to Indian hostilities. When Kentucky became a state, Boone lost his property through allowing another to sign for his title, but when an old man (1813) he was awarded eight hundred and fifty acres by Congress. Meanwhile he had lived in Wisconsin, and he died in Missouri in 1820.

135. Drafting the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson, the man who drafted the Declaration of Independence, was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Virginia, April 2, 1743, and died at Monticello, Albemarle County, Virginia, July 4, 1826. At seventeen young Jefferson entered William and Mary College. On leaving college he took up the study of law, and in 1767 was admitted to the bar. He was immediately successful, but never became prominent as a pleader at the bar, as he had a weak voice and no gift for oratory. In all the exciting events that led up to the Revolution, Jefferson had an important part. He was a member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and later of the Continental Congress, and in this latter body soon came to be the acknowledged

"document writer." The Declaration of Independence remains as he wrote it save for a few verbal changes.

During the war Jefferson devoted himself to the interests of his native state, at first as a member of the House of Delegates, and later as governor. After the war he entered Congress, and it was he who planned the decimal system of coinage and outlined the government of the Northwest Territory. For a time he was American representative in France, and when Washington became President, Jefferson was made Secretary of State. Under John Adams, Jefferson was Vice-President, and in 1800 he was elected President, to succeed Adams. The outstanding event of his first term was the purchase of Louisiana from the French, and his second term was marked by Burr's conspiracy and the beginning of the struggle over the impressment of American seamen in British service.

Jefferson was the founder of the Republican (now Democratic) party. Of all the statesmen of his day, he had the greatest confidence in the people; and the people have repaid that trust with an unfailing affection.

144. **Molly Pitcher.** Molly Pitcher, a contraction of "Molly of the Pitcher," was a name given to Mary Ludwig by the soldiers of the Revolution because she carried water for the cannon and for the soldiers' refreshment. She was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1756 and died in 1823. Her first husband, John Hayes, was a cannoneer in the Revolutionary War, and it is said that during the siege of Fort Clinton, while the British were scaling the wall, her husband fled, while she dashed to his place and discharged the last gun against the enemy (October, 1777). The next summer, at the Battle of Monmouth (June 28, 1778), she was carrying water to her husband when she saw him killed. Immediately, she again substituted for him at the gun, and displayed such bravery that Washington commended her, appointed her sergeant, and enrolled her on the list of half-pay officers for life. Monuments commemorating her act are on the Monmouth battlefield and at Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

150. **The Treason of Arnold.** Benedict Arnold (1741–1801) at the age of fifteen joined the provincial troops in the French War, but deserted; was a merchant in New Haven; joined the Revolutionary forces and led a brilliant career until charges were brought against him by the government. In revenge he became a traitor to his country. His wife, a brilliant woman and a Tory, was the daughter of Edward Shippen, at whose home Arnold had met Major André, later appointed by Clinton the agent of the conspiracy. Arnold received $30,000 and a British command, but the soldiers disliked him and he did not serve. He died in obscurity.

152. **André's Request to Washington.** The unfortunate young Major André, captured as a British spy, petitioned to be shot as a soldier and spared the stigma of the noose, but, like Nathan Hale, was hanged. In 1821 his remains were removed to England and

placed in Westminster Abbey, where George III erected a monument to his memory.

154. Yankee Doodle. "Yankee Doodle" was the first song to become popular as a national air among the American people, although the melody itself was early sung in many countries before it was introduced in America. The origin of the air is uncertain. Various theories—sixteen conflicting ones, in fact—have been advanced to explain the origin of the verses, and there has been much discussion of the original meaning of the words "Yankee," "Doodle," and "macaroni." They were no doubt originally terms of derision. But whatever may be said of the song, it was used as the opening and closing march of the Revolutionary War and has an historical value that far surpasses any technical imperfections it may have.

165. Hail Columbia. "Hail Columbia" deserves a foremost place in the list of our national songs; for it has been not only a powerful factor in inspiring patriotism, but at the time it was written it is said to have kept this country from entanglement with either England or France, then on the verge of war (1798). The music to which the words were written was known as the "President's March," by Pheil, and it had probably been played in Trenton some years before, when Washington passed through on his way to his first inauguration in New York (1789). Joseph Hopkinson wrote the words, strangely enough, in response to an appeal made by a young actor of Philadelphia, Gilbert Fox, who wished to increase the box-office receipts for a benefit to be given for himself. He went to Hopkinson on Saturday afternoon, April 23, 1798. By the next morning Hopkinson was able to try the song with his wife at the harpsichord.

From a letter written by him to Rev. Rufus W. Griswold the following extract is taken: "The object of the author was to get up an American spirit which should be independent of, and above the interests, passion, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and rights. No allusion is made to France or England or the quarrel between them, or to the question as to which was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties, for both were American, at least neither could disown the sentiments and feelings it indicated. Such is the history of this song which has endured infinitely beyond the expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiment and spirit."

166. Supposed Speech of John Adams. Webster's explanation of his discourse on the death of Adams and Jefferson at Faneuil Hall in 1826 is as follows:

"WASHINGTON, December 31, 1849

"DEAR SIR,

"I have very frequent occasions to answer the same inquiry as that which you propose to me in your letter of the 26th of

this month. The speech to which you refer is my composition. The Congress of the Revolution sat with closed doors, and there is no report of the speeches of members on adopting the Declaration of Independence. We only know that John Adams spoke in favor of the measure with his usual power and fervor. In a letter, written from Philadelphia soon after the Declaration was made, he said it was an event which would be celebrated in time to come by bonfires, illuminations, and other modes of public rejoicing. And on the day of his death, hearing the ringing of bells, he asked the occasion, and being told that it was the 4th of July, and that the bells were ringing for independence, he exclaimed, 'Independence forever.' These expressions were used, in composing the speech, as being characteristic of the man, his sentiments, and his manner of speech and elocution. All the rest is mine.

"With respect, Your obedient servant,

"DANL. WEBSTER.

"SAMUEL E. SWEET, Esq."

(From *Private Life of Daniel Webster*, by Charles Lanman, his private secretary.)

181. The "Constitution's" Last Fight. The "Constitution," called "Old Ironsides" because of the hardness of her timbers and planking, was perhaps the most renowned vessel in the history of the United States navy. She first put to sea in 1798 for service against the French.

In 1801–1805, during the war with Tripoli, she was Preble's flagship, and in 1805 took part in three of the five bombardments of Tripoli. It was on August 19, 1812, under the command of Isaac Hull, that the "Constitution" fought her famous battle off Cape Race with the "Guerrière," an English frigate which she left a wreck in thirty minutes. On December 29, with Captain Bainbridge in command, she captured the "Java" off Bahia, Brazil, the British losing three hundred and the Americans thirty-four. Under Captain Stewart, on February 14, 1814, she captured the "Cyane" and the "Levant" after a fierce engagement between the Madeira Islands and Gibraltar. Soon after, a British squadron in pursuit recaptured the "Levant." In 1833, after having been declared unseaworthy, she was rebuilt in deference to the popular sentiment aroused by Holmes's poem "Old Ironsides." She went out of commission in 1855, was later rebuilt, and made her last trip across the Atlantic in 1878. She was stored in the Boston Navy Yard in 1897.

184. Perry's Victory. Oliver Hazard Perry was born at Kensington, Rhode Island, August 23, 1785. His father, while a port-captain in the navy, was commissioned by Washington to build a ship. Young Oliver begged to leave school to accompany his father to the West Indies, where he was first under fire. Service in the Mediterranean followed, and at seventeen he was probably the youngest man to receive a naval lieutenancy. On his return he was engaged with a friend to build seventeen gunboats. In

1809 he built a similar flotilla. He also made coast charts. At twenty-seven he executed an order for the Lake Erie fleet from the felling of the timber. Then came the day which has classed him with Paul Jones. He next distinguished himself for horsemanship in aiding Harrison's land forces.

While he was commanding the "Java" in the squadron to Algiers, his interview with the Dey ended in a treaty. A subsequent difficult mission to Venezuela was no sooner accomplished than he was claimed by fever which closed his eventful life at the age of thirty-four. He died aboard ship near Trinidad Island, August 23, 1819. The burial was at Port Spain, Trinidad, but the government brought his body to Newport.

187. The Star-Spangled Banner. The tune of the "Star-Spangled Banner" was used in England between 1770 and 1775 as a drinking song entitled "To Anacreon in Heaven." It was also called "A Celebrated Jolly Song." The composition is usually credited to Dr. Samuel Arnold (1739–1802), musician to His Majesty's Chapel; but some authorities state that John Stafford Smith transcribed it from an old French tune. Robert Treat Paine gave the melody its initial American setting in 1798, under the name of "Adams and Liberty," and it at once became very popular. Later the words were changed to suit a new administration, and the song was known as "Jefferson and Liberty."

The circumstances under which the "Star-Spangled Banner" was written are full of romance. In the summer of 1814, when the United States and Great Britain were at war, the British, after burning and sacking Washington, aimed at the destruction of Baltimore by land and sea. The fleet was brought before Fort McHenry, the city stronghold, and soon it seemed only a question of hours before the fort would have to fall. Francis Scott Key had been sent by President Madison to negotiate the release of Dr. William Beanes, of Upper Marlborough, who had been taken prisoner by the British. His arrival was most inopportune, for Admiral Cochrane was about to attack the fort and refused to allow him to return until after the battle. All that day and the following night the bombardment continued, and Key and the friend who was with him waited with anxious hearts to see whether the American flag would continue to fly over Fort McHenry. Hour after hour they walked the deck of their prison ship. At last the day began to dawn. Mist wreathed the fort, but the guns had ceased. Slowly the fog began to rise, and Key, with field glass in hand, strained his eyes in an agony of suspense. At last at seven o'clock the mist lifted, and there was the flag high on its staff. Thrilled at the sight, he wrote hastily the first stanza of his poem on the back of an old envelope. On his return to Baltimore he wrote the remaining stanzas.

That evening, at his hotel, he wrote out a fresh copy, making a few slight changes, and the next day gave it to his brother-in-law, the defender of the fort, who immediately had it printed on handbills and scattered over the city under the title "The Bombardment

of Fort McHenry." A week later the song appeared in the *Baltimore American* with the story of the writing and the statement that it was sung to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven." Its first appearance in an American song book was in the first edition of the *National Songster*.

195. The Monroe Doctrine. The Monroe Doctrine, as its name implies, is neither an international nor a United States law, but a system, principle, or doctrine which declares that if any non-American power attempts aggrandizement at the expense of an American power, the moral and physical force of the United States will combat it.

Its purpose is to keep the United States free from international politics, and in our commercial and political relations to avoid foreign political entanglements.

The Monroe Doctrine has never been formally accepted by international agreement. Its fundamental idea had been embodied in Washington's Farewell Address, and in the messages of other presidents and secretaries of state. Monroe, however, was the first to put the doctrine in the form of an assertion.

By the extension of the Monroe Doctrine, the United States has held a kind of protectorate over other American powers, as when Cuba was oppressed by Spain and the United States declared the recognition of the independence of Cuba (1898). This action was backed up by Congress authorizing President McKinley to levy war upon Spain in order to force upon that country a like recognition.

200. Harrison and Liberty. William Henry Harrison, the ninth President of the United States, was born at Berkeley, Charles County, Virginia, February 9, 1773, was educated at Hampden-Sidney College, and entered the army in 1791, serving on the staff of General Wayne against the Indians. Resigning, he was appointed secretary of the Northwest Territory in 1798, in 1799 was a Territorial delegate in Congress, and in 1801 was made governor of the so-called Indian Territory. His executive work was conspicuously successful and lasted until 1813. He established friendly relations with the Indians and negotiated the important treaties of Vincennes and Fort Wayne. He was successful also in the use of arms when force was necessary in his dealings with the Indians, and his victory over Tecumseh's brother, the Prophet, at the Battle of Tippecanoe, November 7, 1811, gained him his nickname.

Harrison served through the War of 1812, being conspicuous for bravery, especially at Fort Meigs and the Battle of the Thames. He had the rank of brigadier general at the close of the war. Later he served in Congress and as a United States senator and was appointed minister to Colombia. In 1835 he ran against Van Buren for the presidency, but was defeated. In 1839 he was again nominated by the Whigs, and the campaign for his election was one of the most active and enthusiastic in our history. Demonstrations were held throughout the country, and the log cabin and hard cider became the emblems of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

He was elected by a large majority. He was taken ill, however, a short time after his inauguration, and died on April 4, 1841. William Henry Harrison was the grandfather of President Benjamin Harrison.

219. The Telegraph. Samuel Finley Breese Morse was born at Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791, and died in New York, April 2, 1872. The inventor was the son of Jedediah Morse, clergyman, known as the father of American geography. Young Morse's talents were for art and chemistry. He studied painting with Benjamin West in London, and after his return and removal to New York he received an order for a full-length portrait of La Fayette, then visiting America. He was the first president of the National Academy of Design, 1826–1842. Returning from a second trip to Europe in 1832, he met Professor Jackson, who told of experiments with electro-magnets, said that electricity passed through wire instantaneously, and recalled Franklin's idea that this could be carried any distance and made a means of conveying intelligence. The suggestion was a treasure trove to Morse, and he developed the general plan for his system before landing. He then experimented, but with limited time could not demonstrate his theory for four years. Congress voted $30,000 toward the project, and in 1844 his forty-mile wire between Washington and Baltimore recorded perfectly. The system is now used in nearly every country of the world. In 1858 an international gift of $80,000 was presented to him. New York erected a statue of him in 1871.

241. The Discovery of Gold in California. It is an interesting fact that the discovery of gold in California was coincident with the treaty of peace with Mexico, May 30, 1848, by which the United States secured California and New Mexico.

253. The Dred Scott Decision. Dred Scott, a Missouri negro, was with his master in Illinois and Minnesota for four years. On their return to Missouri, Scott, having been a resident of free territory, sued for freedom. The court held that he was a slave. When sold to a New York man, he brought similar suit on the basis that he and his master were natives of different states. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, and Judge Taney, a southern man, rendered the decision that Scott was still a slave, that a negro could never become a citizen of the United States according to the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, and that the Missouri Compromise of 1820 was unconstitutional. These decisions aroused intense controversy, and doubtless hastened the Civil War.

272. Lincoln's Letter to Horace Greeley. This letter was sent in response to one published by Mr. Greeley in the *New York Tribune* entitled "The Prayer of Twenty Million People," in which he took the President to task for not meeting the "expectations of twenty millions of loyal people" with reference to slavery.

277. The Bonnie Blue Flag. During the Civil War the flag of the South was blue with one white star. The song of the "Bonnie Blue Flag" was an inspiration to the Confederate forces, and Harry McCarthy, a little Irishman, stirred assembled thousands as he went through the South in 1861 singing his lyric. He was an actor, and his sister sang his verses in a variety theater in New Orleans, but what became of him seems to be unknown.

284. Stonewall Jackson's Way. Thomas Jonathan Jackson, better known as "Stonewall" Jackson, was born at Clarksburg, Harrison County, West Virginia, January 21, 1824. He rose from a penniless orphan to the rank of perhaps the greatest corps commander in the Civil War, and one of the most beloved. "Stonewall" was a name given him because of the firm stand he took at the battle of Bull Run.

Returning one night with a detachment which was taken for the enemy, he was fired upon by his own party, and died soon afterward near Chancellorsville, Virginia, May 10, 1863. Lee wrote him: "Could I have dictated events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead."

295. Little Giffen. Little Giffen was injured in the Confederate ranks, restored to health at Dr. Ticknor's home, and later killed in defending Atlanta.

327. The Homestead Act. In 1841 the first general preëmption law was passed. By this law 160 acres could be preëmpted. The preëmptor was required to enter a claim of settlement within three months of the time of preëmption; and further to make the required improvements and the final payment of $1.25 an acre within three years from the time of preëmption. A clause in this law, however, permitted full payment to be made at the end of six months. This caused land speculation. Although many took up the land with the intention of becoming owners of 160 acres, others bought with the expectation of selling the land at an advanced price before the required time for payment.

330. The Round-Up. To Mexico, in the days of Cortez, is traced the possible origin of the great cattle industry of the United States, for the horned kine multiplied by hundreds and were taken to Texas, where sometimes one ranchman owned thousands. Large herds, driven north to sell, wore deep cuts across hills and valleys, and over 600,000 supplied northern markets in 1871. Gradually, when certain seasons made conditions better for cattle in the North, the trails were extended to the middle states, and as the country was settled the herds were driven yet farther north to "free grass" at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, up to Wyoming, along the Yellowstone toward the head of the Missouri, where the soil and climate more rapidly developed the animals for market; they were urged westward into Utah and Nevada, and even to the semi-arctic British possessions. The drive from Texas up the "Long Trail" of two thousand miles occupied months and exposed the

cowboy to the worst possible weather conditions, dust storms of alkali deserts, and encounters with wild Indians. His courage was dauntless; his tenderness is found in his ballads, in cattle lullabies which quieted the herds to sleep through the long night watches, and in the "dogie songs" improvised to prevent cattle stampedes through the night. The cowboy in pioneer history will live as a unique and important factor in opening up the West.

362. America. "America" is one of the many national songs sung to the same tune. That the compass of the simple, stately melody is less than an octave may have something to do with its having been used as the national air of England, Denmark, Prussia, Germany, and Austria, and for certain patriotic songs of Sweden, Switzerland, France, and Russia. The origin of the melody is open to dispute. As early as 1779 the tune was set to patriotic verses by minor poets of America.

"God Save the King" was brought from Germany to America in a collection of German music books given to Lowell Mason, who, unable to read the foreign language, asked his friend Samuel Francis Smith to look over the songs and make a translation for him. The result is best given in Smith's own words: "Turning over the leaves of the book one gloomy day in February, 1832, I came across the air 'God Save the King.' I liked the music. I glanced at the German words at the foot of the page. Under the inspiration of the moment I went to work and in half an hour 'America' was the result. It was written on a scrap of paper I picked up from the table, and the hymn of to-day is substantially as it was written that day."

The song was first sung in public by five hundred children at a Fourth of July festival in Park Street Church, Boston, according to Edward Everett Hale, who was present as a boy of ten.